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**Статья предлагает учителям приемы из опыта работы с разными видами чтения на среднем и старшем этапах обучения иностранному языку.**  
  
Известно, что в жизни человека чтение занимает значительное место, т. к. помогает человеку глубже понять окружающий мир. Обучение чтению на иностранном языке имеет для изучающего этот язык такое же значение.  
При обучении иностранному языку чтение рассматривается как самостоятельный вид речевой деятельности и занимает одно из главных мест по своей важности и доступности. Задача учителя при этом заключается не только в том, чтобы научить учащихся читать и понимать тексты на изучаемом языке, но и привить любовь к чтению.  
Одной из основных проблем обучения чтению является проблема отбора текстов и чёткая организация работы с ними.  
Цели, поставленные перед учащимися для чтения текста могут быть различными, и их можно разделить на три группы: чтение текстов с целью понимания общего смысла; чтение с целью поиска информации; чтение с целью последующего пересказа и обсуждения текста.  
Естественно, что для каждого из этих видов чтения присущи свои формы и приёмы организации работы над текстом, до и после текстовые задания и упражнения. Некоторые примеры таких заданий предлагаются вашему вниманию.  
  
**I.Чтение текстов с целью понимания общего смысла.**  
Важнейшим умением, которое учитель пытается сформировать, при данном виде чтения является умение языковой догадки, особенно велика её роль при чтении художественных текстов. Работая с такими текстами, учащиеся могут догадаться о значении незнакомых слов по контексту, что в значительной мере обеспечивает общее понимание содержания.  
Я предлагаю, в качестве примера, следующие задания для учащихся при чтении текстов с целью понимания общего смысла.  
  
1. “Economy wasted “  
A tourist was staying in Norway for a couple of weeks and spent all his money. He could pay his passage back to England. He thought: “ It`s only a two-days` journey and I can go to England without food.” So he went on board a ship and bought a passage. He closed his ears to the sound of the lunch bell and when dinner time came he did not go to the restaurant. He share his cabin with an Englishman and he said to him: “ I am sea- sick, I don`t feel well.” The next morning he did not have breakfast. And at lunch time he again stayed in his cabin. At dinner time he was o hungry that he said: “ I am going to eat even if they throw me overboard afterwards.”   
At the dinner table he ate everything put in front of him. Then he asked for he bill.   
“The bill, sir?” asked the steward.  
“Yes,” answered the tourist.  
“There isn`t any bill,” was the answer.   
“ On the ship meals are included in the passage.”  
a) Divide the class into groups of 3-4 pupils.  
Students quickly read the text and after it they choose two sentences from each paragraph which impress the main idea of the paragraph.  
c) Choose the best and the most correct sentences.  
  
2.The painter and the doctor.  
a) Divide the class into groups of 3 –4 students.   
Read the paragraphs of the story and put them into the logic order.  
c) Students in chain read the text in the correct order.  
  
1) Next day the doctor asked Turner to come to his house. “The doctor wants to see me about my dog,” thought Turner. “It must be that.”  
2) When the doctor came, Turner said, “Doctor, I am very glad that you have come. My dog has broken a lag, I know that you are too a great doctor of this kind, but please do it. It is so important for me.”  
3) When Turner went into the doctor`s house, the doctor said:” Mr. Turner, I am so glad to see you. I want to ask you to paint my door. I know that you are too great a painter for this work, but please do it. It is so important for me.”  
4) The doctor was angry, but did not show it. He did what the painter asked him to do.  
5) Turner, the great English painter had a dog which he loved much. One day the dog broke a leg. Turner sent for a doctor. He did not want to send for a veterinary; he sent for the best doctor in London.  
  
**II.Чтение с целью поиска информации.**  
Очень важным умением, которое учитель должен формировать постоянно, является умение выделять из читаемого текста его смысловую информацию. Для учителя иностранного языка важно научить не просто понимать текст на иностранном языке, но и научить учащихся работать с ним. По мнению С. К. Фоломкиной, на старшем этапе обучения в школе они должны уметь:  
-выделить что- либо в тексте( основную мысль, факты, детали);  
- соотнести отдельные части текста;  
Я предлагаю несколько примеров текстов с заданиями, соответствующими понятию чтения текстов с целью поиска информации.  
  
№1.   
a) read the text   
put this paragraph in the most suitable place in the text.   
c) Explain why you choose this place for this paragraph.  
  
