**Практикум по развитию иноязычных речевых умений**

Проект электронного учебного пособия



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Проект электронного учебного пособия

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**Пояснительная записка**

Данное пособие предназначено для обучающихся старших классов. Обучающиеся овладевают иностранным языком как средством общения и должны уметь им пользоваться в устной и письменной формах. Речь идёт об овладении четырьмя видами речевой деятельности: рецептивными – аудированием и чтением и продуктивными – говорением и письмом. Предполагается овладение всеми формами общения и всеми речевыми функциями для того, чтобы овладение иностранным языком было средством: межличностного общения, обогащения духовного мира, отстаивания своих убеждений, пропаганды отечественной культуры, дружбы между народами, экономического и социального прогресса.

Чтение на иностранных языках в нашей стране всегда было сильной стороной обучения иностранным языкам. Это связано с образовательной системой, центрированной на книге и в том числе книге учебной, с обучением иностранным языкам с помощью грамматико-переводного метода, которое длилось почти сто лет, и со стойкой привычкой к чтению, ставшему потребностью, определявшему досуг нескольких поколений. [6, c.10]

В связи с этим мы решили разработать проект электронного учебного пособия «Практикум по развитию иноязычных речевых умений», в которое включен теоретический и практический материал по развитию иноязычных речевых умений обучающихся. В практикум включены: теоретические основы развития иноязычных речевых умений на основе аутентичных текстов; практический материал на основе аутентичных текстов с упражнениями; рекомендации по подбору аутентичных текстов и по составлению упражнений.

**Раздел 1. Теоретические основы развития иноязычных речевых умений на основе аутентичных текстов**



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Чтение – один из важнейших компонентов познавательной деятельности, который направлен на извлечение информации из письменно-фиксированных текстов. Оно относится к рецептивным видам речевой деятельности, поскольку связано с восприятием (рецепцией) и пониманием информации, закодированной графическими знаками [1].

Чтение может выступать как средство формирования и контроля смежных речевых умений и языковых навыков, поскольку:

- использование чтения позволяет обучающимся оптимизировать процесс усвоения языкового и речевого материала;

- коммуникативно-ориентированные задания на контроль лексики и грамматики, аудирования, письма и устной речи предполагают умение читать и строятся на основе письменных текстов и инструкций;

- упражнения на формирование и отработку всех языковых и речевых навыков и умений также строятся с опорой на текст и письменные установки к упражнениям и заданиям [8, с. 142].

Одной из задач обучения чтению является проблема отбора текстов и организация работы с ними. В настоящее время эту задачу могут решить аутентичные тексты, то есть тексты, которые заимствованы из коммуникативной практики носителей языка. Такие тексты были написаны для носителей языка носителями языка [7].

Чтение, как и любая другая форма письменного или устного общения, требует большой практики, поэтому обучающиеся должны читать как можно больше. При самостоятельном чтении обучающиеся должны широко опираться на свой речевой опыт. Особое значение имеет догадка, объективно существующая в мыслительной деятельности человека и в большинстве случаев подкрепляющаяся контекстом — языковым и смысловым (ясно выраженным и подразумеваемым).

Под аутентичностью как свойством учебного процесса понимается соответствие организации обучения иностранному языку во всех его аспектах естественному способу функционирования иностранного языка в социуме. А аутентичные материалы, являющиеся материалами, продуцируемыми носителями языка для носителей языка и представленными на языке носителей в текстовом, видео- и аудио- формате, а также в виде иллюстраций, представляют результат процесса использования иностранного языка представителями соответствующего общества, и могут быть использованы как основное средство создания аутентичной учебной ситуации при обучении языку [4, c. 56-58].

Существует много типов и видов текстов, которые соотносятся с тематикой и коммуникативными задачами, решаемыми в различных ситуациях общения. Но при длительном их использовании утомляют обучающихся. Литературные тексты дают больше возможности для развития фантазии, творчества детей. В качестве аутентичных литературных текстов следует использовать такие, где разрешаются конфликты, где актуализируются общественные, культурные и др. проблемы. Литературные аутентичные тексты должны «провоцировать» обучающегося на высказывания, приглашать к дискуссии. Они должны иметь культуроведческую и страноведческую ценность, иметь четкую структуру и быть небольшими по размеру и др [2].

**Раздел 2. Практический материал на основе аутентичных текстов с заданиями**



**Раздел 2. Практический материал на основе аутентичных текстов с заданиями**

Для развития иноязычных речевых умений обучающихся был разработан комплекс аутентичных текстов с упражнениями.

Было подобрано 9 текстов из таких иностранных сайтов, как studyzone.com и linguapress.com. К 3 текстам разработаны упражнения по развитию умений изучающего вида чтения, к 3 текстам - упражнения по ознакомительному виду чтения, к 4 текстам - упражнения по поисковому и просмотровому видам чтения.

**Цель:** Развить умения изучающего, ознакомительного, поискового и просмотрового чтения обучающихся на занятиях по английскому языку.

**Задачи:**

1. Обеспечить условия для закрепления умений чтения(поискового, изучающего, поискового и просмотрового), ознакомить обучающихся с новой лексикой и случаями ее употребления; познакомить обучающихся с содержаниемтекста;

2. Совершенствовать умений чтения, совершенствование умений письменной и устной речи;

3. Способствовать развитию интереса к изучению иностранного языка; способствовать воспитанию у студентов уважительного отношения к истории, культуре и литературе других народов; способствовать расширению кругозора; способствовать развитию нравственных ценностей обучающихся; привить любовь к чтению.

Далее приведены 3 текста с разработкой упражнений на развитие умений изучающего вида чтения.

Текст 1. На развитие изучающего вида чтения.

**The Girl in the Denim Jacket  -   
a short story in two parts   Part 1**

*by Andrew Rossiter*

The clock in the living room has just struck two, but I'm still awake. Wide awake. Usually I'm a good sleeper, but not tonight. I can't stop thinking about that girl. I've got to write down what happened.

It was this evening around seven thirty, as I was on my way home from college. I was waiting for the connection at Willesden Junction. As usual at that time of night, there was only one train to Watford every twenty minutes, and the platform was crowded. Most of the people looked pretty familiar, the kind of people who stand on the same platform at the same time every day;  ordinary people **going about** their ordinary life.

Then, just near me, I noticed this girl. I **reckon** she was a bit younger than me, seventeen or eighteen maybe. She had on a thick denim jacket, and was carrying a bag which looked as if it contained books. She wasn't talking to anyone, just standing alone. There was nothing unusual about that, **mind you**; most of the people on the platform were standing alone, stabbing their phones or pads, **staring** at their feet, or looking anxiously down the railway track, as if by doing so they would make the next train come sooner. But the girl — she didn't seem to be looking at anything.

She was pretty, I thought. Very pretty, in fact. Shoulder-length brown hair, and a kind-looking face. From where I was standing, and under the poor light of the station platform, I couldn't make out the colour of her eyes.

Now I don't usually stare at girls on station platforms, but somehow I couldn't keep my eyes off the girl in the denim jacket. Perhaps she realized I was looking at her, for suddenly she turned in my direction and looked straight at me; straight in the eyes. Normally that would have been enough to make me turn away and look in the other direction, and pretend I hadn't been looking at her, but this time I couldn't turn away. There was something in the way she looked that stopped me turning.

I imagined she would look away from me, or even move further down the platform to **avoid** me, but she didn't. To my surprise, a smile came to her lips, almost the sort of smile that you give when you meet an old friend again after a long absence — though I'm certain I had never seen her before.

At that moment, there was a rumbling behind my back, and an underground train rolled into the station. The mass of people waiting on the platform **surged** forward, to compete for **standing room** and something to hang on to in the already-crowded train.

Though the girl and I got into the same carriage, I lost sight of her in the **crush** inside. I was **hedged in** between two enormous fat businessmen, who were talking their heads off about banks and investment. She was somewhere in front of me.

