

ЧИТАТЕЛЬСКАЯ ГРАМОТНОСТЬ ПРИ ОБУЧЕНИИ ПЕРЕСКАЗУ (RETELLING) НА АНГЛИЙСКОМ ЯЗЫКЕ

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Читательская грамотность — это способность понимать и использовать письменные тексты, размышлять о них и заниматься чтением для того, чтобы достигать своих целей, расширять свои знания и возможности, участвовать в социальной жизни. (PISA)

Навык пересказа — один из самых эффективных способов развивать устную речь и понимание текста на английском языке.

Чем полезен пересказ для обучающихся? Почему важно обучать детей технике пересказа?

Пересказ – это не просто упражнение из школьной программы. Это более важный комплексный инструмент, который развивает основные языковые компетенции. Во –первых, пересказ помогает укреплению словарного запаса и активизации пассивной лексики. Во-вторых, пересказ помогает лучше понимать структуру текста, выделять главную мысль. Большую роль пересказ играет в тренировке устной речи. Кроме этого, он оказывает помощь в развитии логического мышления и умении выражать свои мысли. В данном мастер-классе я представляю набор упражнений для работы с текстом и выходом на пересказ. Текст ‘TheShadowofthewind’ взят из учебника Forward -11, под редакцией доктора филологических наук, профессора М.В.Вербической, изд. «Вентана-Граф»,2019.

1. Warm-up.

Do you read books? How often do you read books?

How do you usually choose a book? Use the ideas below. (Ex.1, p.58)

2. Pre- reading.

1) Describe the picture on p.59 using the words and phrases from the box.

(Ex.2)

2) Look at the boy and answer the questions about the picture.

3. Reading.

Listen, read Part 1 of the story, and check your answers.

4. Post-reading activity.

1) Divide the text into parts. How many parts can we divide the text? Give a title to each part of the text.

2) Translate into English.

3) Put the phrases in the appropriate columns and in the correct order of the text.

4) Use the phrases and make sentences with them.

5. Mingling.

1. Take a piece of paper and write one question about the content of the text.
2. Now on the 2nd part of the piece of paper write the answer.
3. Stand up. Move around the room with your raised hand looking for a partner. In pairs, ask each other questions. If your partner does not know the answer, read it. Then exchange your questions, raise your hand and move again. Work with a new partner. While the music plays, you work. When it stops, you go back to your place and sit down.
4. How many questions did you answer? How many questions did you manage to answer?

6. Retelling.

Imagine that you are one of the characters in this story. Tell the story.

Daniel's father

Isaac

Daniel

1. Read the story again and choose the correct answers.

1 When Daniel and his father left house

- a) The streets were very dark.
- b) It had been raining.
- c) They arrived at the destination quickly.
- d) It was beginning to get light.

2 When they arrived at the door of the building

- a) Isaac was expecting them.
- b) Daniel's father gave him a warning.

c) Daniel knew why he was there.

d) Isaac was reluctant to let them in.

3 When Daniel went into a library, he was

- a) frightened and upset.
- b) excited and surprised.
- c) astonished and shocked.
- d) bored and disappointed.

2. Translate into English.

1. Папа сказал мне встать и одеваться.
2. Было только 5 часов утра.
3. Мы шли по узким улицам и остановились перед большой дверью.
4. Перед нами вырос как мне казалось древний дворец с эхо и тенями.
5. Дверь открыл человек по имени Исаак.
6. Мы пошли за ним и пришли в круглый зал.
7. Это была огромная библиотека, которая выглядела как лабиринт с проходами, книжными полками, как улей с платформами и ступенями.

3. Put the phrases in the appropriate columns and in the correct order of the text.

Getting up in the early morning	Meeting with the library
get up	a smallish man

get up;
 looks like a beehive with platforms,
 steps and bridges;
 open the door;
 followsb through a palatial corridor;
 step out into the misty streets;
 it seems to me;

a smallish man;
 it's time to know the place;
 follow sb through the narrow streets;
 stop in front of an ancient palace, a
 place of echoes and shadows;
 arrive at an immense library;
 get dressed, 5 o'clock.

4. Use the phrases and make sentences with them.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1) to get up | 6) to stop in front of |
| 2) to get dressed | 7) it seems to me |
| 3) to want to show | 8) a smallish man |
| 4) to be 5 o'clock in the morning | 9) to follow sb and arrive at |
| 5) to walk down | 10) it looks like |

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READING AND VOCABULARY

1 How do you usually choose a book? Discuss your answers in pairs, using the ideas below.

- recommended by a friend
- familiar with the author's work
- buy second-hand
- borrow from a library
- read a review
- like the cover
- other

2 Describe the picture using the words and phrases from the box. Use your dictionary if necessary.

a beehive platforms and steps immense
pierced by light palatial a high glass dome
a labyrinth of passageways

3 **1028** In pairs, answer the questions about the picture. Then listen and read Part 1 of the story and check your answers.

- 1 Where do you think this place is? What is it?
- 2 Who is the boy? What's he doing?
- 3 How does he feel? Why is he there?

4 **1029** Before you read Part 2 of the story, discuss the questions. Then listen and read Part 2 and check your predictions.

- 1 What does Daniel's father do for a living?
- 2 Why is this place called the Cemetery of Forgotten Books?
- 3 What happens to a person who visits this place for the first time?
- 4 What's going to happen next? Will it be positive or negative?

5 Find words 1–7 in the story and guess their meaning from the context (the line numbers are given in brackets). Then match them to their definitions a–g.

