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МИНОБРАЗОВАНИЯ РОССИИ

Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное
учреждение высшего образования
«Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»)
Историко-филологический факультет

Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»			
Версия документа - 1	стр. 1 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

**Фонд оценочных средств
для промежуточной аттестации по дисциплине (модулю)
Путеводитель по американской литературе**

Направление подготовки (специальность)
45.03.01 Филология

Направленность (профиль)
«Отечественная филология»

Присваиваемая квалификация
бакалавр

Форма обучения
очная

Год набора 2026

Челябинск, 2026 г.

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Версия документа - 1	стр. 2 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

Содержание

1. Паспорт фонда оценочных средств.....	3
2. Перечень формируемых компетенций.....	3
2.1. Компетенции, закреплённые за дисциплиной.....	3
3. Содержание оценочных средств по дисциплине.....	5
3.1. Виды оценочных средств.....	5
3.2 Содержание оценочных средств.....	6
4. Порядок проведения и критерии оценивания промежуточной аттестации.....	19
4.1. Порядок проведения промежуточной аттестации.....	19
4.2. Критерии оценивания промежуточной аттестации по видам оценочных средств.....	19
4.3. Результаты промежуточной аттестации и уровни сформированности компетенций	20

 МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
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Версия документа - 1	стр. 3 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____ КОПИЯ № _____

1. ПАСПОРТ ФОНДА ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ

Направление подготовки: 45.03.01 Филология

Направленность (профиль): «Отечественная филология (русский язык и литература)»

Дисциплина: Путеводитель по американской литературе

Семестр (семестры) изучения: 8

Форма (формы) промежуточной аттестации – зачёт

Для оценивания дисциплины используется балльно-рейтинговая система

2. ПЕРЕЧЕНЬ ФОРМИРУЕМЫХ КОМПЕТЕНЦИЙ

2.1. Компетенции, закреплённые за дисциплиной

Изучение дисциплины «Путеводитель по американской литературе» направлено на формирование следующих компетенций:

Код и наименование компетенции согласно ФГОС	Индикаторы достижения компетенций согласно ОПОП ВО	Перечень планируемых результатов обучения по дисциплине
1	2	3
УК-5. Способен воспринимать межкультурное разнообразие общества в социально-историческом, этическом и философском контекстах	УК-5.1. Обладает базовыми знаниями об основных закономерностях социально-исторического развития общества и его культурном многообразии УК-5.2. Демонстрирует умение понимать и толерантно воспринимать культурное многообразие общества в социально-историческом, этическом и философском контекстах УК-5.3. Ориентируется в культурном разнообразии общества и соблюдает этические нормы поведения	<i>Знать:</i> Ключевые особенности и закономерности развития культуры и социальных институтов США в контексте истории развития страны <i>Уметь:</i> Адекватно воспринимать аксиологические различия, а также особенности национального менталитета, демонстрируемые ведущими произведениями литературы США и соблюдать морально-этические нормы при обсуждении вопросов культурных различий и стратегий развития американской культуры и литературы <i>Владеть:</i> Навыками ориентирования в ценностном и социокультурном своеобразии культуры и литературы США, а также морально-этическими нормами при обсуждении литературных произведений
ПК-1: Способен создавать и обрабатывать различные типы текстов (в том числе для размещения в социальных сетях, на сайтах, форумах, тематических порталах)	ПК-1.1. Демонстрирует знание основных принципов создания, доработки и обработки различных типов текстов. ПК-1.2. Демонстрирует умение создавать тексты различной тематики в соответствии с нормами русского литературного языка. ПК-1.3. Демонстрирует умение	<i>Знать:</i> Жанровую систему художественной литературы и публицистики (в том числе сетевой) и особенности научного, научно-популярного, публицистического и художественного стиля английского языка <i>Уметь:</i> Создавать тексты различных жанров (историко-литературный комментарий,



МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ

Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное
учреждение высшего образования
«Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»)
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по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО
«ЧелГУ»

Версия документа - 1

стр. 4 из 21

Первый экземпляр _____

КОПИЯ № _____

	дорабатывать, обрабатывать и модифицировать тексты различной тематики	эссе, рецензия и др.) на английском языке по тематике истории американской литературы, ее ведущих представителей и ключевых произведений <i>Владеть:</i> Навыками обработки, редактирования и трансформации англоязычного контента по тематике, связанной с историей литературы США
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 МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет			
Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»			
Версия документа - 1	стр. 5 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