James Dunne hung by his hands from the window and, after a moment, dropped to the ground. He looked round. The house was on the edge of the town and lay back from the road. It was about two o`clock, and the night was dark. There was little chance of meeting anyone at that time. So he felt safe. As he run silently across the grass, he felt proud of himself. Long ago, before he became a jeweller in the little town of Brampton, he had been a respectable man.   
THE GLOVE  
James Dunne was calm. Не could even think of Richard Strong who was  
now lying dead in the rооm which he had just left. Hе had not wanted to  
kill Strong, but it had bееn necessary.  
His troubles had begun when а fellow from prison met him. Blackmail  
followed, Dunne's business was good, but the blackmailer wanted too much  
money.  
Не started to gamble but he lost money and that only made things worst  
Finally, the only thing which he could do was to return to his old job: that  
of a burglar.  
Richard Strong was а former doctor who had а niсe collection of gold  
coins. Dunne could easily melt them down and sell the gold.  
It was vеrу easy to break into the house. Не knew the room where the collection was. Аll he had to do was to climb up to the window. When  
Dunne had filled his pockets with gold coins, of which there were many in the гооm, he wаs а rich man.  
Не was just leaving when he heard somebody behind him. Turning quickly,he, found the door of the гооm ореn and Strong standing  
in front of him.  
"Dunne!" It was the only word which Strong said. Dunne had been looking at an Indian knife. Не still held it in his hand and, without thinking,  
plunged it into Strong's heart. All was over. Dunne closed the door, switched оff the light and left, as he had come, through the window.  
"I could do nothing else," he told himself. "It was that or prison again."  
Не remembered the look of surprise on Strong's face and shook his head.  
Strong`s death was necessary for his own safety. Не felt safe. Не had left no с1uе. Hе had met nobody. The street was empty and dark when he геасhеd his house.  
Не lived alone in the house. А woman саmе in every day to cook and clean for him, but she did not live there.  
In his bedroom Dunne felt in his pocket and pulled out а glove. With а look of surprise he felt in his pocket again. His hand moved among the gold coins but he did not take them out. Не did not know why, but he was afraid to look at them. Не was standing in the middle of the room, with fear. The left glove was not there!  
Не remembered that he had the gloves when he was in Strong's house.  
Не had put them on а table while he filled his pockets. Не was sure that he had picked them up before he left. But one of them was missing — and inside was his name.  
What should he do? Go back and fetch the glove? May be the police were already there.  
Run away at once and started а new life somewhere? With his glove the police would find him anywhere.  
Оnе idea was as bad as the other, but he had to make а decision.  
The thought of returning to the room where Strong was lying filled him with horror. "I can't do it," he said to himself. "I can't."  
Suddenly he saw а picture of the gallows before him and his old fear of the gallows drove him out into the stгееt.  
He reached the house and climbed slowly up to the window. The room was still dark as he had left it. Не needed light to find his glove, and the  
light switch was on the other side of the room. Не forced himself to mоve across the room and switch on the light. Richard Strong was lying on the flоог. Dunne tried not to look at him,  
but something fоrсed him to look, to stretch out his hand and touch the Indian knife.  
"Hands up! Put up your hands!"   
Dunne looked up. The door had opened аnd Strong`s son stood there with а revolver in his hand. Slowly Dunne lifted his arms above his head.  
The policeman who took Dunne to the police stаtion said:  
"Nobody would have thought of you, Dunne."  
Dunne said nothing.  
His house was on the way to the police station and he asked the policeman if he could go in and fetch his coat. Не was cold.  
"Yes," said the policeman. "But I`ll go with you."  
Dunne opened the door, and they went in. His foot touched something soft on the floor. Не picked it up and, as he did so, the policeman switched on the light. Dunne looked at the thing in his hand.  
It was his left glove.  
  
№2.  
Read the text and choose the sentences where the author describe the habits of the character.  
  