- 1 stunned (line 30)
- 2 make out (line 35)
- 3 hushed (line 41)
- 4 gaze (line 66)
- 5 timidly (line 91)
- 6 gleam (line 93)
- 7 caress (line 94)

- a in a shy way
- b just able to see something
- c quiet
- d touch gently
- e shine softly
- f a long steady look
- g too shocked to speak

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The Shadow of the Wind

Part 1

'Come, Daniel, get dressed. I want to show you something,' said my father.

'Now? At five o'clock in the morning?'

'Some things can only be seen in the shadows,' he said, with a mysterious smile.

We stepped out of the front door into the misty streets. The lamps along the Ramblas marked out an avenue in the early morning haze as the city awoke, like a watercolour slowly coming to life.

I followed my father through the narrow streets until at last he stopped in front of a large door of carved wood. Before us rose what to my eyes seemed like an ancient palace, a place of echoes and shadows.

'Daniel, you mustn't tell anyone about this. Not even your friend Tomás. No one.'

A smallish man with thick grey hair opened the door.

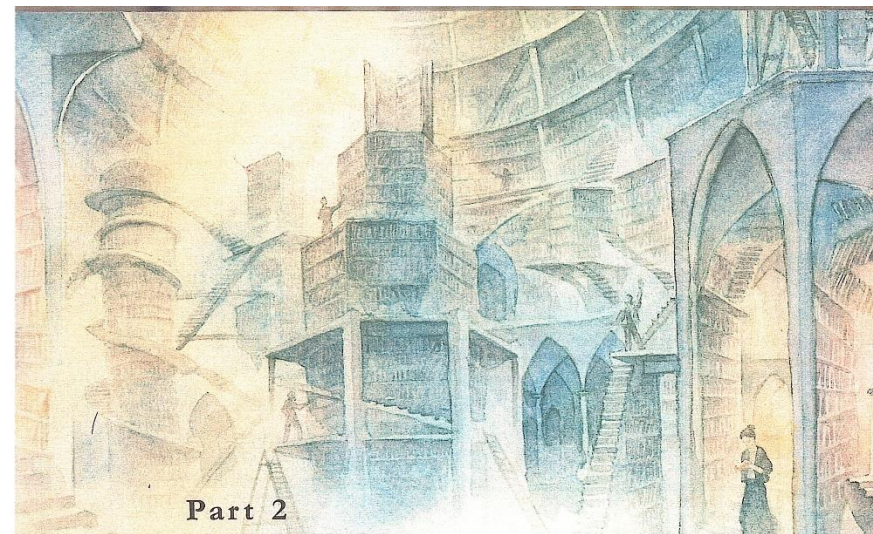
'Good morning, Isaac. This is my son, Daniel,' my father announced. 'He will be eleven soon, and one day the shop will be his. It's time he knew this place.'

The man called Isaac nodded and invited us in. We followed him through a palatial corridor and arrived at an enormous round hall, the shadows

pierced by light from a high glass dome above us. A labyrinth of passageways and bookshelves rose like a beehive, with platforms, steps and bridges that suggested an immense library of impossible geometry. I looked at my father, stunned. He

smiled at me and winked.

'Welcome to the Cemetery of Forgotten Books, Daniel.'



Part 2

Among the library's corridors and platforms, I could make out about a dozen human figures. Some of them turned to greet me from a distance, and I recognised the faces of various booksellers, colleagues of my father's. To my ten-year-old eyes, they looked like a brotherhood of alchemists in secret study. My father knelt next to me, with his eyes fixed on mine, and spoke in the hushed voice he reserved for promises and secrets.

'This is a place of mystery, Daniel, a sanctuary. Every book you see here has a soul. The soul of the person who wrote it and of those who read it and lived and dreamed with it. Every time a book changes hands, every time someone runs his eyes down its pages, its spirit grows and strengthens. This place was already ancient when my father

brought me here for the first time many years ago. Perhaps as old as the city itself. How long has it existed? Who created it? Nobody knows that for certain. I will tell you what my father told me, though. When a library disappears, or a bookshop closes down, when a book has been completely forgotten, those of us who know this place, its guardians, make sure that it gets here. In this place, books no longer remembered by anyone live forever, waiting for the day when they will reach a new reader's hands. In the shop, we buy and sell them, but in truth books have no owner. Every book you see here has been somebody's best friend. Now they only have us, Daniel. Do you think you'll be able to keep this

a secret?' My gaze was lost in the immensity and magic of the light. I nodded, and my father smiled. 'And you know the best thing about it?' he asked.

I shook my head.

'According to tradition, the first time someone visits this place, he must choose a book, any book, and adopt it. That's a big responsibility. He has to make sure that it will never disappear, that it will always stay alive. It's a very important promise. For life,' explained my father. 'Today it's your turn.'

For almost half an hour, I wandered within the labyrinth, breathing in the smell of old paper and dust. Among the titles, I could make out words in familiar languages and others I couldn't identify. I walked through galleries filled with hundreds, thousands of volumes. After a while it occurred to me that between the covers of each

of those books was a boundless universe waiting to be discovered, while beyond those walls, in the outside world, people allowed life to pass by in afternoons of football and radio soaps. At that precise moment, I knew that I had already chosen the book I was going to adopt or that was going to adopt me. It stood out timidly on one corner of the shelf, bound in wine-coloured leather. The gold letters of its title gleamed in the light from the dome above. I caressed them with the tips of my fingers, reading to myself.

The Shadow of the Wind

JULIAN CARAX

I had never heard of the title or the author, but I didn't care. I took the book down with great care and leafed through the pages. Once liberated from its prison on the shelf, it released a cloud of gold and dust. Pleased with my choice, I put it under my arm and walked back through the labyrinth, a smile on my lips. I felt sure that *The Shadow of the Wind* had been waiting there for me for years, probably since before I was born.

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