3. СОДЕРЖАНИЕ ОЦЕНОЧНЫХ СРЕДСТВ ПО ДИСЦИПЛИНЕ

3.1. Виды оценочных средств

Код, наименование компетенции согласно ФГОС	Перечень планируемых результатов обучения по дисциплине	Контролируемые темы/разделы (номер и название раздела из РПД п.2.2)	Семестр	Номер задания	Наименование оценочного средства
УК-5. Способен воспринимать межкультурное разнообразие общества в социально-историческом, этическом и философском контекстах	2.1. Знать: этнокультурные, конфессиональные и аксиологические особенности различных национальных литератур, обусловленные социально-историческими факторами развития общества и мировоззрения человека 2.2. Уметь: адекватно воспринимать различия в системе ценностей и убеждений, а также особенности национального менталитета, демонстрируемые ведущими произведениями мировой литературы и соблюдать морально-этические нормы при обсуждении вопросов культурных различий и стратегий развития разнообразных сегментов мировой литературы 2.3. Владеть навыками построения межкультурного диалога в рамках обсуждения проблем развития мировой литературы.	Раздел 1. Geography of American literature	8	–	Итоговое эссе
		Раздел 2. Ethnic identity in American Literature	8	–	Итоговое эссе
		Раздел 3. Thematic Guide to American literature	8	–	Итоговое эссе
		Раздел 4. Genre diversity and originality of American literature	8	–	Итоговое эссе
		Раздел 5. Major American literary movements	8	–	Итоговое эссе
ПК-1. Способен создавать и обрабатывать различные типы текстов (в том числе др.) и публицистических (рецензия, отзыв, пресс-релиз, и др.) текстов различного типа, в том числе с учетом особенностей жанров, бытующих в современном медиапространстве (буктрейлер, пост в соцсетях и т.п.)	3.1. Знать: жанровые и стилистические признаки научных (статья, обзор, аннотация, доклад и др.) и публицистических (рецензия, отзыв, пресс-релиз, и др.) текстов различного типа, в том числе с учетом особенностей жанров, бытующих в современном медиапространстве (буктрейлер, пост в соцсетях и т.п.)	Раздел 1. Geography of American literature	8	–	Итоговое эссе

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»			
Версия документа - 1	стр. 6 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

3.2. Уметь: создавать тексты для тематических ресурсов (публиков в соцсетях, специальных сайтов, форумов, читательских сообществ и критико-литературных объединений и т.п.) , направленные на интерпретацию и популяризацию современной зарубежной литературы с учетом потенциальной аудитории и в соответствии с нормами русского языка и требованиями стиля и жанра 3.3. Владеть: навыками обработки, редактирования, модифицирования информационного контента по тематике современной зарубежной литературы	Раздел 2. Ethnic identity in American Literature	8	–	Итоговое эссе
	Раздел 3. Thematic Guide to American literature	8	–	Итоговое эссе
	Раздел 4. Genre diversity and originality of American literature	8	–	Итоговое эссе
	Раздел 5. Major American literary movements	8	–	Итоговое эссе

Типовые задания, критерии и показатели оценивания в рамках текущего контроля представлены в рабочей программе дисциплины (модуля). Полные комплекты оценочных средств и контрольно-измерительных материалов хранятся на кафедре.

3.2 Содержание оценочных средств

Оценочным средством является: итоговое эссе (историко-литературный комментарий).

Цель: проверить способность студентов прокомментировать на английском языке художественный или публицистический текст американского автора любой эпохи как в форме историко-литературной справки, так и в плане объяснения «темных мест» и специфических (или архаичных) понятий, а также в плане целостного литературоведческого анализа..

Задание: ознакомьтесь с предложенным текстом (отрывок одного из программных произведений по списку-минимуму объемом не более одной страницы А-4), определите текст и его автора, проанализируйте и составьте связный текст историко-литературного комментария, содержащий краткие, но принципиальные для понимания данного текста сведения об авторе, о времени и истории создания произведения, его жанре, тематике и проблематике, особенностях стиля. Впишите его в контекст эпохи и процесса развития всемирной литературы того времени и последующих периодов. Покажите типические и новаторские черты данного текста, а также охарактеризуйте место и роль анализируемого отрывка в произведении. Исторические реалии, имена собственные, термины, мифонимы и т.п. комментируются в алфавитном порядке. Объем комментария – не менее страницы текста А-4.

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»			
Версия документа - 1	стр. 7 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

Text 1

In compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, Leonidas W. Smiley, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that Leonidas W. Smiley is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous Jim Smiley, and he would go to work and bore me to death with some exasperating reminiscence of him as long and as tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the barroom stove of the dilapidated tavern in the decayed mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up, and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some inquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood named Leonidas W. Smiley—Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, a young minister of the Gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned his initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in finesse. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once.

Rev. Leonidas W. H'm, Reverend Le—well, there was a feller here once by the name of Jim Smiley, in the winter of '49—or may be it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume warn't finished when he first come to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him—any way j u s t so's he got a bet, he was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take ary side you please, as I was j u s t telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chickenfight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was too, and a good man. If he even see a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get to—to wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to him—he'd bet on any thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
	Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»		
Версия документа - 1	стр. 8 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

one morning he come in, and Smiley up and asked him how she was, and he said she was considable better—thank the Lord for his infnîte mercy—and coming on so smart that with the blessing of Prov'dence she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought says, "Well, I'll resk twoand- a-half she don't anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because of course she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side among the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cipher it down. <...>

Text 2

The light of the cheerful fire shone on the rug and carpet of a cosey parlor, and glittered on the sides of the tea-cups and well-brightened tea-pot, as Senator Bird was drawing off his boots, preparatory to inserting his feet in a pair of new handsome slippers, which his wife had been working for him while away on his senatorial tour. Mrs. Bird, looking the very picture of delight, was superintending the arrangements of the table, ever and anon mingling admonitory remarks to a number of frolicsome juveniles, who were effervescing in all those modes of untold gambol and mischief that have astonished mothers ever since the flood.

"Tom, let the door-knob alone,—there's a man! Mary! Mary! don't pull the cat's tail,—poor pussy! Jim, you mustn't climb on that table,—no, no!—You don't know, my dear, what a surprise it is to us all, to see you here to-night!" said she, at last, when she found a space to say something to her husband. "Yes, yes, I thought I'd j u s t make a run down, spend the night, and have a little comfort at home. I'm tired to death, and my head aches!" Mrs. Bird cast a glance at a camphor-bottle, which stood in the halfopen closet, and appeared to meditate an approach to it, but her husband interposed.