On the death of his wealthy old father, Duncan inherited a lot of money and property, but though his father had always been a very generous man, Duncan was of a very different character. In fact, a lot of people who knew him called him a miser.  
This was not quite right, because misers usually spend as little of their wealth on themselves as they give away. But Duncan was not like that at all. He had always liked to feed rich; to have the best of everything for himself, go to the best restaurants, stay in the best hotels, have beautiful houses and expensive holidays.   
Duncan had never had a job, and while his father was alive, he had at first been kept on rather a small allowance. Duncan had asked his father several times whether he could not increase this, but his father knew about the young man`s extravagant ways and in his wisdom, always refused to do so.   
But, hen, when Duncan was twenty- one, the old man, who was already sixty- five and retired, suggested that he should marry. “I`m feeling old,” he said to his son, “and I`d like to see some grandchildren before I die.”  
Duncan was not keen to have the expense of a wife, and then children, but his father said,”If you marry, I`ll increase your allowance in exchange.”  
“By how much?” Duncan said. “ Wives and children cost a lot of money.”  
His father laughed and answered, “I`ll multiply it by three.”  
“All right,” said Duncan. He already had a girlfriend, so he asked her to marry him, and she agreed.   
But Duncan did not spend much of his increased allowance on his wife, nor on his children when they came. His wife always smelt expensive, because Duncan loved to have the luxury of the best scents around him, but he did not give her any jewellery, saying that she would inherit plenty when his mother died. His wife did not feel very happy about this, as Duncan`s mother was only forty-five years old.   
  
№3.  
A) Divide the text into logical parts.  
Give students 2-3 sentences after each paragraph, which interpret the paragraph.  
C) From these 2-3 sentences choose only one, which is more correct for this part of the text.  
  
№4.  
A) Read the text   
Look at the sentences after the text and say which of these sentences suit for the text more ( sentences are unlike , but a little different in details)   
  
№5.  
A) Give students two texts which are unlike each other and different only in details.  
Find the differences.  
  
**III. Чтение текстов с целью последующего пересказа и обсуждения .**  
  
Чтение с целью последующего пересказа или обсуждения предполагает послетекстовые упражнения, которые должны обеспечить проверку понимания текста и дальнейшую работу по углублению понимания ( информационную переработку) текста. Задания должны быть нацелены на порождение собственного высказывания.   
С. К. Фоломкина ставит перед учащимися старшего этапа следующие задачи при работе над этим видом чтения:   
- интерпретировать текст  
- оценить содержание текста  
- вывести ,на основе фактов или мыслей автора , суждение  
В соответствии с этими задачами я предлагаю ознакомиться со следующими видами заданий для текста с целью последующего пересказа и обсуждения.  
  
№1  
A) Read the text and prepare the retelling of it, but try not to use phrases from the text. Use only own expressions.   
One day, Fred Carey went to the bank, where he had to collect some money to pay the rent. The bank had just started a new system of queuing; instead of having a separate queue at each clerk's window, there was a rope behind which all the customers had to wait and the first person in the queue could only pass the rope when one of the clerks became free.  
On this particular day, Fred found that there was a long queue of people waiting patiently fur their turn to come. It was lunchtime, so the delays were even longer than usual, because people who had been too busy working earlier in the day to go to the bank were there, and also because a few of the bank clerks were away having lunch,  
While Fred waited, he filled in a cheque in his cheque book, which lie then signed and lore out, ready to give to the clerk. Then he looked around him as the queue moved gradually forward. He noticed one man in front of him who was wearing a torn cloth cap, He seemed very old and poor, and Fred felt quite sorry for him,  
When it was Fred's turn to go to one of the bank clerks' windows, he noticed that he was quite close to the old man. who had just cone to one of the other windows, Fred saw that he was holding a cheque for 6.00 in his hand. The old man gave the cheque to the clerk, whom Fred had often seen in the bank, and the clerk asked him how he would like the money.  
The old man was a little deaf and did not hear the clerk at first. Fred therefore leaned over and said to him loudly but kindly, “Excuse me, but the clerk would like to know how you'd like your money.”  
The old man, who was very surprised to be spoken to by a stranger in this way, turned to Fred and said, “What7”  
‘The clerk,” Fred repeated slowly and even more loudly, “wants to know how you would like your money.”  
The old man thanked Fred for his kindness. Then he turned back to the clerk and said, “I'd like ten 50p coins, five lp coins, three 5p coins, twelve 2p coins and eleven 1p coins, please.”  
Fred was surprised and amused when he heard this list, and he wondered what the busy clerk would say.  
The clerk sighed and then said politely, “Would you like coins of any special dates, sir?”  
  