However, from one station to the next the carriage slowly emptied, and when we got past Wembley, there was almost room for everyone to sit down. She was still standing though, about twenty feet from me, and looking in my direction.

Between us, I noticed two empty seats. Tired of standing, I moved over and sat down in one of them; hardly had I done so however than, to my surprise and secret pleasure, the girl moved up and sat down in the other.

For some reason I felt embarrassed. I managed to bring out a **half-hearted** "hello again", and smiled at her. As she smiled back at me, I could see that she was indeed very pretty. There was a shine in her soft dark eyes, but at the same time she looked worried; strangely worried.

**Предтекстовый этап.**

**Word guide**

**to go about *–*** *to* *follow*;

**to reckon** *– to* *think*;

**mind you** - *in actual fact*;

**to stare** - *to* *look intensely*;

**to avoid** – to *move away from;*

**standing room -** *only room for people to stand;*

**crush -** *the compact crowd of people*;

**to hedged in -** *to**boxed in,* *surrounded*;

**half-hearted -***timid, shy*.

Exercise 1. Try to understand the underlined words. Check in the dictionary.

Exercise 2. Read the text and translate the paragraph with girl’s description into Russian.

Текстовый этап.

Exercise 3. When you have read and studied the story, say which of these statements are true.

    1.    The writer had never taken the train at Willesden junction before.  
    2.    There were a lot of people waiting for the train.  
    3.    The person telling the story is 17 or 18 years old.  
    4.    The story takes place in summer time.  
    5.    The person telling the story felt strangely attracted by the girl.  
    6.    She smiled at him, as if she recognized him.  
    7.    The writer and the girl were separated in the carriage by two businessmen.  
    8.    Quite a lot of people had got out of the train by Wembley.  
    9.    The writer sat down beside the girl.  
    10.    The writer spoke to the girl before she spoke to him.

*Answers:* *the following are true: 2, 5, 6, 8, 10.*

Exercise 4. This story contains a lot of phrasal verbs: list A contains 8 examples, list B contains 8 synonyms. Match the verbs correctly with their synonyms.

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| List A | List B |
| 1.    was on my way 2.    had on 3.    make out 4.    keep my eyes off 5.    turn away 6.    lost sight of 7.    move up 8.    bring out | a.    come towards me List B b.    turn my head c.    clearly see d.    was going e.    say f.    stop looking at g.    was wearing h.    could not see |

*Answers: 1d, 2g, 3c, 4f, 5b, 6h, 7a, 8e.*

**Послетекстовый этап.**

Exercise 5. Make the plan of the story.

Exercise 6. Retell the story using the plan of your own.

Текст 2. На развитие изучающего вида чтения.

**The Girl in the Denim Jacket  -   
a short story in two parts   Part 2**

*by Andrew Rossiter*

 She put her bag on her knees, and began to open it. It contained books, and I just had time to read the title of the top one, something about learning English.

Maybe she was a foreign student, or an au-pair girl, I thought. I wondered what country she was from. I couldn't bring myself to say anything to her though, and she didn't say anything to me.

As the train approached Harrow, most of the remaining people in the carriage got up to leave. The girl and I, however, stayed sitting in our seats. Why hadn't I begun to talk to her, I wondered? Maybe she too was going back to Watford. I decided I'd say something after the station.

With a **squeal** of **brakes**, the train **shuddered** to a stop. The doors slid open, and most of the people got out, leaving the carriage almost empty. Just five people remained in their seats, two men, an old lady, me and the girl in the denim jacket. I looked at the ceiling, waiting for the doors to shut.

However, the train did not move, and the doors did not roll shut. That was strange; there wasn't usually any delay at Harrow. Why weren't we moving? The seconds seemed like minutes, as I **willed** the train to start again. What was up?

Finally I decided to wait no longer.

"I wonder what's holding us up?", I said in a **matter-of-fact** way.

"Yes, it is long," she answered in broken English.

I continued more boldly.

"You're not local are you? Where do you come from?"

At that moment, two men and a woman entered the carriage noisily, and stood at the door, looking round.

"There she is," shouted the woman. "Come on."

At that, the three of them moved **swiftly** over to where we were sitting, and the woman flashed a card under the girl's nose.

"Police!" she said sharply. "Come on now! Don't try and do anything silly, we've got you now. "

"You'd better just come along with us quietly," said the man behind, who looked like an inspector.

"What? What do you mean? What is this?" said the girl, looking frightened and surprised. She grabbed my arm.

"What's up?" I **blurted out** angrily. "What's going on? Leave her alone!"

"You just mind your own business, young man," said the inspector **gruffly**,

"Or we'll be running you in too."

They took the girl by the arms, and began to march her towards the door. For a moment she struggled, and one arm came free. In the disturbance, a bracelet fell to the floor. No-one paid any attention to it.

They **hustled** her out of the carriage and onto the platform. I heard one of them shout O.K.; I turned round to watch as they pulled the girl, **struggling** fiercely, towards the station exit. For an instant, she looked back at me; I could see she was crying. Then the doors shut, and the train began to move.

Station lights passed slowly in front of my eyes, then faster; then all was dark.

As I sat there, trying to understand what had happened, my eyes fell on the bracelet. I bent down and picked it up. It was an identity bracelet. I turned it over to look at the name. There was no name.

**Предтекстовый этап.**

**Word guide**

**Squeal -** *sharp noise;*

**Brakes -** *mechanism that makes a vehicle stop;*

**Shudder –** *vibrate*;

**to will -** *to encourage, to try to make something happen;*

**matter-of-fact -** *nonchalent, ordinary;*

**swiftly –** *fast;*

**blurt out -** *speak rapidly;*

**gruffly -** *in a rough voice;*

**hustled –** *pushed*;

**struggle -** *resist*.

Exercise 1. Try to understand the underlined words. Check in the dictionary.

Exercise 2. Read the text and translate the narrator’s and the girl’s dialogue.

**Текстовый этап.**

Exercise 3. Read the text and divide it into parts. Give each a title.

Exercise 4. Read the text and pass its main idea in several sentences.

**Послетекстовый этап.**

Exercise 5. Complete the story as you imagine it might end.

Exercise 6. Rewrite the story briefly from the girl's point of view, narrating the same events as those told by the writer.

Текст 3. На развитие изучающего вида чтения.

**The car**

*by Andrew Rossiter*

 "It's a really good **bargain**," said the man in the showroom ; and as far as Shafi could tell, he was telling the truth.

 "It's yours for just £5,000!" he continued. "You won't find a better buy anywhere else in the North; and what's more, we'll give you a year's **insurance** with it. Free!"

Shafi eyed the vehicle **longingly**; it was bright red, and just over a year old - and inside it had that smell of polish that comes with a new car. There was just the  matter of the price - it was more than he had planned to spend on his first car, and more than he actually had **available**.

"Five thousand?" he asked, hoping rather hopelessly that he had somehow **misheard**.

"Five grand! That's it. But you can 'ave it for three in cash now, and the rest in three months. You can get a **loan** from the bank!"

Ever since he'd taken his first job at the burger bar at the age of 17, he'd been saving up for a nice car; of course, he could have **made do with** a cheap **wreck** years ago - but that was not what he wanted. Shafi wanted a good car, a nice car, one that would make him feel as if he had **achieved** something better in life than serving in a restaurant.

He handed over the crisp fifty pound notes. Even if the insurance was only third-party, he **reckoned** it was a good buy at the price.

Settling in to the driving seat, he adjusted it for position, and turned the key. Within minutes, he had passed the **outskirts** of Leeds, and was headed for Gemma's house in Frampton. After all, she'd been badgering him to get a car, ever since he'd first mentioned the idea to her a month or so earlier.

He knew that she'd be impressed.

"So you bought it at last!" she exclaimed. "Great!" Now we can go places!"

"Yes. And it goes like a dream!"

"Let's take it over to Sawby tonight," she suggested. "Jess is on the door, he'll let us in free."