"No, no, Mary, no doctoring! a cup of your good hot tea, and some of our good home living, is what I want. It's a tiresome business, this legislating!" And the senator smiled, as if he rather liked the idea of considering himself a sacrifice to his country.

"Well," said his wife, after the business of the tea-table was getting rather slack, "and what have they been doing in the Senate?"

Now, it was a very unusual thing for gentle little Mrs. Bird ever to trouble her head with what was going on in the house of the state, very wisely considering that she had enough to do to mind her own. Mr. Bird, therefore, opened his eyes in surprise, and said, "Not very much of importance."

"Well; but is it true that they have been passing a law forbidding people to give meat and drink to those poor colored folks that come along? I heard they were talking of some such law, but I didn't think any Christian legislature would pass it!"

"Why, Mary, you are getting to be a politician, all at once."

"No, nonsense! I wouldn't give a fip for all your politics, generally, but I think this is something downright cruel and unchristian. I hope, my dear, no such law has been passed."

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
	Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»		
Версия документа - 1	стр. 9 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

"There has been a law passed forbidding people to help off the slaves that come over from Kentucky, my dear; so much of that thing has been done by these reckless Abolitionists, that our brethren in Kentucky are very strongly excited, and it seems necessary, and no more than Christian and kind, that something should be done by our state to quiet the excitement."

"And what is the law? It don't forbid us to shelter these poor creatures a night, does it, and to give 'em something comfortable to eat, and a few old clothes, and send them quietly about their business?"

"Why, yes, my dear; that would be aiding and abetting, you know." Mrs. Bird was a timid, blushing little woman, of about four feet in height, and with mild blue eyes, and a peach-blow complexion, and the gentlest, sweetest voice in the world;—as for courage, a moderate-sized cock-turkey had been known to put her to rout at the very first gobble, and a stout housedog, of moderate capacity, would bring her into subjection merely by a show of his teeth. Her husband and children were her entire world, and in these she ruled more by entreaty and persuasion than by command or argument. There was only one thing that was capable of arousing her, and that provocation came in on the side of her unusually gentle and sympathetic nature;— anything in the shape of cruelty would throw her into a passion, which was the more alarming and inexplicable in proportion to the general softness of her nature. Generally the most indulgent and easy to be entreated of all mothers, still her boys had a very reverent remembrance of a most vehement chastisement she once bestowed on them, because she found them leagued with several graceless boys of the neighborhood, stoning a defenceless kitten. "I'll tell you what," Master Bill used to say, "I was scared that time. Mother came at me so that I thought she was crazy, and I was whipped and tumbled off to bed, without any supper, before I could get over wondering what had come about; and, after that, I heard mother crying outside the door, which made me feel worse than all the rest. I'll tell you what," he'd say, "we boys never stoned another kitten!"

On the present occasion, Mrs. Bird rose quickly, with very red cheeks, which quite improved her general appearance, and walked up to her husband, with quite a resolute air, and said, in a determined tone, "Now, John, I want to know if you think such a law as that is right and Christian?"

"You won't shoot me, now, Mary, if I say I do!"

"I never could have thought it of you, John; you didn't vote for it?"

"Even so, my fair politician."

"You ought to be ashamed, John! Poor, homeless, houseless creatures! It's a shameful, wicked, abominable law, and I'll break it, for one, the first time I get a chance; and I hope I shall have a chance, I do! Things have got to a pretty pass, if a woman can't give a warm supper and a bed to poor, starving creatures, j u s t because they are slaves, and have been abused and oppressed all their lives, poor things!"

"But, Mary, just listen to me. Your feelings are all quite right, dear, and interesting, and I love you for them; but, then, dear, we mustn't suffer our feelings to run away with our judgment; you must consider it's not a matter of private feeling,—there are great public interests involved,—there is such a state of public agitation rising, that we must put aside our private feelings." "Now, John, I don't know anything about politics, but I can read my Bible; and there I see that I must feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and comfort the desolate; and that Bible I mean to follow."

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
	Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»		
Версия документа - 1	стр. 10 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

"But in cases where your doing so would involve a great public evil—"

"Obeying God never brings on public evils. I know it can't. It's always safest, all round, to do as He bids us." "Now, listen to me, Mary, and I can state to you a very clear argument, to show—"

"O, nonsense, John! you can talk all night, but you wouldn't do it. I put it to you, John,—would you now turn away a poor, shivering, hungry creature from your door, because he was a runaway? Would you, now?"

Now, if the truth must be told, our senator had the misfortune to be a man who had a particularly humane and accessible nature, and turning away anybody that was in trouble never had been his forte; and what was worse for him in this particular pinch of the argument was, that his wife knew it, and, of course, was making an assault on rather an indefensible point. So he had recourse to the usual means of gaining time for such cases made and provided; he said "ahem," and coughed several times, took out his pocket handkerchief, and began to wipe his glasses. Mrs. Bird, seeing the defenceless condition of the enemy's territory, had no more conscience than to push her advantage.

"I should like to see you doing that, John—I really should! Turning a woman out of doors in a snow-storm, for instance; or, may be you'd take her up and put her in jail, wouldn't you? You would make a great hand at that!"

"Of course, it would be a very painful duty," began Mr. Bird, in a moderate tone.