№2   
Read the text and retell it as a critic who advices to read or not read these story and explain why.  
THE FIRST DAY IN AMERICA  
"A young Russian had just arrived in New York. He had little money and no job. After having tried to get a job in a restaurant without success, he wanted to find a place to sleep in a park.  
Light began to shine in the skyscrapers; round the park. It was| nearly dark. I found a sandy place under a tree, put my coat under my-head, and went to sleep.   
I was tired and I slept some hours. It must have been almost midnight when a light shone in my face. I sat up. It was from the headlight of a car, on the road below me. While I watched, the engine coughed and died. A man got out. For more than an hour he hammered with tools and opened the hood and closed it again.   
Then I stood up and went to the man. I showed him with my hands and feet and head, "Give me the tools and let me try."  
He handed them over and sat down on the rock.  
I checked every part of the engine. From time to time I cranked. I cranked until I was dead-tired. Still the car wouldn't move.   
I got angry. I lost my temper and kicked the radiator as hard as I could. The car was an old Ford, and it started with a terrible noise.  
The man came running towards me. He was laughing and he shook my hand and asked questions. But signs weren't enough. I showed the man my dictionary—English-Russian, Russian-English. Holding it under the headlights, he looked through it "Work?" he found English.  
I looked at the Russian word beside it and shook my head. "Home?" he looked for that  
“No,” again.   
I took the dictionary. "Boat. Today."  
"Come home,"—he showed me the words—“with me,"—he pointed to himself. "Eat. Sleep. Job. Tomorrow."   
"Automobiles?" I said. We have the same word in Russian.  
"Automobiles!" He was pleased that we had found one word together. We got in his car, and he took me three miles and miles of streets until we came to his house. We went in and we ate and we drank and ate and drank again. For that, fortunately, you need no words.   
Then his wife showed me a room and I went to bed. As I lay in bed I thought:  
"Well, now, I have lived one whole day in America and—just as they say—America is a country where anything, anything at all can happen." And in twenty years—about this—I've never changed my mind.  
  
№3  
The class is divided into two groups : pessimists and optimists or dreamers and realists. Discuss the plot of the story in the groups and then share your opinions as a pessimist or a realist or an optimist.  
  
THE ADVERTISMENT.  
Bill was thirty when his wife died, and little Minna was four. Bill was a cabinet-maker, and his shop was in the yard of his house. So he thought that he could do the housekeeping for Minna and, himself. All day while he worked, Minna played in the yard with her doll, and when he had to go away for a few hours, the woman in the next house looked after her. Bill could cook a little – coffee, fried potatoes with bacon, pancakes- and he found bananas and sardines and biscuits useful. When the woman in the next house said that this was not the right food for a four-year-old child, he asked her to teach him how to cook vegetables and porridge. He always burnt the food, but he did not give up cooking. He swept all the rooms, dusted the furniture and cleaned the windows. He washed little Minna's clothes and mended her doll. He even found a kitten for her so that she wouldn't be lonely. In the evening he put her to bed. They both knelt down in the middle of the room and said a prayer. He used to pray: “ Lord, make me do things right with her if you see me doing wrong.” When Minna was old enough to go to nursery school. Bill took her there. Once he put on his best suit and went to visit the school. "Her mother would have gone there, I think," he explained.  
  
Minna was six when Bill fell ill. On a May afternoon he went to a doctor. When he came home he sat in his shop for a long time and did nothing. The sun was shining through the window. He was not going to recover. Maybe he had six months... .He could hear Minna singing to her doll.  
When she came to kiss him that night, he made an excuse, for he wasn't allowed to kiss her any longer. He held her away from him, looked in her eyes and said: "Minna is a big girl now. She doesn't want Daddy to kiss her." She sadly turned her head, and the next day Bill went to another doctor. The new doctor told him the same.  
Bill tried to think what to do. He had to find someone who would look after Minna when he was no longer there. But who? He had a brother in the city, but he did not like children. Otherwise there was nobody . What could he do?  
One whole night he thought and thought. Then he put an advertisement in the city newspaper:  
A men with a few month to live  
would like nice people to adopt his  
little girl, six, blue eyes, curl.   
References required.   
  
They came in a big car, as he had hoped. They wore nice clothes, as he had hoped. They had with them a little girl who cried. “ Is this my little sister?” The woman in an expensive dress answered sharply: "Do as your  
Mummy tells you and keep out of this, or we'll leave you here and take this  
girl with us.”  
Bill looked at the woman and said that he had other plans for his little girl. He watched the big blue car drive away. Other cars came, and Bill let them go.   
The man and the woman who walked into Bill's shop one morning had lost their own child. The man was also a cabinet-maker. After a while Bill said to them, "You're the right ones." When they asked him when they could have the child, he said, "Tomorrow."  
He spent that day in the shop. It was summer and Minna was playing in the yard. He could hear her singing. He cooked their supper and while she ate he watched her. When he had wrapped her in her blanket, he stood in the dark, hearing her breathing. "I'm a little girl tonight—kiss me," she said, but he shook his head. "A big girl, a big girl," he told her.  
When they came to take her with them the next morning, he had her ready, and her little clothes were ready, washed and mended, and he had mended her doll.  
"Minna has never been away from home," he told her. "Today she's going on a visit." And when she ran towards him, he said, "A big girl, a big girl."   
He stood at the door and watched the man and the woman walking down the street with Minna between them. They had brought her a little parasol to make it easier for her to go with them. Minna held her parasol above her head, and she was so busy looking up at the blue silk that she forgot to turn.  
  