"Good idea."

Sawby was only sixteen miles away, but the quickest way to get there was to take the motorway ; and besides Shafi was keen to see how fast he could get the new car up to.

"Hey, take it easy," said Gemma, as the speedometer edged up towards the 100 m.p.h. mark. "You don't want to get done for speeding on the very first day!"

Shafi slowed down; the exit for Sawby was coming up fast.

As luck would have it, there was a space just opposite the club as Shafi proudly arrived in the shining new car. A group of young men watched from the pavement opposite as he carefully parked by the **kerbside**.

Jess wasn't on the door after all, and they had to pay to get in; but the atmosphere in the club was hot and exciting as usual. It was a popular place, and with some of the best D.J's in the region, it attracted people from all round, even from Manchester.

"So you've got your car at last, eh Shafi, boy!" said a voice in the semi-darkness.

Shafi looked round. He recognised the speaker at once, and was not pleased. It was Rooksby, Gemma's former boyfriend. The three of them had worked together a year ago in a restaurant, until Rooksby was  sacked for insulting a group of foreign tourists.

"Hello," said Shafi.

"Smart **job**, ain't it!" said Rooksby.

"Yes," he answered. "Very nice thankyou...."

"A bit too smart for someone like you, ain't it?"

"Oh give over!" said Gemma.

Rooksby gave a sarcastic laugh, and moved away.

It was almost 3 a.m. as they emerged from the club.

"Hey!" exclaimed Shafi, looking across the street. "Where's the car? We left it there, didn't we?"

"Yes, I think so," said Gemma.

"Oh no, don't say someone's gone an' nicked it already," Shafi **groaned**. The tears were already beginning to well up in his eyes.

"What did you do with the keys?" asked Gemma.

"They're here," he answered, rummaging in his pocket. "Or at least I think they are."

Then he frowned. "They've gone.... They can't have.... I must have put them down somewhere.... No! this is ridiculous."

He was looking increasingly desperate.

At that moment, a red car roared past them, and disappeared up the road.

"But that's the car," Shafi exclaimed. "It's my car! Come back!"

"No good  yelling after 'em," said a voice from behind, "Looks like you've lost it, doesn't it, Shafi boy!"

They turned and saw Rooksby again, a **wry** smile on his twisted lips.

"That's brilliant!" said Gemma. "You bring me out here, then the car gets nicked. How'm I goin' to get home?"

"I'll call a taxi," said Shafi.

"I'll run you home if you like," said Rooksby. "I've just got room for one!"

"You?" said Gemma. "Well I suppose it's better 'n nothing."

   \*\*\*\*\*\*\*

Two weeks later, the police called Shafi's employer, asking for the owner of a red car.

Shafi **eagerly** took the phone; "You've found it?" he asked excitedly.

"Yes Sir," said the voice on the other end of the phone. "It's in the **pound** in Birmingham.... but I'm afraid you can't have it back now."

"What? Why not?"

"Well Sir, you see it's a write-off."

Shafi felt a lump rising in his throat. "You mean...."

"Fatal accident, Sir. The driver was killed, and the passenger's in **intensive care**. She's just told us you were the owner of the car."

"What? Who was it then?"

"She won't give us her name. She just says she wants to see you. She says she's sorry. Perhaps you can help us with our enquiries."

**Предтекстовый этап.**

**Word guide**

**Bargain -** *good value for money;*

**Insurance** - *guarantee against the risk of accident;*

**Longingly -** *with desire;*

**Available** - *at his disposal, ready;*

**Mishear -** *hear incorrectly;*

**Loan -** *money lent;*

**Wreck -** *something in bad condition;*

**achieve something** - *be successful;*

**reckon -** *think;*

**outskirts** - *suburbs, periphery;*

**kerbside -** *edge of the pavement;*

**job –** *machine;*

**groan -** *lament;*

**wry -** *cynical;*

**eagerly -** *enthusiastically;*

**pound -** *guarded car park;*

**intensive care -** *part of a hospital where badly injured or sick people are treated.*

Exercise 1. Read and translate the story into Russian

Exercise 2. Select the closest equivalent of the following words and expressions used in the story:

* eyed: a) looked at, b) saw, c) noticed
* achieved: a) finished, b) begun  c) done
* badgering: a) forbidding  b) helping  c) persuading
* take it easy: a) Go on! b) don't be difficult!  c) calm down!
* give over: a) Say that again. b) Stop it!  c) Let me have it!
* yelling: a) running.  b) looking  c)  shouting
* nicked: a) stolen  b) lost  c) damaged
* a write-off: a) An advertisement  b) A ruin  c) A form to fill in.

**Текстовый этап.**

Exercise 3. Fill in the missing words in this short extract from the story:

\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ he'\_\_\_\_\_ taken his first job \_\_\_\_\_ the burger bar \_\_\_\_\_ the age of 17, he\_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ saving \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ a nice car; of course, he \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ made do with a cheap wreck years \_\_\_\_\_ - but \_\_\_\_\_ was not \_\_\_\_\_ he wanted. Shafi wanted a good car, a nice car, \_\_\_\_\_ that would make him feel \_\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_\_ he had achieved \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ better in life \_\_\_\_\_ serving in a restaurant.

Exercise 4. Read the text and share its main idea with several sentences.

**Послетекстовый этап.**

Exercise 5. Read the text and select the new one that you learned from it;

Exercise 6. Make an annotation to the text.

Далее приводятся 3 текста с разработкой упражнений на развитие умений ознакомительного вида чтения.

Текст 4. На развитие ознакомительного вида чтения.

**The American Pepper**

*from www.studyzone.com*

"Mummy! Mummy!" shouted little Murna racing from the front door through to the kitchen. "There's a parcel. The postman's brought a parcel!"

Her mother, Savni, looked at her in surprise. She had no idea who could have sent them a parcel. Maybe it was a mistake. She hurried to the door to find out. Sure enough, the postman was there, holding a parcel about the size of a small brick.

"From America, madam," he said. "See! American stamps."

It was true. In the top right-hand corner of the brown paper parcel were three strange-looking stamps, showing a man's head. The package was addressed to Savni, in big, clear black letters.

"Well, I suppose it must be from Great-Aunt Pasni," said Savni to herself, as the postman went on his way down the street, whistling. "Although it must be twenty years since we heard anything from her. I thought she would have been dead by now."

Savni's husband Jornas and her son Arinas were just coming in from the garden, where Murna had run to tell them about the parcel. "Well, open it then!" said Arinas impatiently. "Let's see what's inside!"

Setting the parcel down in the middle of the table, Savni carefully began to tear open the paper. Inside, there was a large silver container with a hinged lid, which was taped shut. There was also a letter.

"What is it? What is it?" demanded Murna impatiently. "Is it a present?"

"I have no idea," said Savni in confusion. "I think it must be from Great-Aunt Pasni. She went to America almost thirty years ago now. But we haven't heard from her in twenty years. Perhaps the letter will tell us." She opened the folded page cautiously, then looked up in dismay. "Well, this is no help!" she said in annoyance. "It's written in English! How does she expect us to read English? We're poor people, we have no education. Maybe Pasni has forgotten her native language, after thirty years in America."

"Well, open the pot, anyway," said Jornas. "Let's see what's inside."

Cautiously, Savni pulled the tape from the neck of the silver pot, and opened the lid. Four heads touched over the top of the container, as their owners stared down inside.

"Strange," said Arinas. "All I see is powder." The pot was about one-third full of a kind of light-grey powder.

"What is it?" asked Murna, mystified.

"We don't know, darling," said Savni, stroking her daughter's hair.

"What do you think?" Murna stared again into the pot.

"I think it's coffee," she announced, finally. "American coffee."

"It's the wrong colour for coffee, darling," said Jornas thoughtfully. "But maybe she's on the right track. It must be some kind of food." Murna, by now, had her nose right down into the pot. Suddenly, she lifted her head and sneezed loudly.