"Duty, John! don't use that word! You know it isn't a duty—it can't be a duty! If folks want to keep their slaves from running away, let 'em treat 'em well,—that's my doctrine. If I had slaves (as I hope I never shall have), I'd risk their wanting to run away from me, or you either, John. I tell you folks don't run away when they are happy; and when they do run, poor creatures! they suffer enough with cold and hunger and fear, without everybody's turning against them; and, law or no law, I never will, so help me God!"

"Mary! Mary! My dear, let me reason with you."

"I hate reasoning, John,—especially reasoning on such subjects. There's a way you political folks have of coming round and round a plain right thing; and you don't believe in it yourselves, when it comes to practice. I know yow well enough, John. You don't believe it's right any more than I do; and you wouldn't do it any sooner than I."

At this critical juncture, old Cudjoe, the black man-of-all-work, put his head in at the door, and wished "Missis would come into the kitchen;" and our senator, tolerably relieved, looked after his little wife with a whimsical mixture of amusement and vexation, and, seating himself in the arm-chair, began to read the papers.

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
	Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»		
	Версия документа - 1	стр. 11 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____ КОПИЯ № _____

Text 3

I was born in Tuckahoe, near Hillsborough, and about twelve miles from Easton, in Talbot county, Maryland. I have no accurate knowledge of my age, never having seen any authentic record containing it. By far the larger part of the slaves know as little of their ages as horses know of theirs, and it is the wish of most masters within my knowledge to keep their slaves thus ignorant. I do not remember to have ever met a slave who could tell of his birthday. They seldom come nearer to it than planting-time, harvest-time, cherry-time, spring-time, or fall-time. A want of information concerning my own was a source of unhappiness to me even during childhood. The white children could tell their ages. I could not tell why I ought to be deprived of the same privilege. I was not allowed to make any inquiries of my master concerning it. He deemed all such inquiries on the part of a slave improper and impertinent, and evidence of a restless spirit. The nearest estimate I can give makes me now between twenty-seven and twenty-eight years of age. I come to this, from hearing my master say, some time during 1835, I was about seventeen years old.

My mother was named Harriet Bailey. She was the daughter of Isaac and Betsey Bailey, both colored, and quite dark. My mother was of a darker complexion than either my grandmother or grandfather.

My father was a white man. He was admitted to be such by all I ever heard speak of my parentage. The opinion was also whispered that my master was my father; but of the correctness of this opinion, I know nothing; the means of knowing was withheld from me. My mother and I were separated when I was but an infant—before I knew her as my mother. It is a common custom, in the part of Maryland from which I ran away, to part children from their mothers at a very early age. Frequently, before the child has reached its twelfth month, its mother is taken from it, and hired out on some farm a considerable distance off, and the child is placed under the care of an old woman, too old for field labor. For what this separation is done, I do not know, unless it be to hinder the development of the child's affection toward its mother, and to blunt and destroy the natural affection of the mother for the child. This is the inevitable result.

I never saw my mother, to know her as such, more than four or five times in my life; and each of these times was very short in duration, and at night. She was hired by a Mr. Stewart, who lived about twelve miles from my home. She made her journeys to see me in the night, travelling the whole distance on foot, after the performance of her day's work. She was a field hand, and a whipping is the penalty of not being in the field at sunrise, unless a slave has special permission from his or her master to the contrary—a permission which they seldom get, and one that gives to him that gives it the proud name of being a kind master. I do not recollect of ever seeing my mother by the light of day. She was with me in the night. She would lie down with me, and get me to sleep, but long before I waked she was gone. Very little communication ever took place between us. Death soon ended what little we could have while she lived, and with it her hardships and suffering. She died when I was about seven years old, on one of my master's farms, near Lee's Mill. I was not allowed to be present during her illness, at her death, or burial. She was gone long before I knew any thing about it. Never having enjoyed, to any considerable extent, her soothing presence, her tender and watchful care, I received the tidings of her death with much the same emotions I should have probably felt at the death of a stranger.

Called thus suddenly away, she left me without the slightest intimation of who my father was. The whisper that my master was my father, may or may not be true; and, true or false, it is

 МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет			
Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»			
Версия документа - 1	стр. 12 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

of but little consequence to my purpose whilst the fact remains, in all its glaring odiousness, that slaveholders have ordained, and by law established, that the children of slave women shall in all cases follow the condition of their mothers; and this is done too obviously to administer to their own lusts, and make a gratification of their wicked desires profitable as well as pleasurable; for by this cunning arrangement, the slaveholder, in cases not a few, sustains to his slaves the double relation of master and father.

I know of such cases; and it is worthy of remark that such slaves invariably suffer greater hardships, and have more to contend with, than others. They are, in the first place, a constant offence to their mistress. She is ever disposed to find fault with them; they can seldom do any thing to please her; she is never better pleased than when she sees them under the lash, especially when she suspects her husband of showing to his mulatto children favors which he withholds from his black slaves. The master is frequently compelled to sell this class of his slaves, out of deference to the feelings of his white wife; and, cruel as the deed may strike any one to be, for a man to sell his own children to human flesh-mongers, it is often the dictate of humanity for him to do so; for, unless he does this, he must not only whip them himself, but must stand by and see one white son tie up his brother, of but few shades darker complexion than himself, and ply the gory lash to his naked back; and if he lisp one word of disapproval, it is set down to his parental partiality, and only makes a bad matter worse, both for himself and the slave whom he would protect and defend.