№4   
You are a journalist. Tomorrow you`ll have an interview with one of the main character of these story. Prepare your questions.  
А RACE AGAINST DEATH.  
The sea was high. А heavy storm was blowing. Waves as high as а house  
crashed against the ship which was crossing the Atlantic on its way to   
Europe. There were many Americans on board. Among them there was а  
mother with her two children. She was taking them to see their father who  
was an officer in Germany. Little Peter, who was three years old, could not  
remember his father and was looking forward to seeing him. But he did not  
feel well. Не had а temperature.  
Was he seasick? Or was it the different climate? His mother did not  
know. The ship`s doctor watched the little patient carefully and treated him as well as he could. But the boy steadily got worse. Suddenly the fever rose  
and the boy could not breathe properly. No medicine could help him. His  
face went blue and he was in danger of suffocating.  
"I don' t know what he has got," said the ship`s doctor. "But I know that  
there is only one hope: аn oxygen apparatus — but there isn' t one on board."  
The captain looked at his map.   
"The ship will take а whole day at least to геасh the British coast," he said.  
"If we have to wait for a whole day, the boy will die," replied the doctor.  
"Аге you sure that an oxygen apparatus will save him?" “I hope sо."   
Тhe сарtan rang up the radio operator. A radio message was sent to all  
British hагbours: Urgen – send plane at once with oxygen apparatus stop child`s life in danger stop   
A few minutes later a helicopter with an oxygen apparatus on the board was ready to take off. The pilot did not know whether he could land the helicopter on the ship in the storm, but he took off. After a few hours` flight he and his radio operator saw the ship below them. It was going up and down on the high waves. The pilot saw that it was nearly impossible to land on the ship. But on board that ship there was а little boy fighting for life.  
The helicopter flew round the ship. On deck the pilot could see some  
waiting men: the captain and men of the crew.  
The pilot flew lower and tried the landing. The captain felt very anxious  
when he saw the helicopter coming so near and sent this radio message:  
. "Impossible to 1аnd on bоаrd. It's too dangerous. Г`m sorry." The pilot knew that it was no use trying again. Не told the radio operator  
to inform the crew of the ship that they were going to return to the coast.  
But the radio operator did not send the message. Не looked at the wild sea and thought of his wife and his little son Bob.  
"No," he thought, "I can't let the boy die. Help is so near, and we must give him that help."  
"What's wrong?" asked the pilot.  
"Nothing. But I'll go down."  
"What are you going to do?"   
"I`m going down."  
“You are crazy.”   
The radio operator did not answer. Не took the горе-ladder and began  
to let it down.   
At first the pilot wanted to stop him. He was responsible for the helicop-  
ter, and what the radio operator was going to do was very dangerous. But  
could he stop him while a child was dying below them?  
I "Do you really know what уои are doing?" he asked the operator.  
"Of соurse I do."  
"You know that you are risking уоur life?"   
"I know. I also know that the little boy below us is sure to die while I`m  
only risking mу life. There is а good chance that I shan'1 lose it."  
"All right. Go down. Let`s prepare your landing."  
First the pilot had to find out the right height. The radio operator had to  
jump from the ladder at the right moment and to land on the front part of   
the deck. It was difficult to get into the right position because of the storm.  
They flew five times over the ship. Then the radio operator with the  
oxygen apparatus on his back climbed down the rоре-ladder. The crew of  
the ship didn't believe their eyes. They got ready to catch him.  
When he was on the last step of the ladder he looked up at the pilot to  
show him that he was ready. The pilot understood. Не flew carefully over  
the front part of the ship, but he was too high, Не tried again. This time  
the operator had to jump. Не knew how dangerous it was. Не thought of  
his little boy and his wife.What were they doing now?  
Then the big ship appeared below him, going цр and down. The pilot  
followed its movements. Now they were over the bridge, now over the free  
deck in front. The operator jumped. Strong arms held him. Не and the  
oxygen apparatus had landed safely.  
The pilot took his helicopter higher and flew оnce mоrе round the ship to  
thank them all. From below dozens of arms waved to thank him.  
Some minutes later little Peter was breathing oxygen from the apparatus.   
His blue cheeks began to become pink again. His tired eyes were on the  
strange man who was standing near his mother.  
  