"I’d god ub by doze," she explained.

"That's it!" said Arinas. "It must be pepper! Let me try some." Dipping a finger into the powder, he licked it. "Yes," he said, "it's pepper all right. Mild, but quite tasty. It's American pepper."

"All right," said Savni, "we'll try it on the stew tonight. We'll have American-style stew!"

That evening, the whole family agreed that the American pepper had added a special extra taste to their usual evening stew. They were delighted with it. By the end of the week, there was only a teaspoonful of the grey powder left in the silver container. Then Savni called a halt.

"We're saving the last bit for Sunday. Dr. Haret is coming to dinner, and we'll let him have some as a special treat. Then it will be finished."

The following Sunday, the whole family put on their best clothes, ready for dinner with Dr. Haret. He was the local doctor, and he had become a friend of the family many years before, when he had saved Arinas's life after an accident. Once every couple of months, Savni invited the doctor for dinner, and they all looked forward to his entertaining stories of his youth at the university in the  
capital.

During dinner, Savni explained to the doctor about the mysterious American pepper, the last of which she had put in the stew they were eating, and the letter they could not read.

"Well, give it to me, give it to me!" said the doctor briskly. "I speak English! I can translate it for you."

Savni brought the letter, and the family waited, fascinated, as the doctor began to translate.

"Dear Savni: you don't know me, but I am the son of your old Great-Aunt Pasni. She never talked much to us about the old country, but in her final illness earlier this year, she told us that after her death, she wanted her ashes to be sent back home to you, so that you could scatter them on the hills of the country where she was born. My mother died two weeks ago, and her funeral and cremation took place last week. I am sending her ashes to you in a silver casket. Please do as she asked, and spread them over the ground near where she was born. Your cousin, George Leary."

**Предтекстовый этап.**

**Word guide**

**a parcel** – *an object or collection of objects wrapped in paper in order to be carried or sent by post;*

**a hinged lid** - *a device for holding together two parts such that one can swing; relative to the other, typically having two interlocking metal leaves held by a pin about which they pivot;*

**cautiously** - *in a way that deliberately avoids potential problems or dangers;*

**to be on the right track** - *to be doing something in a way that**will*[*bring*](https://dictionary.cambridge.org/ru/%D1%81%D0%BB%D0%BE%D0%B2%D0%B0%D1%80%D1%8C/%D0%B0%D0%BD%D0%B3%D0%BB%D0%B8%D0%B9%D1%81%D0%BA%D0%B8%D0%B9/bring)*good*[*results*](https://dictionary.cambridge.org/ru/%D1%81%D0%BB%D0%BE%D0%B2%D0%B0%D1%80%D1%8C/%D0%B0%D0%BD%D0%B3%D0%BB%D0%B8%D0%B9%D1%81%D0%BA%D0%B8%D0%B9/result)*;*

**ashes** - *the powdery residue left after the burning of a substance;*

**to scatter** - *throw in various random directions.*

Exercise 1. Read the last paragraph and try to understand it without dictionary.

Exercise 2. Divide the text into the introductory part (the beginning), information part (main) and final (ending).

**Текстовый этап.**

Exercise 3. Arrange the following sentences of the text in logical sequence:

1. That evening, the whole family agreed that the American pepper had added a special extra taste to their usual evening stew
2. It must be some kind of food
3. Dr. Haret is coming to dinner, and we'll let him have some as a special treat
4. The postman's brought a parcel
5. I am sending her ashes to you in a silver casket
6. The package was addressed to Savni, in big, clear black letters
7. She went to America almost thirty years ago now
8. My mother died two weeks ago, and her funeral and cremation took place last week
9. By the end of the week, there was only a teaspoonful of the grey powder left in the silver container
10. How does she expect us to read English?

*Answers: d, f, g, j, b, a, i, a, c, h, e.*

Exercise 4. Prepare a plan for retelling the text

**Послетекстовый этап.**

Exercise 5. Answer following questions:

1. Where does this story take place?
   1. America
   2. Arinas
   3. India
   4. The text doesn't say
2. How was the parcel wrapped?
   1. in brown paper
   2. in silver paper
   3. in grey paper
   4. in tape
3. Who was Savni?
   1. a little girl
   2. the Great-Aunt
   3. the mother of the family
   4. the son of the family
4. Why don't the family read the letter?
   1. They are too impatient to look in the container.
   2. It is addressed to the doctor.
   3. It is in English.
   4. It is missing.
5. What does Murna think is in the pot?
   1. dust
   2. ashes
   3. coffee
   4. pepper
6. Why does Arinas think that the powder is pepper?
   1. It tastes very hot.
   2. It makes Murna sneeze.
   3. It is written on the pot.
   4. The letter says so.
7. What does the family do with the powder?
   1. They keep it to give to the doctor.
   2. They send it back to America.
   3. They make drinks with it.
   4. They put it on their food.
8. Why does Savni save the last bit of the powder?
   1. as a souvenir
   2. for Dr. Haret
   3. to analyse it
   4. to spread it on the hills
9. How does Dr. Haret solve the mystery?
   1. He analyses the powder.
   2. He recognizes the powder.
   3. He is a friend of Pasni.
   4. He translates the letter.
10. What was really in the pot?
    1. coffee
    2. Great-Aunt Pasni
    3. dust
    4. special American pepper

*answers: 1-D, 2-B, 3-C, 4-C, 5-C, 6-B, 7-D, 8-B, 9-D, 10-C.*

Exercise 6. Express your attitude to the text.

Текст 5. На развитие ознакомительного вида чтения.

**The Death Car**

*from www.studyzone.com*

It was a cold night in September. The rain was drumming on the car roof as George and Marie Winston drove through the empty country roads towards the house of their friends, the Harrisons, where they were going to attend a party to celebrate the engagement of the Harrisons' daughter, Lisa. As they drove, they listened to the local radio station, which was playing classical music.

They were about five miles from their destination when the music on the radio was interrupted by a news announcement:

"The Cheshire police have issued a serious warning after a man escaped from Colford Mental Hospital earlier this evening. The man, John Downey, is a murderer who killed six people before he was captured two years ago. He is described as large, very strong and extremely dangerous. People in the Cheshire area are warned to keep their doors and windows locked, and to call the police immediately if they see anyone acting strangely."

Marie shivered. "A crazy killer. And he's out there somewhere. That's scary."

"Don't worry about it," said her husband. "We're nearly there now. Anyway, we have more important things to worry about. This car is losing power for some reason -- it must be that old problem with the carburetor. If it gets any worse, we'll have to stay at the Harrisons' tonight and get it fixed before we travel back tomorrow."

As he spoke, the car began to slow down. George pressed the accelerator, but the engine only coughed. Finally they rolled to a halt, as the engine died completely. Just as they stopped, George pulled the car off the road, and it came to rest under a large tree.

"Blast!" said George angrily. "Now we'll have to walk in the rain."

"But that'll take us an hour at least," said Marie. "And I have my high-heeled shoes and my nice clothes on. They'll be ruined!"

"Well, you'll have to wait while I run to the nearest house and call the Harrisons. Someone can come out and pick us up," said George.

"But George! Have you forgotten what the radio said? There's a homicidal maniac out there! You can't leave me here alone!"

"You'll have to hide in the back of the car. Lock all the doors and lie on the floor in the back, under this blanket. No one will see you. When I come back, I'll knock three times on the door. Then you can get up and open it. Don't open it unless you hear three knocks." George opened the door and slipped out into the rain. He quickly disappeared into the blackness.

Marie quickly locked the doors and settled down under the blanket in the back for a long wait. She was frightened and worried, but she was a strong-minded woman. She had not been waiting long, however, when she heard a strange scratching noise. It seemed to be coming from the roof of the car.