Every year brings with it multitudes of this class of slaves. It was doubtless in consequence of a knowledge of this fact, that one great statesman of the south predicted the downfall of slavery by the inevitable laws of population. Whether this prophecy is ever fulfilled or not, it is nevertheless plain that a very different-looking class of people are springing up at the south, and are now held in slavery, from those originally brought to this country from Africa; and if their increase will do no other good, it will do away the force of the argument, that God cursed Ham,² and therefore American slavery is right. If the lineal descendants of Ham are alone to be scripturally enslaved, it is certain that slavery at the south must soon become unscriptural; for thousands are ushered into the world, annually, who, like myself, owe their existence to white fathers, and those fathers most frequently their own masters.

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»			
Версия документа - 1	стр. 13 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

Text 4.

So the next day we all said, " S h e will kill h e r s e l f ; and we said it would be the best thing. When she had first begun to be seen with Homer Barron, we had said, "She will marry him." Then we said, "She will persuade him yet," because Homer himself had remarked—he liked men, and it was known that he drank with the younger men in the Elks' Club—that he was not a marrying man. Later we said, "Poor Emily," behind the jealousies as they passed on Sunday afternoon in the glittering buggy, Miss Emily with her head high and Homer Barron with his hat cocked and a cigar in his teeth, reins and whip in a yellow glove.

Then some of the ladies began to say that it was a disgrace to the town and a bad example to the young people. The men did not want to interfere, but at last the ladies forced the Baptist minister—Miss Emily's people were Episcopal—to call upon her. He would never divulge what happened during that interview, but he refused to go back again. The next Sunday they again drove about the streets, and the following day the minister's wife wrote to Miss Emily's relations in Alabama.

So she had blood-kin under her roof again and we sat back to watch developments. At first nothing happened. Then we were sure that they were to be married. We learned that Miss Emily had been to the jeweler's and ordered a man's toilet set in silver, with the letters H. B. on each piece. Two days later we learned that she had bought a complete outfit of men's clothing, including a nightshirt, and we said, "They are married." We were really glad. We were glad because the two female cousins were even more Grierson than Miss Emily had ever been.

So we were not surprised when Homer Barron—the streets had been finished some time since—was gone. We were a little disappointed that there was not a public blowing-off, but we believed that he had gone on to prepare for Miss Emily's coming, or to give her a chance to get rid of the cousins. (By that time it was a cabal, and we were all Miss Emily's allies to help circumvent the cousins.) Sure enough, after another week they departed. And, as we had expected all along, within three days Homer Barron was back in town. A neighbor saw the Negro man admit him at the kitchen door at dusk one evening.

And that was the last we saw of Homer Barron. And of Miss Emily for some time. The Negro man went in and out with the market basket, but the front door remained closed. Now and then we would see her at a window for a moment, as the men did that night when they sprinkled the lime, but for almost six months she did not appear on the streets. Then we knew that this was to be expected too; as if that quality of her father which had thwarted her woman's life so many times had been too virulent and too furious to die. When we next saw Miss Emily, she had grown fat and her hair was turning gray. During the next few years it grew grayer and grayer until it attained an even pepper-and-salt iron-gray, when it ceased turning. Up to the day of her death at seventy-four it was still that vigorous iron-gray, like the hair of an active man.

From that time on her front door remained closed, save for a period of six or seven years, when she was about forty, during which she gave lessons in china-painting. She fitted up a studio in one of the downstairs rooms, where the daughters and granddaughters of Colonel Sartoris' contemporaries were sent to her with the same regularity and in the same spirit that they were sent on Sundays with a twenty-five-cent piece for the collection plate. Meanwhile her taxes had been remitted.

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»			
Версия документа - 1	стр. 14 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

Then the newer generation became the backbone and the spirit of the town, and the painting pupils grew up and fell away and did not send their children to her with boxes of color and tedious brushes and pictures cut from the ladies' magazines. The front door closed upon the last one and remained closed for good. When the town got free postal delivery Miss Emily alone refused to let them fasten the metal numbers above her door and attach a mailbox to it. She would not listen to them.

Daily, monthly, yearly we watched the Negro grow grayer and more stooped, going in and out with the market basket. Each December we sent her a tax notice, which would be returned by the post office a week later, unclaimed. Now and then we would see her in one of the downstairs windows— she had evidently shut up the top floor of the house—like the carven torso of an idol in a niche, looking or not looking at us, we could never tell which. Thus she passed from generation to generation—dear, inescapable, impervious, tranquil, and perverse.

And so she died. Fell ill in the house filled with dust and shadows, with only a doddering Negro man to wait on her. We did not even know she was sick; we had long since given up trying to get any information from the Negro. He talked to no one, probably not even to her, for his voice had grown harsh and rusty, as if from disuse.

She died in one of the downstairs rooms, in a heavy walnut bed with a curtain, her gray head propped on a pillow yellow and moldy with age and lack of sunlight.

<...>

The Negro met the first of the ladies at the front door and let them in, with their hushed, sibilant voices and their quick, curious glances, and then he disappeared. He walked right through the house and out the back and was not seen again.

The two female cousins came at once. They held the funeral on the second day, with the town coming to look at Miss Emily beneath a mass of bought flowers, with the crayon face of her father musing profoundly above the bier and the ladies sibilant and macabre; and the very old men—some in their brushed Confederate uniforms—on the porch and the lawn, talking of Miss Emily as if she had been a contemporary of theirs, believing that they had danced with her and courted her perhaps, confusing time with its mathematical progression, as the old do, to whom all the past is not a diminishing road, but, instead, a huge meadow which no winter ever quite touches, divided from them now by the narrow bottle-neck of the most recent decade of years.