№5  
You are a journalist. Write an article in the newspaper about the events describing in the text.  
Two days on an Iceberg.  
The night was very dark. I was standing on deck when the look- out man suddenly shouted: “ A ship ahead, right in front of us.”   
Andrew Thompson, who was standing near me, looked at the ship and cried:  
“It`s not a ship, it`s an iceberg.”  
At these words a terrible crash was heard. Our ship trembled and cies came from every part of it. The wind howled, the sea dashed over the ship, the masts crashed down, the officers rushed over the deck, but nobody could understand their orders. Then somebody cried: “ We are sinking. All is lost.”   
Andrew, Terence and Tom were with me. The edge of the enormous iсeberg was a few feet away. Andrew said: “ If you want to save your lives, follow me, “ and then he jumped onto the part of the iceberg and we followed him. I shall never forget the cries of the crew when the proud ship slipped from the iceberg down into the deep ocean.  
After а while I asked Andrew what chance we had of escaping.  
"Only а very small chance," he answered. "Maybe the iceberg will be  
driven towards the land. Maybe we shall be discovered by another ship."  
Each of us knew how small these chances were.  
We sat down on the ice and warmed each обжег with our bodies. Next  
morning the sky was clear and we enjoyed the sunshine.  
"Now," said Andrew, "we' ll look out to see if there is any ship passing  
by and try to attract the crew' s attention."  
We tried to climb on the top of the iceberg but we couldn' t reach it. We  
found а good place to sit down and to watch the sea. But there was по sail  
as far as our eyes could see. From our new place we saw the lower parts of  
the iceberg and noticed several things lying about there. We climbed down  
at once to get them. We found some useful things: а boat-sail, а long горе,  
some spars, а bucket and а hen-coop with some chickens in it. There were  
also pieces of а broken boat. We dried them in the sun and then made а  
fire to cook two of our chickens in the old bucket. We got the water from  
the melting iceberg.  
After we had eaten we made а raft. Our only tools were our pocket-  
knives. Fortunately the горе was long enough to hold the spars together.  
We took out all the nails which we found in the wood and used them for  
covering the spars with the wood of the hen-coop.  
When we had finished we saw that our raft was rather small for four men  
on а stormy ocean. Then we climbed back to the higher place and sat down  
again.  
Early next morning 1 saw the sails of а ship about а mile away. I called  
the others to show them what I had seen. Then we all shouted as loud as  
we could, but по answer саme to our anxious ears.  
"They really couldn' t hear us," said Terence, "the wind is coming from,  
the direction of the ship. We mustn' t get impatient."  
Suddenly there was а loud noise. The iceberg wаs trembling. "It is  
rolling over," said Andrew, "our last moment has come."  
But gradually the iceberg stopped moving. Only а big piece of ice had  
broken away and fallen into the sea. We had to be very careful now, for the   
upper part of the iceberg was melting in the sun.  
The next night we did not sleep. Early in the morning а shout of joy  
came from our lips: there was а ship about three miles away from us.  
"Will they see us? Will they соme towards the iceberg? Can they hear  
us?" These were the questions we asked all together.  
We carefully lowered the raft onto the sea. Then we stepped on it. Each  
of us held а small piece of wood in his hands to serve as paddles.  
It was а question of life and death. If we missed the ship, оur chance of  
returning to the iceberg was very small. We could only move slowly.  
We were now one mile from the iceberg. We went on, our eyes on the ship.  
Then unfortunately а light wind саme up and blew up the sails of the ship,  
which we saw turning away from us. We rowed and shouted in раnic, but it  
was по use. Our hearts sank, but we went on paddling.  
"We can' t do anything mоre," said Andrew, "but we mustn' t give up.  
Let' s trust in God and return to the iceberg."  
1 looked back to see how far we were away from the iceberg when sudden-  
1у one of the men shouted: "They' ve seen из! We are saved!"  
I turned my head and saw that the crew of the ship were lowering а boat  
and coming towards us. We shouted with joy. Тоm would have fallen from  
the raft if we hadn' t held him. We paddled on, and the boat seemed to fly  
towards us. When it reached us, we waved our paddles above our heads in  
joy.  
"Who are you?" shouted а voice from the boat. "How long have you  
been floating about?"  
Then they helped us to get into the boat. There we sank down to the  
bottom dead-tired and overcome by the difficulties of the last two days. We  
did not know who to thank first for our good luck: God or the men of the  
crew.  
  