Marie was terrified. She listened, holding her breath. Then she heard three slow knocks, one after the other, also on the roof of the car. Was it her husband? Should she open the door? Then she heard another knock, and another. This was not her husband. It was somebody — or something — else. She was shaking with fear, but she forced herself to lie still. The knocking continued — bump, bump, bump, bump.

Many hours later, as the sun rose, she was still lying there. She had not slept for a moment. The knocking had never stopped, all night long. She did not know what to do. Where was George? Why had he not come for her?

Suddenly, she heard the sound of three or four vehicles, racing quickly down the road. All of them pulled up around her, their tires screeching on the road. At last! Someone had come! Marie sat up quickly and looked out of the window.

The three vehicles were all police cars, and two still had their lights flashing. Several policemen leaped out. One of them rushed towards the car as Marie opened the door. He took her by the hand.

"Get out of the car and walk with me to the police vehicle, Miss. You're safe now. Look straight ahead. Keep looking at the police car. Don't look back. Just don't look back."

Something in the way he spoke filled Marie with cold horror. She could not help herself. About ten yards from the police car, she stopped, turned and looked back at the empty vehicle.

George was hanging from the tree above the car, a rope tied around his neck. As the wind blew his body back and forth, his feet were bumping gently on the roof of the car — bump, bump, bump, bump.

**Предтекстовый этап.**

**Word guide**

**to be captured –** *take into one's possession or control by force;*

**to get smth fixed –** *to*[*repair*](https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/repair)*something;*

**to pick smb up –** *to get or*[*bring*](https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/bring)*someone or something from*[*somewhere*](https://dictionary.cambridge.org/dictionary/english/somewhere)*;*

**homicidal –** *relating to, or tending toward murder;*

**to shake with fear –** *to have a dread of, to stand in tremble of;*

**to rush –** *to move with urgent haste.*

Exercise 1. Make 6 sentences using words and word combinations from Word guide.

Exercise 2. Read the words and phrases from Word guide and name the topic of the text.

**Текстовый этап.**

Exercise 3. Read the story and think of an acceptable title.

Exercise 4. Read the first paragraph of the text and find in it a sentence containing the basic information.

**Послетекстовый этап.**

Exercise 5. Answer the following questions:

1. Where were the Winstons going when this incident happened?
   1. home
   2. to Colford Mental Hospital
   3. to a party
   4. to the police station
2. What was the reason for the news announcement on the radio?
   1. Six people, including John Downey, had been murdered.
   2. A dangerous prisoner had escaped.
   3. The police were warning of accidents on the roads in the bad weather.
   4. Some people had been seen acting strangely in the Cheshire area.
3. What did George think was causing the trouble with the car?
   1. the carburetor
   2. the rain drumming on the roof
   3. the accelerator
   4. he had no idea
4. Why did he pull the car off the road?
   1. to have a rest
   2. to go for a walk
   3. to walk to the nearest house
   4. it broke down
5. Why did Marie stay in the car when George left?
   1. She was afraid to go out in the dark.
   2. So no one would steal the car.
   3. Her clothes weren't suitable for the rain.
   4. She wanted to get some sleep.
6. Where did George set off to walk to?
   1. the Mental Hospital
   2. the nearest house
   3. the Harrisons' house
   4. the police station
7. What made Marie so frightened as she waited in the car?
   1. There was a strange sound coming from the roof.
   2. She could see a man acting strangely outside the car.
   3. Some police cars came racing down the road.
   4. She was afraid of the rain and the dark.
8. Why did the policeman tell her not to look back when he brought her out of the car?
   1. He didn't want her to see the body of her husband.
   2. The killer was waiting behind her.
   3. He wanted her to forget everything that had happened during the night.
   4. He didn't want her to see the damage done to the car.
9. Marie says, "There's a homicidal maniac out there!" What does "homicidal maniac" mean?
   1. terrible storm
   2. busy road
   3. crazy killer
   4. policeman
10. In "Several policemen leapt out," "leapt" means
    1. threw
    2. jumped
    3. shouted
    4. Drove

*Answers: 1-C, 2-B, 3-C, 4-D, 5-C, 6-B, 7-A, 8-A, 9-C, 10-B.*

Exercise 6. Write a summary to the text (10-15 sentences).

Текст 6. На развитие ознакомительного вида чтения.

**JRR TOLKIEN - creator of the Hobbit**

*from www.linguapress.com*

"Middle Earth" is a world to itself, a magical mythical place like no other. It is one of the most famous places in twentieth century fiction, and the wonderful fruit of a brilliant imagination. The Lord of the Rings,the *trilogy* set in this mysterious world, has become one of the great classics of twentieth century literature. It has been translated into dozens of languages and imitated by dozens of writers, storytellers and film makers; yet no-one has surpassed the genius of the original. J.R.R.Tolkien, the author of Lord of the Rings, was the improbable creator of this great work of fantasy.

It was while he was marking exams in the early 1930's that J.R.R.Tolkien, Professor of Mediaeval English Literature at Oxford University, wrote down a strange sentence that started: "In a hole in the ground, there lived a hobbit..."

Obviously, creative writing was more interesting than marking papers, for Tolkien went on to transform his sentence into a full novel, called "**The Hobbit"**, published in 1937.

Quite unlike any other book in contemporary English literature, the Hobbit was an extended fairy tale, an allegory set in a mythical world peopled with strange creatures and animals. It was not the sort of book that ought to have become a best seller in the late 1930's, but it did  – so much so that the publisher requested a sequel. Delayed by the horror of war, the first volume of **Lord of the Rings** eventually reached the bookshops in 1954.

Since then, Tolkien has come to be seen as one of the most important figures in English literature this century, an original genius who created his own style of literature and his own universe. So who was this unusual figure, born in the late nineteenth century in rural South Africa?

**John Ronald Reuel Tolkien** first came to England at the age of 4, when his mother determined that it would be better for him to be brought up in a milder climate. His father, a banker, should have followed his family back to England, but shortly after their departure Arthur Tolkien caught rheumatic fever and died; Ronald and his brother were thus brought up by their mother from age four onwards.

Tragedy was to mark Ronald's childhood again; when he was 10, his mother died of diabetes, leaving him and his brother to be brought up *in the care of*a family friend, Father Francis Morgan, a Catholic priest.

With no parents, and no family except his brother, Ronald was left much to himself; a dreamer, he loved reading and could happily lose himself in the imaginary worlds he passed through in the pages of novels. Yet as a pupil at King Edward's School in Birmingham, he proved to be a brilliant linguist, and soon mastered French and German, Latin and Greek, plus Anglo Saxon, Old Norse, Icelandic and Finnish. His interest in Scandinavian languages also led him into a world of sagas and mythology.

At the age of sixteen, Ronald fell in love with a pretty girl, Edith Bratt, three years *his senior*, who was another orphan living in the same lodging house in Birmingham. In the strict climate of Edwardian Britain, teenage romances were*frowned on,* and although Ronald and Edith did their best to keep things a secret, it was not very long before someone spilled the beans. Furious, Father Francis removed Ronald to new lodgings, while Edith's guardians sent her  to live with relatives in the genteel town of Cheltenham.

Heartbroken, Ronald *swore* eternal love to Edith, even though he could not see her again; and with no other girls to worry about, he escaped from his sadness into hard work at school, eventually winning a *scholarship* to Oxford to study philology.

The question of whether art imitates reality, or vice versa, is one which is often discussed; but in Tolkien's case, the answer seems to be quite clear! Raised on a *diet* of novels, sagas and imaginary fiction, Ronald Tolkien did the kind of thing "that only happens in books"; when midnight struck on the day of his 21st birthday, he wrote to Edith announcing his intention of marrying her at once!

Edith, however, had in the mean time got engaged to a young man in Cheltenham, and wrote back to Ronald with this unexpected news! On receipt of her letter, Ronald hurried down to Cheltenham and began courting Edith again; the other young man was soon forgotten!