Already we knew that there was one room in that region above stairs which no one had seen in forty years, and which would have to be forced. They waited until Miss Emily was decently in the ground before they opened it. The violence of breaking down the door seemed to fill this room with pervading dust. A thin, acrid pall as of the tomb seemed to lie everywhere upon this room decked and furnished as for a bridal: upon the valance curtains of faded rose color, upon the rose-shaded lights, upon the dressing table, upon the delicate array of crystal and the man's toilet things backed with tarnished silver, silver so tarnished that the monogram was obscured. Among them lay a collar and tie, as if they had just been removed, which, lifted, left upon the surface a pale crescent in the dust. Upon a chair hung the suit, carefully folded; beneath it the two mute shoes and the discarded socks.

The man himself lay in the bed.

For a long while we j u s t stood there, looking down at the profound and fleshless grin. The body had apparently once lain in the attitude of an embrace, but now the long sleep that

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
	Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»		
Версия документа - 1	стр. 15 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

outlasts love, that conquers even the grimace of love, had cuckolded him. What was left of him, rotted beneath what was left of the nightshirt, had become inextricable from the bed in which he lay; and upon him and upon the pillow beside him lay that even coating of the patient and biding dust.

Then we noticed that in the second pillow was the indentation of a head.

One of us lifted something from it, and leaning forward, that faint and invisible dust dry and acrid in the nostrils, we saw a long strand of iron-gray hair.

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»			
Версия документа - 1	стр. 16 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

Text 5.

My mother danced all night and Roberta's was sick. That's why we were taken to St. Bonny's. People want to put their arms around you when you tell them you were in a shelter, but it really wasn't bad. No big long room with one hundred beds like Bellevue.¹ There were four to a room, and when Roberta and me came, there was a shortage of state kids, so we were the only ones assigned to 406 and could go from bed to bed if we wanted to. And we wanted to, too. We changed beds every night and for the whole four months we were there we never picked one out as our own permanent bed. It didn't start out that way. The minute I walked in and the Big Bozo introduced us, I got sick to my stomach. It was one thing to be taken out of your own bed early in the morning—it was something else to be stuck in a strange place with a girl from a whole other race. And Mary, that's my mother, she was right. Every now and then she would stop dancing long enough to tell me something important and one of the things she said was that they never washed their hair and they smelled funny. Roberta sure did. Smell funny, I mean. So when the Big Bozo (nobody ever called her Mrs. Itkin, just like nobody ever said St. Bonaventure)—when she said, "Twyla, this is Roberta. Roberta, this is Twyla. Make each other welcome." I said, "My mother won't like you putting me in here."

"Good," said Bozo. "Maybe then she'll come and take you home." How's that for mean? If Roberta had laughed I would have killed her, but she didn't. She just walked over to the window and stood with her back to us.

"Turn around," said the Bozo. "Don't be rude. Now Twyla. Roberta. When you hear a loud buzzer, that's the call for dinner. Come down to the first floor. Any fights and no movie." And then, j u s t to make sure we knew what we would be missing, "The Wizard of Oz."

Roberta must have thought I meant that my mother would be mad about my being put in the shelter. Not about rooming with her, because as soon as Bozo left she came over to me and said, "Is your mother sick too?"

"N o , " I said. "She j u s t likes to dance all night."

"Oh," she nodded her head and I liked the way she understood things so fast. So for the moment it didn't matter that we looked like salt and pepper standing there and that's what the other kids called us sometimes. We were eight years old and got F's all the time. Me because I couldn't remember what I read or what the teacher said. And Roberta because she couldn't read at all and didn't even listen to the teacher. She wasn't good at anything except

jacks, at which she was a killer: pow scoop pow scoop pow scoop. We didn't like each other all that much at first, but nobody else wanted to play with us because we weren't real orphans with beautiful dead parents in the sky. We were dumped. Even the New York City Puerto Ricans and the upstate Indians ignored us. All kinds of kids were in there, black ones, white ones, even two Koreans. The food was good, though. At least I thought so. Roberta hated it and left whole pieces of things on her plate: Spam, Salisbury steak—even jello with fruit cocktail in it, and she didn't care if I ate what she wouldn't. Mary's idea of supper was popcorn and a can of Yoo- Hoo.³ Hot mashed potatoes and two weenies was like Thanksgiving for me. It really wasn't bad, St. Bonny's. The big girls on the second floor pushed us around now and then. But that was all. They wore lipstick and eyebrow pencil and wobbled their knees while they watched TV. Fifteen, sixteen, even, some of them were. They were put-out girls, scared runaways most of them. Poor little girls who fought their uncles off but looked tough to us, and

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
	Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»		
Версия документа - 1	стр. 17 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

mean. God did they look mean. The staff tried to keep them separate from the younger children, but sometimes they caught us watching them in the orchard where they played radios and danced with each other. They'd light out after us and pull our hair or twist our arms. We were scared of them, Roberta and me, but neither of us wanted the other one to know it. So we got a good list of dirty names we could shout back when we ran from them through the orchard. I used to dream a lot and almost always the orchard was there. Two acres, four maybe, of these little apple trees. Hundreds of them. Empty and crooked like beggar women when I first came to

St. Bonny's but fat with flowers when I left. I don't know why I dreamt about that orchard so much. Nothing really happened there. Nothing all that important, I mean. J u s t the big girls dancing and playing the radio. Roberta and me watching. Maggie fell down there once. The kitchen woman with legs like parentheses. And the big girls laughed at her. We should have helped her up, I know, but we were scared of those girls with lipstick and eyebrow pencil. Maggie couldn't talk. The kids said she had her tongue cut out, but I think she was just born that way: mute. She was old and sandy-colored and she worked in the kitchen. I don't know if she was nice or not. I j u s t remember her legs like parentheses and how she rocked when she walked. She worked from early in the morning till two o'clock, and if she was late, if she had too much cleaning and didn't get out till two-fifteen or so, she'd cut through the orchard so she wouldn't miss her bus and have to wait another hour. She wore this really stupid little hat—a kid's hat with ear flaps—and she wasn't much taller than we were. A really awful little hat. Even for a mute, it was dumb—dressing like a kid and never saying anything at all. "But what about if somebody tries to kill her?" I used to wonder about that. "Or what if she wants to cry? Can she cry?"