№6  
Read the text and make up a story map.  
Setting   
Characters   
Plot: Problem Solution: Attempts Outcome  
  
THE DINGO.  
His gun at his side, Nick Walker moved carefully through the country.  
It was a good place for hunting, but his father had often told him not to go there.  
Suddenly he noticed something orange-coloured moving among the trees. Too big for a fox. Could it be a dingo?  
A moment later he saw the flash of orange again. This time he was quite sure: a big dingo came out of the high grass. It was carrying the fat, grey body of a rabbit in its mouth. This must be a mother dingo carrying food to her little ones.   
Nick had always wanted to shoot a dingo, but his father had forbidden him to do so. But the Government paid twenty shillings for a dead dingo, and if he could find the nest he would perhaps get five pounds. He'd give them to his father and say: "This can help with the new machines, Dad." So his father surely would not punish him.  
Nick knew what to do. He had to find the nest. A dingo can kill thirty sheep in a night. In a few weeks there would be five or six dingoes running free to destroy his father's flocks.  
Nick went to the place where the dog had come out of the grass and followed its footprints in the sand. He walked on and on and suddenly felt 20 lonely in the bush. He hadn't left a message to tell his father where he had gone. If anything happened to him, nobody would find him. No, nothing would happen. He was twelve years old and he was a good bushman.  
Suddenly, from behind a fallen tree, the mother dingo appeared. She jumped on the tree and sat down. From behind the tree the boy heard the sounds of the little dingoes.  
Nick took his gun and shot. The dingo fell from the tree trunk and lay still. The boy ran to the trunk and looked over it. He saw three of the little dingoes at the edge of the grass and shot them one by one.  
Night was coming and he had to hurry to find his way home. In the morning he'd ride there with his father and show him the nest.   
Suddenly he heard a small Sound in the grass. He looked down and saw a little dingo running towards him. Before he had taken his gun from his shoulder the little dingo pressed itself against his legs. Suddenly he had pity on the little animal and couldn't kill it He picked it up, and the dingo licked his face. He carried the dingo home. On the way home the little dog slept inside his shut. It was warm and soft. Once it sneezed.  
At home the boy said to his father: "I was going to shoot him, but he ran right up to me. He's so small Dad. He can't be killed. I'll look after his food myself. He won't do anything wrong, Dad, I promise. Feel his nose, he's so soft and he can even sneeze..."  
"He's a nice little fellow," his father said, "but he's a wild animal and not a dog. You can't trust him. If you want a little dog, I'll buy you one."  
But finally Mr. Walker allowed Nick to keep the dingo. "But remember this," he said, "don't let him run free. If you take him out, put him on a lead."   
The boy was very happy with the dingo and trained him. The little dingo grew older and became a beautiful animal which obeyed the boy better than a normal dog. But Nick didn't obey his father. He had found out an interesting game: he hunted rabbits with the dingo.   
One afternoon Nick was out with the dingo, which was on a lead as usual. Suddenly the animal stood still and listened, and the boy heard the sound of sheep from behind a hill. The dingo ran away so fast that the boy could not hold him. Nick shouted, "Come back! Here! Here!" but the dingo did not obey. Nick ran after the animal, but when he reached the sheep behind the hill five of them were already dead, and the dingo came proudly back to him.  
At that moment Mr. Walker rode up. "That's enough," he said. "Don't shoot him," said the boy, "it was my fault. I taught him the game with the rabbits."   
But Mr. Walker took his gun. Before had aimed. Nick took off the lead and shouted to the dog: "Run away, quickly!"  
The man fired over the boy's head, but the dingo felt the danger and ran away as fast as he could.  
"You've done a bad thing, son," said his father. "Now he knows." In the next few days the men looked for the dingo, but they did not find him. A fortnight later Mr. Walker came home and said: "This time I've hit him. I'm not sure if I have killed him, but I hope so."  
Next winter dingoes broke into their neighbour`s farm and killed lots of sheep. Everybody helped the sheep-fanner. Men with guns were posted over a wide area, waiting to see if the dingoes would come again. Nick— with his gun and an old revolver—was among them. He sat in the high grass and waited. After a long time the moon came up behind the trees. The boy began to make sounds like a dingo. Suddenly a dingo answered. He answered the dingo, but this time there was no answer. Suddenly Nick felt a big head under his arm and a big head under his arm and a big warm body at his side. It was his dingo. In the moonlight he could see that his fur had been torn by a hunter.The dingo had heard Nick's voice and had come back to his friend.  
But while one of the boy's hands was stroking him as softly as in former times, the other hand took the old revolver out of his pocket and pressed it behind the dingo's ear.  
That was the coldest night which the boy had ever spent  
  