Then the war began. During the next year and a half, Ronald completed his *degree* in English (having changed courses), getting married to Edith before being sent off to fight in the trenches. Two months later, he was on the Somme, where he saw many of his great friends killed.

By good fortune, Ronald came out of the war physically *unscathed*; but psychologically, he had been through a deeply marking  experience. The war had strengthened his love of the calm of the countryside, and hatred of industry and the *evil* of inhumanity and war. These themes were to come up repeatedly through the idealism expressed in his fiction, from the Hobbit to the Lord of the Rings and beyond.

Tolkien died in September 1973.

**Предтекстовый этап.**

**Word guide**

**trilogy -***set of three books;*

**in the care of –** *by;*

**his senior -** *older than him;*

**frowned on** - *disapproved of;*

**swore** – *promised;*

**scholarship** - *financial help, bursary;*

**diet** – *menu;*

**degree** - *university diploma;*

**unscathed** - *undamaged.*

Exercise 1. Read the first paragraph and try to understand it without dictionary.

Exercise 2. Divide the text into the introductory part (the beginning), information part (main) and final (ending).

**Текстовый этап.**

Exercise 3. Name the main problems that are mentioned in the text.

Exercise 4. Arrange the following sentences of the text in logical sequence:

1. the first volume of **Lord of the Rings** eventually reached the bookshops in 1954.
2. Heartbroken, Ronald *swore* eternal love to Edith
3. The Lord of the Rings,the *trilogy* set in this mysterious world, has become one of the great classics of twentieth century literature
4. wrote back to Ronald with this unexpected news!
5. Ronald completed his *degree* in English (having changed courses)
6. With no parents, and no family except his brother, Ronald was left much to himself;
7. Ronald came out of the war physically *unscathed*;
8. At the age of sixteen, Ronald fell in love with a pretty girl, Edith Bratt
9. Ronald Tolkien did the kind of thing "that only happens in books"
10. These themes were to come up repeatedly through the idealism expressed in his fiction, from the Hobbit to the Lord of the Rings and beyond.

*Answers: c, a, f, h, b, i, d, e, g, j.*

**Послетекстовый этап.**

Exercise 5. Express your attitude to the text.

Exercise 6. Write a summary to the text (10-15 sentences).

Далее приводятся 3 текста с разработкой упражнений на развитие умений поискового и просмотрового видов чтения.

Текст 7. На развитие поискового и просмотрового видов чтения.

**Blue Gum Tree**

*by Pat Boyle*

It was a week night, we were a half dozen guys in our late teens, ***hanging around***  'the flat' - as usual. The flat was sparsely furnished, a few old chairs in the ***lounge***, plenty of chrome and formica in the kitchen, a mattress on the floor of each bedroom. The only thing of any real value in the place was "the Stereo". Like a ***shrine*** we would kneel before it, changing records, or adjusting the tone controls. After a time, even this most ***holy*** of ***appliances*** grew tiresome. We wanted action.  
 We got in the car - a big white Valiant, big enough for all of us to crowd in to - and off we went, in search of adventure. We soon found ourselves at Blue Gum Corner, a place named after the lone huge old blue ***gum tree*** hat stood by there, a well-known local landmark. It stands at a minor intersection leading to our town. The trunk is tall and smooth with no handholds for climbing. About six meters from the ground the first branch sticks out over the road.

We parked beneath the huge old tree and discussed what we might do. It was decided that we would use the ***tow-rope*** from the car to try to climb it. I stood upon the roof of the car and threw the rope over the lowest branch, tied it off, and gave it a good ***tug.*** One of the guys remarked how the loop at the bottom end of the rope looked like a ***noose*** - used for hanging. All at once the young ***thrill-seekers*** hatched an idea - we would ***fake*** a hanging! I was nominated as 'hangee'.   
The plan was absurdly simple. As I stood upon the roof of the car, the rope was threaded down my jacket through my collar and down one leg of my jeans. I put my foot through the loop at the bottom and the car was driven away and hidden down the road. There I hung, motionless. The boys rolled about laughing until, *A car, I hear a car!* Before they ran to hide, they gave me a good ***shove*** so that 'the body' would swing as the car drove by.

To our collective disappointment, the car simply turned off for town without even slowing. The boys came out of their hiding places and we discussed the situation, surely they had seen me, hadn't they? Then we heard another car, the act was repeated, but still without any apparent reaction. We played the game about five or six times, but as no one seemed to notice, we abandoned the ***prank*** . What we did not know was that every car that had passed had definitely seen 'the body' and each one, too scared to stop, had driven directly to the local Police Station. Now at that time of the night, the local ***constable*** was well tucked up in his bed, so the first person dispatched to the scene was the traffic officer that happened to be ***on duty*** that particular night.

The traffic officer that arrived on the scene that night was typical of his kind; moustached, timid, and not the smartest person in town.   
Hearing the siren before we saw the car, we had plenty of time to run and hide in the field beside the tree. I finally felt that familiar mix of fear and excitement we had been ***striving*** for all night.

The traffic officer, always the professional, began scanning the area with his spotlight; as soon as the light was off any one of us, we would begin to ***crawl*** away. The resulting ***rustling and scuttling*** sounds would cause the light to be turned on the spot any noise emanated from, the crawler instantly freezing. As this would happen another would-be Houdini from our group would begin his escape on the other side of the field. The poor traffic officer ended up darting his light back and forth all over the ***paddock*** chasing some invisible, suicidal lunatic.   
It may be useful for me to ***elucidate on*** the thinking of the officer at this time. He had been informed that some person had been killed, by hanging, at Blue Gum Corner. When he arrived, the body was gone! and he was hearing 'unnatural sounds' from the surrounding area. As far as he knew, some crazed monster was lurking around in the field before him, possibly dragging a ***corpse*** behind him - and we thought we were scared!

One of the boys, I had no idea which, had made it to a fence. When the spotlight was off him, he had started to climb it. Now when you climb an eight-wire farm fence, the wires tend to create a screeching noise; this caused the cop to just about jump out of his black boots! He ***fumbled*** for his torch then ran off down the road towards the sound. He got about half way then slowed and stopped, thinking better of it he ran back to the car calling, *"Get the dog Kevin, get the d - o - g!*"  We all knew he was completely alone, so this only resulted in a few ***giggles*** from the field.

The cop kept looking nervously at his watch, I figured he was probably waiting for ***back up*** from the local police officer. Once there were two of them, the chances of getting caught were going to be pretty high, so I figured I had better do my best to get out of there as soon as I could. Another screech from a fence on the far side of the field really upset our friend in the uniform. Once more he yelled, this time, "*I've got a gun!*" We well knew that in those days traffic officers were not even ***issued with*** a baton.

He went to his radio and made a call that really began to worry us. I lay so close I could hear every word, he called for the *"armed offender squad*" and *a "dog team, better make it two"*, he had a *"serious situation*" at Blue Gum Corner. Then the police officer arrived. After a briefing from the traffic cop he decided not to go into the field until armed ***squad*** and dog teams arrived.   
Now two spotlights were on the field and none of us could move. By then, Keith had managed to make his way back to his car that was hidden at the gravel pit a few hundred meters away. As we lay in the field we heard his engine start, we heard the sound of gravel beneath his tyres, but the cops did not take their eyes off the field. As we lay in the now damp grass, we all knew it would be a long walk back into town!

As luck would have it, police cars cannot leave their spotlights on all night without flattening their batteries. So, after a time, the two cops began alternating their lighting of the field, allowing us the opportunity to resume our crawl for freedom. One by one, we all managed to ***slip off*** and make our way home. Behind us we left what must have looked like a small city of lights, police cars, roadblocks, barking dogs, armed officers and an old towrope hanging from a tree.   
When I think back to that night, to what the drivers of the cars think happened, what police believe happened, and to what happened from my perspective, I am reminded of a simple truth - our eyes perceive darkness and light, colour and movement, our ears detect only vibrations in the air. It is how we interpret these images that shapes our "reality".