"S u r e , " Roberta said. "But just tears. No sounds come out."

"She can't scream?"

"Nope. Nothing."

"Can she hear?"

"I guess."

"Let's call her," I said. And we did.

"Dummy! Dummy!" She never turned her head.

"Bow legs! Bow legs!" Nothing. She just rocked on, the chin straps of her baby-boy hat swaying from side to side. I think we were wrong. I think she could hear and didn't let on. And it shames me even now to think there was somebody in there after all who heard us call her those names and couldn't tell on us.

We got along all right, Roberta and me. Changed beds every night, got F's in civics and communication skills and gym. The Bozo was disappointed in us, she said. Out of 130 of us state cases, 90 were under twelve. Almost all were real orphans with beautiful dead parents in the sky. We were the only ones dumped and the only ones with F's in three classes including gym. So we got along—what with her leaving whole pieces of things on her plate and being nice about not asking questions.

I think it was the day before Maggie fell down that we found out our mothers were coming to visit us on the same Sunday. We had been at the shelter twenty-eight days (Roberta twenty-eight and a half) and this was their first visit with us. Our mothers would come at ten o'clock in time for chapel, then lunch with us in the teachers' lounge. I thought if my dancing mother met her sick mother it might be good for her. And Roberta thought her sick mother

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»			
Версия документа - 1	стр. 18 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

would get a big bang out of a dancing one. We got excited about it and curled each other's hair. After breakfast we sat on the bed watching the road from the window. Roberta's socks were still wet. She washed them the night before and put them on the radiator to dry. They hadn't, but she put them on anyway because their tops were so pretty—scalloped in pink. Each of us had a purple construction-paper basket that we had made in craft class. Mine had a yellow crayon rabbit on it. Roberta's had eggs with wiggly lines of color. Inside were cellophane grass and just the jelly beans because I'd eaten the two marshmallow eggs they gave us. The Big Bozo came herself to get us. Smiling she told us we looked very nice and to come downstairs. We were so surprised by the smile we'd never seen before, neither of us moved.

"Don't you want to see your mommies?"

I stood up first and spilled the jelly beans all over the floor. Bozo's smile disappeared while we scrambled to get the candy up off the floor and put it back in the grass.

She escorted us downstairs to the first floor, where the other girls were lining up to file into the chapel. A bunch of grown-ups stood to one side. Viewers mostly. The old biddies who wanted servants and the fags who wanted company looking for children they might want to adopt. Once in a while a grandmother. Almost never anybody young or anybody whose face wouldn't scare you in the night. Because if any of the real orphans had young relatives they wouldn't be real orphans. I saw Mary right away. She had on those green slacks I hated and hated even more now because didn't she know we were going to chapel? And that fur jacket with the pocket linings so ripped she had to pull to get her hands out of them. But her face was pretty—like always, and she smiled and waved like she was the little girl looking for her mother—not me.

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Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»			
Версия документа - 1	стр. 19 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

4. ПОРЯДОК ПРОВЕДЕНИЯ И КРИТЕРИИ ОЦЕНИВАНИЯ ПРОМЕЖУТОЧНОЙ АТТЕСТАЦИИ

4.1. Порядок проведения промежуточной аттестации

Промежуточная аттестация проводится в 1 этап и предполагает написание эссе (литературно-страноведческого комментария), на которое отводится 60 минут.

4.2. Критерии оценивания промежуточной аттестации по видам оценочных средств Критерии оценивания эссе (литературно-страноведческого комментария):

Критерии оценки	Максимальный балл
Полнота историко-литературного анализа текста, умение определять особенности творческого метода, периода развития литературы, стиля, жанра, типические и новаторские черты	5
Корректность литературоведческого терминологического аппарата, соответствие жанру комментария, логичность, грамотность	5
Глубина знания контекста (исторического, биографического, эстетического и т.п.) умение вписать анализируемый текст в соответствующие контексты, отсутствие фактических ошибок	5
Владение навыками анализа текстового фрагмента умениями определить его место и роль в тексте как едином художественном целом. Или владение навыками анализа поэтического текста,	5
Соблюдение языковых и речевых норм английского языка, грамотность и разнообразие речи	5
Итого	25

Работа считается выполненной при получении студентом не менее 15 баллов.

Эталонный вариант эссе (тезисный план) на примере Текста 1.

1. This excerpt is from the novel «The Famous Jumping Frog of Calaveras» by Mark Twain (1865).
2. Genre: humorous story.
3. Stylized under the folklore genre of fables, tales (tall-tales)
4. Method and style: realism, "local color", the tradition of humor of the South-West
5. The plot is borrowed from the folklore of the South-West, but transformed by the author: the emphasis is shifted to portraying the characters and mores of the inhabitants of the frontier.
6. Artistic means: grotesque, hyperbole, irony.
7. Problems: in the center - the image of an inveterate debater Smiley, ready to bet on anything and on anything. The components of the image are his "wonderful" helpers - animals - a horse, a bulldog and a frog. For the sake of money, like their hosts, they are ready for any deeds. The

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»			
Версия документа - 1	стр. 20 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____	КОПИЯ № _____

purpose of the novel is to characterize the morals of the people of the frontier and the atmosphere of life in this space.