№7  
The class is divided into 3-4 groups and each group has different texts. Students should read the texts in groups, make up story- maps and change them another group. The group should read the map and say if they like the story or not, if they want to read the story or not and why.  
  
№8  
1. Read the text.  
2. Look at the picture. Imagine you were one of the children and retell the story in your own words. You can begin like this: “ Last year we went to the Costa Lot for our holidays. We went by plane. As soon as we arrived, we…”  
  
  
HOLIDAY ABROAD.  
Mr and Mrs Robinson's friends had often told them about their wonderful holidays in sunny Spain, so at last the Robinsons decided to try it for themselves. They collected a huge pile of brochures from travel agents and chose a two-week holiday on the Costa del Sol at a magnificent-sounding hotel five minutes from the beach. It was to be their first holiday abroad.   
Things began badly when the plane was delayed at Heathrow because of technical problems. The Robinsons finally fell into their hotel bed exhausted at about two o'clock in the morning.  
Next day they drew back the curtains and found that their room had a depressing view of a warehouse full of huge crates. “ Isn`t what we were promised”, said Mrs Robinson. “In the brochure it says all rooms overlook the sea.”  
Mr Robinson went at once to make a complaint. but the manger pointed out that by standing in a corner of the balcony and craning your neck to the left, you could in fact see a little bit of the sea. The Robinsons had to admit that  
it was just visible, although they couldn't help feeling rather  
cheated.  
After breakfast they set out for a closer look at the sea. The “five minutes”, from the hotel to the beach turned out to be over half an hour. Mr Robinson was by now losing his temper. He hurried back to the hotel and demanded to see the manager again.  
"The beach isn't five minutes walk away”, he shouted. "We walked for at least half an hour." “Ah”,said the manager, "but it's only five minutes by car." This reply left Mr.Robinson speechless.  
Things went on like this for several days. The Rbbmsons couldn't stand the food; the disco kept them awake at night; the walk to the\_beach seemed to get longer and longer. After four sleepless nights they flew back to England, and they spent the second week of their holiday sitting out in the garden. It wasn't. as hot as the Costa del Sol, but they found it a lot more relaxing.  
  
№9  
1. Read the text in pairs.  
2. One of you will insist that the statements after the text are true and another – that they are false. Try to convince your partner that you are right.  
TEXT.  
An American lady traveling in England got into a compartment in a smoking carriage where an Englishman was smoking a pipe. For a short time she sat quietly, expecting that the Englishman would stop smoking. But when the train had been under way for half an hour, she began to cough and sneeze, trying in this way to show him that she objected to the smoke. At last, seeing that all her efforts to attract his attention had failed, she addressed him impatiently:” If you were a gentleman, you would stop smoking when a lady had got into the carriage.”  
“ If you were a lady, “ replied the Englishman, “ you would not get into a smoking carriage.”  
“ If you were my husband,” said the American lady angrily, “ I would give you poison.”  
The Englishman looked at her for a moment or two. “ Well,” he said at last, “ If I were your husband, I would take it.”  
True- False Statements.  
1. It`s a love story.  
2. The passengers were traveling in a non- smoking carriage.  
3. The lady wanted to smoke.  
4. The lady wanted the Englishman to stop smoking.  
5. The lady asked politely to stop smoking.  
6. The lady wanted the Englishman to be her husband.  
7. The Englishman didn`t want to be her husband.  
8. They both were not polite.  
9. The story is instructive.  
10. It`s an anеcdote  
  
**ЗАКЛЮЧЕНИЕ.**  
В заключении хотелось бы отметить, что чтение на иностранном языке способствует повышению коммуникативно- познавательной мотивации, положительно воздействует на личностно-эмоциональное состояние учащихся. Работа над текстом выполняет две основные функции: познавательную и воспитательную.  
Надеюсь, что задания , предложенные в данной работе, помогут учителям при подготовке детей к экзаменам, или могут быть использованы как дополнительные при обучении чтению.