**Предтекстовый этап.**

**Word guide**

**gum tree –***eucalyptus;*

**hang round -** *pass the time;*

**lounge -** *living room;*

**shrine -** *holy place;*

**holy** *– sacred;*

**appliance -** *machine;*

**towrope -** *rope used for pulling something behind a car;*

**tug –** *pull;*

**noose -** *ring of rope;*

**thrill-seekers -** *people looking for excitement;*

**fake -** *imitate;*

**shove –** *push;*

**prank –** *game;*

**constable –** *policeman;*

**on duty -** *on service;*

**strive –** *search;*

**crawl** *- move on hands and knees;*

**rustling and scuttling sounds -** *soft indistinguishable sounds;*

**paddock –** *field;*

**elucidate on –** *clarify;*

**corpse -** *dead body;*

**fumble –** *look;*

**giggle –** *laugh;*

**back up –** *support;*

**issue with -** *provide with, give;*

**squad –** *team;*

**slip off –** *escape.*

Exercise 1. Read the title and guess about what or about whom will be discussed in the text;

Exercise 2. View the text and pay attention to how often in the text there are words from the title.

**Текстовый этап.**

Exercise 3. Determine whether the subject is expressed in the title of the text.

Exercise 4. Determine what issues are considered in the text.

**Послетекстовый этап.**

Exercise 5. Give your own opinion to the text content.

Текст 8. На развитие поискового и просмотрового видов чтения.

**Music: the story of the Blues**

*by Robert Springer*

What is - or what are -  the Blues? The Blues is a feeling, most African Americans will tell you. If your girl or boyfriend leaves you, for instance, it's quite likely you'll feel sad or dejected for days. In other words, you'll feel *blue*; you'll *have theblues*.

What few African Americans will tell you is that the origin of the expression isn't black and American, but English, al­though to­day it's usually associated with Black Americans. In 16th century Eng­land, people who were depressed were said to be persecuted by the "blue devils". Later, in 1807, American author Wash­ington Irving already talked about "having a fit of the blues".

But the blues today is generally understood as being a type of music which expresses the feeling of depression which was once common to Blacks, due to oppression, segregation and problems with the other sex. This may be the rea­son why Blacks used to say "White men can't have the blues", at least not the same kind of blues. The origins of the blues are diffi­cult to retrace because, quite naturally, an oral genre like the blues leaves few written traces. It seems to have develop­ed about 100 years ago, though the name "blues" was not yet used at the time. It grew out of black field songs, negro spirituals and the white folk ballads imported by British settlers and somewhat modified on American soil.

The first blues recordings ap­peared around 1920. They were made by black women singers who were actually singing a somewhat adulterated form of the music which, strangely enough, was later called "the classic blues". Ma Rainey and Bessie Smith were the most authentic and popu­lar performers of the genre in the 1920's.

The original country or rural blues did not come to be recorded until around 1925, when the record com­panies real­ised they could make quite a profit by asking black farmers, who were at best semi-professional musicians, to record a few songs for them in return for a little whisky and about $5 per song. The lady singers, being professional entertainers, of course requested more.

Thanks to this fortunate circum­stance, we are now rea­sonably certain that the country blues originated from the Mis­sissippi Delta (an area in the *state of Mississippi* which must not be confused with the Delta of the Mississippi river in *Louisiana*). Blacks here once made up over 90% of the population, and were heav­ily exploited and oppressed. Typic­ally in this original form of blues, a black sharecropper would sing about his hardships, while accompanying himself on the guitar. The rural blues also developed in the cotton-growing region of East Texas, and through much of the South Eastern part of the USA.

In the 1920s and 1930s, many Blacks migrated to the North and Mid­west. They found work in the factories in Chi­cago, Detroit, St. Louis, and other ci­ties; but ghettoes formed quite soon, when, by sheerweight of numbers, they began to overwhelm the whites who left city areas they had once had to themselves. Blacks brought their ethnic culture and their music with them. Blues singers migrated too, especially since, in a lot of cases, they were workers them­selves, and like everyone else they were trying tomake a better living.

A certain nostalgia for the south de­veloped; but at the same time, the trans­planted Blacks were becoming more soph­isticated, prefering to listen to music played by musicians more sophisticated than the rural blues performers. Thus small blues combos, with piano, guitar, har­monica and other instruments, began to replace the solo performers. From the 40's onwards, they converted to electric in­struments, and began to play a new form of blues, louder, more aggressive, which came to be call­ed "urban blues". In the 50's, *Muddy* *Waters*and *Howlin*' *Wolf* were among the major exponents of this type of music, and later served as models imitated by many sixties groups such as the *Rolling* *Stones* and the *Animals*.

After a period of hibernation in the 50's, the growing popularity of blues with young white audiences gave a lot of black blues-singers the opportunity to play again on a larger scale, for more money than before.

Still, it is quite clear that today the blues, as an inde­pendent genre, is no longer considered as very fashion­able. Yet with its easy-to-learn three-chord structure, it is a conven­ient springboard for musical improvisation. It has had a wide influence on modern popular music of many varieties, and on musicians who wish to return to the roots of modern popular music before jumping off in another, perhaps new, direction.

**Предтекстовый этап.**

**Word guide**

**Persecute -** *attack, pursue;*

**Dejected –** *unhappy;*

**Fit** - *an attack;*

**Segregation** - *separation of the races, racism;*

**negro spirituals** - *re­ligious songs sung by Blacks;*

**settler** – *immigrant;*

**soil-** *land;*

**adulterated** – *impure;*

**enter­tainer**: *artist;*

**hardship** – *difficulty;*

**sheer** – *pure;*

**share­cropper** - *agricultural worker;*

**overwhelm** – *dominate;*

**make a better living** - *have a better life;*

**combos** – *groups;*

**exponents** – *players;*

**hibernation** - *period of sleep;*

**chord** - *two or more notes played together;*

**springboard** - *point of departure.*

Exercise 1. Determine whether there is a part in which the main topics of the text are listed.

Exercise 2. View the text and pay attention to how often in the text there are words from the title.

**Текстовый этап**

Exercise 3. Review the text and tell which category of readers it might be of interest to and why.

Exercise 4. Mark in the text the places giving answers to the proposed questions:

1. How does the author explain the blues?
2. When did American author Washington Irving talk about blues?
3. What does the blues express today?
4. Where does the blues take origins?
5. Who was the first blues singer?
6. What does the Mississippi Delta mean to the country blues?
7. Who were the blues singers?
8. What is the “urban blues”?
9. How does the blues influence today?
10. Name the types of blues that are described in the text.

**Послетекстовый этап.**

Exercise 4. Give your own opinion to the text content.

Exercise 5. Determine what issues are considered in the text.

Текст 9. На развитие поискового и просмотрового видов чтения.

**Lucky Jim**

*by Walda Cameron*

Lucky Jim Conley had ***raked in*** millions at the gaming tables, quadrupled his winnings ***in the*** ***stock market***, won a fortune in the state lottery. Jason, the only child of Lucky Jim and his beloved Myrna, ***was used to* *having his own way***. During the two years since Mom's death, Jason had waited patiently for Lucky Jim to ***follow suit*** and ***bequeath*** him full control of the family wealth. Jason was ***eager* to be a high roller**in his own right.

But Jim's luck was ***outlasting*** Jason's patience. After his last medical exam, Lucky Jim's doc had proclaimed the old man to be ***fit*** as a forty-year-old. "Lucky Jim'll outlive us all, Jason."

Not **if I have my way**, Jason thought. ***No way***.

He breathed in the fog that hung like ghostly ***sails*** around the *Lucky Too*, as they made their way out to the ***lobster*** grounds. **Jim claimed** that that was where the biggest and **best fish hung out**too.

She was a ***sturdy*** boat. Twelve black numbers shone against her white ***hull***. Jason and Lucky Jim sat in chairs on the bridge. Lucky Jim leaned toward his son and ***yelled*** over the engine's noise: "Fog hanging light makes hungry fish bite."