8. The core of the plot is the episode of the competition of frogs, which includes the motives of cheating and eccentricity, traditional for short stories.

9. Many means of creating a comic effect are used: comic positions, comic characters, speech comic.

10. Language: the novella is close to the genre of the tale, since it is a story within a story, and a large role is played by the figure of the narrator Simon Wheeler and his speech manner (funny and serious, real and incredible is told with an equally imperturbable expression on his face), a large number of dialectisms are used and conversational turnover.

Перечень текстов для итогового эссе:

Текст 1. Марк Твен «Знаменитая скачущая лягушка из Калавераса»

Текст 2. Гарриет Бичер Стоу «Хижина дяди Тома»

Текст 3. Фредерик Дуглас «Жизнеописание Фредерика Дугласа»

Текст 4. У. Фолкнер «Розы для Эмили»

Текст 5. Тони Моррисон «Речетатив»

4.3. Результаты промежуточной аттестации и уровни сформированности компетенций

Оценка за зачет складывается из двух составляющих:

- 1) текущей успеваемости – количество набранных в течение семестра баллов (по результатам всех видов деятельности студента и текущего контроля: посещение лекций, выполнение учебных задач, выступление на семинарских занятиях);
- 2) количества баллов за эссе.

Критерии оценивания зачета:

0-49 баллов – «не зачтено»;

50-100 баллов – «зачтено»;

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

Уровни сформированности компетенций определяется следующим образом:

1. *Высокий уровень* сформированности компетенций соответствует оценке «отлично»:
 - предполагает формирование компетенций на высоком уровне: формируются навыки самостоятельного успешного ориентирования в ценностном и социокультурном своеобразии культуры и литературы США, навыки владения морально-этическими нормами при обсуждении литературных произведений, а также навыки обработки, редактирования и трансформации англоязычного контента по тематике, связанной с историей литературы США;

	МИНОБРНАУКИ РОССИИ Федеральное государственное бюджетное образовательное учреждение высшего образования «Челябинский государственный университет» (ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ») Историко-филологический факультет		
	Фонд оценочных средств по дисциплине (модулю) «Путеводитель по американской литературе» по направлению подготовки 45.03.01 «Филология» направленности (профилю) «Отечественная филология» ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ»		
	Версия документа - 1	стр. 21 из 21	Первый экземпляр _____ КОПИЯ № _____

- студент способен выстраивать развернутые, аргументированные, логически непротиворечивые высказывания на английском языке по всем вопросам курса как в письменной, так и в устной форме на уровне не ниже оценки «хорошо».

2. *Средний уровень* соответствует оценке хорошо:

- предполагает формирование компетенций на достаточно высоком уровне: формируются ключевые навыки ориентирования в ценностном и социокультурном своеобразии культуры и литературы США, основные навыки владения ключевыми морально-этическими нормами при обсуждении литературных произведений, а также базовые навыки обработки, редактирования и трансформации англоязычного контента по тематике, связанной с историей литературы США;

- студент способен выстраивать содержательные высказывания на английском языке по ключевым вопросам курса как в письменной, так и в устной форме на уровне не ниже оценки «удовлетворительно».

3. *Базовый уровень* соответствует оценке удовлетворительно:

- предполагает формирование компетенций на начальном уровне: предполагает формирование компетенций на высоком уровне: формируются отдельные навыки базового ориентирования в ценностном и социокультурном своеобразии культуры и литературы США, навыки владения ключевыми морально-этическими нормами при обсуждении литературных произведений, а также первичные навыки обработки, редактирования и трансформации англоязычного контента по тематике, связанной с историей литературы США;

- студент способен дать общие ответы на основные вопросы по дисциплине или выполнить контрольную работу на английском языке не ниже оценки «удовлетворительно».

4. *Низкий уровень* соответствует оценке неудовлетворительно.

- Студент не имеет элементарных навыков ориентирования в ценностном и социокультурном своеобразии культуры и литературы США, не демонстрирует навыки владения морально-этическими нормами при обсуждении литературных произведений, а также навыки обработки, редактирования и трансформации англоязычного контента по тематике, связанной с историей литературы США;

- студент не способен ответить на теоретический вопрос или выполнить задания по анализу художественного текста литературы США на английском языке.

45.03.01 Филология, Отечественная филология, Путеводитель по американской литературе, очная, 2026

Фонд оценочных средств дисциплины (модуля) одобрен и рекомендован:

Проректор по учебной работе

утверждено 27.02.26

А.А. Саламатов

Ученым советом историко-филологического факультета

Протокол заседания № 7 от 09.02.2026

Председатель Ученого совета

историко-филологического

факультета

СОГЛАСОВАНО

Н. В. Гришина

Заседанием кафедры русского языка и литературы

Протокол заседания № 7 от 29.01.2026

Заведующий кафедрой

СОГЛАСОВАНО

Е.Г. Белоусова

Автор (составитель)

Е.Г. Белоусова

Структура фондов оценочных средств соответствует приказу ректора ФГБОУ ВО «ЧелГУ» от 27 сентября 2022 №573-1