"Same old ***crap*** every time," Jason thought. "But, hey, that's what gave me my plan. Fishing in the fog....". Jason smiled at his father and nodded. He wouldn't attempt a reply since the old man's hearing was **his only failing faculty.**

"Mind the lobster pots," the old man ***hollered***.

Jason nodded again. He knew exactly where the trap [***buoys***](https://linguapress.com/advanced/lucky-jim.htm#Worksheet:) were located. He'd come here every day for the past two weeks, drawn diagrams, memorized ***bobbing*** floats and channel markers. He'd ***disabled*** the maritime radio, ***concealed*** his weapon, left nothing to chance.

They were almost there. The buoy's fog horn ***blasted*** its rude warning every fifteen seconds.

"I'll tie up at the buoy," Jason called to Lucky Jim. "You get the lines over."

Lucky nodded and moved to the ***stern***, carrying two fishing poles.

Jason put in ***ear plugs*** before tieing a heavy rope over the buoy's flashing light. He pulled it tight under a square metal box half-way between light and water. A wave ***gauge***? Weather predictor? Battery casing? The current swung the stern around. Jason turned toward Lucky Jim.

The old man stood at the side of the deck, profile toward Jason, head bent, ***intent on*** preparing his lines. Jason reached behind him and lifted a three-foot length of**two-by-four.**

BAM!

Lucky Jim never knew what hit him. Jason dropped the bloodied weapon **overboard**, grasped Jim from behind, tossed him over the side. The satisfying splash ***soaked*** Jason. He untied the vessel from the buoy and headed home, ***full-throttle***. Damn the fog! Lucky Jim's good fortune had ***reverted*** to him. At least the fortune itself had. He smiled.

The perfect crime. No ***witnesses*** to contradict his story that Lucky Jim had slipped on the deck, bumped his head, fallen overboard, been swept away before his valiant son could save him. Poor Jim was lost.

"Yes, Officer," Jason ***rehearsed***, "Dad and I always fished in the fog. Lucky Jim thought the fishing was better when clouds met water, but everyone knew it was Jim's luck that made the fishing good."

As Jason ***eased***, bow-first, into his docking ***berth***, he saw two uniformed figures on the dock. He cut the engine and climbed from the boat, his eyes wide with alarm.

"Thank God, you're here, Officers! There's been a tragic accident."

"We know," the taller cop said.

"My fath..." Jason pulled out the ear plugs. "What did you say?"

They ***cuffed*** Jason's hands behind his back and ***frisked*** him. "You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you..."

"Wait! Wait! What's going on here?"

"**Don't waste your breath**, buddy." said the shorter cop, a woman with hard eyes.

"But, my father's just fallen overboard, I gotta get help....."

"Yeah son, we know all about it......?"

Jason's ***jaw*** fell. His eyes glazed with disbelief. He never even noticed when the female cop ***cradled*** his head and **shoved** him into the back seat of the car.

"But honestly he fell in, I didn't push him," said Jason feebly.

"Yeah," she said. "That might of made a convincing story last week, but I guess **you didn't notice** the infra red camera they just set up on the buoy out there to catch the lobster **thieves**.... It can see through the mist and the night like it's **broad daylight.**... The moment you reached those lobster grounds, they had you under surveillance. They thought you were the guys who've been taking their lobsters...."

"But you're a lucky guy," the male cop continued as he climbed behind the wheel. "Coast Guard just picked him up."

"And alive!" his partner said as she took her place beside him.

"Alive?" Jason croaked from the back seat.

"***Yup***," said the driver. "Unconscious, he was, but, last I heard, his heart was still pumping. Good luck for you. You'll be charged with attempted murder rather than murder. You'd better pray some of *your* luck rubs off on the old man and keeps him kickin'."

**Предтекстовый этап.**

**Word guide**

**Bequeath -** *leave, give;*

**Berth -** *place where a boat ties up;*

**Blast -** *make a loud noise;*

**Bob -** *go up and down on the surface of the water;*

**bow***(*rhymes with*cow) - front end of a ship or boat;*

**buoy -** *large floating marker;*

**conceal –** *hide;*

**cradle -** *took hold of;*

**crap -** *rubbish, shit;*

**cuff -** *handcuff, tie;*

**disable –** *disconnect;*

**eager -** *keen, wanting;*

**ear plug -** *an ear plug stops you hearing noises;*

**ease -** *maneuver, move;*

**fit -** *in good form, healthy;*

**follow****suit -** *do the same;*

**frisk -** *check that someone is not hiding weapons;*

**full****throttle -** *full speed;*

**gauge***(*rhymes with*page) - meter, measurer;*

**have one's own way -** *get exactly what one wants;*

**holler –** *shout;*

**hull -** *the main part of a boat;*

**in the stock market -** *on Wall Street;*

**intent on -** *concentrating on;*

**jaw -** *bottom half of the mouth;*

**lobster -** *a large and expensive crustacean, like a long crab;*

**no way -** *certainly not;*

**outlast -** *last longer than;*

**rake in –** *win;*

**rehearse -** *prepare a speech;*

**revert to -** *come to;*

**sails -** *a sail catches the wind, and makes a sailing ship move forwards;*

**soak –** *wet;*

**stern -** *back end of a boat;*

**sturdy -** *tough, resistant;*

**was used to having -** *was in the habit of having*(do not confuse with***used to have****);*

**witness -** *person who sees a crime;*

**yell –** *shout;*

Exercise 1. Find in the text the main argument in favor of the title.

Exercise 2.View the text and pay attention to how often in the text there are words from the title.

**Текстовый этап.**

Exercise 3. Find in the text the answers to these questions:

1. Why did Jason commit this crime?

2. Why was he caught?

3. Why did Lucky Jim go out in the fog?

4. Why do you think that Jason had "disabled the maritime radio"?

5. Can you explain the difference between Lucky Jim's "fortune" and his "good fortune"? Exercise 4. Complete the dialogue.

*Jason was interrogated by the police, once he reached the police station. Here are some of his answers. What were the policeman's questions?*

1.Q  Why...

It was his idea. He always liked fishin' in the fog.

2. Q  Didn't ...  
No, he didn't like going out by himself.

3. Q  Why ...  
'Cos he still treats me like a little child.

4. Q  Did ...  
No, I'd planned it all before.

5. Q  
Well he has all this money, and he won't let me have any.

6. Q Did ....  
Yes, because I didn't realize there was a camera

**Послетекстовый этап.**

Exercise 5. Give your own opinion about Lucky Jim.

**Раздел 3. Рекомендации к подбору аутентичных текстов и составлению упражнений.**

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**Раздел 3. Рекомендации по подбору аутентичных текстов и по составлению к ним упражнений.**

Для правильного подбора аутентичных текстов и составления к ним упражнений нами сделаны рекомендации по положениям, разработанными Фоломкиной С. К.:

- предварительная устная работа не должна затрагивать содержание текста, иначе он потеряет коммуникативную ценность;

- объектом контроля чтения должно быть понимание содержание текста, а не языковой материал;

- первое чтение текста должно осуществляться самими обучающимися, что создаёт предпосылки самостоятельного понимания читаемого;

-многократное чтение одного и того же текста нецелесообразно;

- по возможности уменьшить уровень языковых, речевых трудностей, подготовить студентов к правильному восприятию сложных в языковом и речевом плане и важных по содержанию отдельных моментов текста, используя задания опережающего характера на предтекстовом этапе;

- вести контроль степени сформированности различных языковых навыков и речевых умений на текстовом этапе;

- развивать информационно-коммуникативные умения, связанные с умением систематизировать и обобщать полученную информацию, сжимать текст или выделять его суть;

- развивать умения использовать языковые средства, лексические единицы, полученные при изучении текста, для решения конкретных речевых задач, планировать речевое поведение в определенных ситуациях на послетекстовом этапе [5].

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