Engelsk B

Terminsprøve

2. delprøve
kl. 9.00 - 14.00

Mandag den 9. april 2018
kl. 9.00 - 14.00
Answer either A or B

A – non-fiction

The texts in section A focus on helicopter parenting.
Write a paper (700-1000 words) in which you answer the following questions. Answer the questions separately.

1. Explain briefly what helicopter parenting is, and outline some of the attitudes that are presented in the three texts.

2. How does Haydn Shaw engage the reader in text 2? Give examples from the text.

3. Taking your starting point in one of the texts, discuss advantages and disadvantages of helicopter parenting.

Texts
1. Kate Bayless, “What Is Helicopter Parenting?”, an article from Parents website, 2013 ................................................................. page 2

2. Haydn Shaw, “Why the Millennials’ Parents Will Continue to Stay Involved in Their Kids’ Lives at Work … and Why That’s a Good Thing”, a blog article from The Huffington Post website, January 21, 2014 ............. page 4

3. Julie Lythcott-Haims, “Helicopter Parenting Is a Trap. It’s Time to Break Free”, a blog article from The Huffington Post website, June 15, 2015 ... page 6

B – fiction

Write an analytical essay (700-1000 words) in which you analyse and interpret Charlotte Bondy’s short story “Renaude”. Your essay must include the following points:
- the composition
- a characterisation of the narrator
- the relationship between the narrator and Mischa
- the main theme

Text
Charlotte Bondy, “Renaude”, 2015 ..................................................... page 8

Kate Bayless is a freelance writer and editor specialising in parenting, health and lifestyle. The article was published on the website of the American magazine *Parents* in 2013.

Kate Bayless

What Is Helicopter Parenting?

Confused about how to be an involved parent without smothering your kids? Here's how to tell if you're a helicopter parent, along with expert advice to curb the hovering.

What is helicopter parenting?
The term “helicopter parent” was first used in Dr. Haim Ginott’s 1969 book *Parents & Teenagers* by teens who said their parents would hover over them like a helicopter; the term became popular enough to become a dictionary entry in 2011. Similar terms include “lawnmower parenting,” “cosseting parent,” or “bulldoze parenting.” Helicopter parenting refers to “a style of parents who are over-focused on their children,” says Carolyn Daitch, Ph.D., director of the Center for the Treatment of Anxiety Disorders near Detroit and author of *Anxiety Disorders: The Go-To Guide*. “They typically take too much responsibility for their children’s experiences and, specifically, their successes or failures,” Dr. Daitch says. Ann Dunnewold, Ph.D., a licensed psychologist and author of *Even June Cleaver Would Forget the Juice Box*, calls it “overparenting.” “It means being involved in a child's life in a way that is overcontrolling, overprotecting, and overperfecting, in a way that is in excess of responsible parenting,” Dr. Dunnewold explains.

Who is a helicopter parent?
Although the term is most often applied to parents of high school or college-aged students who do tasks the child is capable of doing alone (for instance, calling a professor about poor grades, arranging a class schedule, managing exercising habits), helicopter parenting can apply at any age. “In toddlerhood,
a helicopter parent might constantly shadow the child, always playing with and directing his behavior, allowing him zero alone time,” Dr. Dunnewold says. In elementary school, helicopter parenting can be revealed through a parent ensuring a child has a certain teacher or coach, selecting the child’s friends and activities, or providing disproportionate assistance for homework and school projects.

**Why do parents hover?**
Helicopter parenting can develop for a number of reasons. Here are four common triggers.

*Fear of dire consequences*
A low grade, not making the team, or not getting a certain job can appear disastrous to a parent, especially if it seems it could be avoided with parental involvement. […]

*Feelings of anxiety*
Worries about the economy, the job market, and the world in general can push parents toward taking more control over their child’s life in an attempt to protect them. […]

*Overcompensation*
Adults who felt unloved, neglected, or ignored as children can overcompensate with their own children. Excessive attention and monitoring are attempts to remedy a deficiency the parents felt in their own upbringing.

*Peer pressure from other parents*
When parents see other overinvolved parents, it can trigger a similar response. “Sometimes when we observe other parents overparenting or being helicopter parents, it will pressure us to do the same,” Dr. Daitch says. […]

**What are the consequences of helicopter parenting?**
Many helicopter parents start off with good intentions. “It is a tricky line to find, to be engaged with our children and their lives, but not so enmeshed that we lose perspective on what they need,” Dr. Gilboa¹ says. […] “Failure and challenges teach kids new skills, and, most important, teach kids that they can handle failure and challenges.”

*Decreased confidence and self-esteem*
“The main problem with helicopter parenting is that it backfires,” Dr. Dunnewold says. “The underlying message [the parent’s] overinvolvement sends to kids, however, is ‘my parent doesn’t trust me to do this on my own,’ [and this leads] to a lack of confidence.”

¹ founder of the website AskDoctorG.com

(2013)
Haydn Shaw is an author and consultant. He blogs about generations, leadership and change management. The blog article was published on The Huffington Post website in 2014.

Haydn Shaw

Why the Millennials’ Parents Will Continue to Stay Involved in Their Kids’ Lives at Work… and Why That’s a Good Thing

In the workshops I teach on generational differences, nothing stirs up more disdain than helicopter parents. We have all seen those parents who constantly hover over their child and then jump to rescue them when a soccer coach doesn’t play them enough or a teacher gives their report a “C” grade. We can tell which science fair projects the parents did for their kids. And don’t get me started on how difficult it is to explain to your Cub Scout why they have to build their Pine Wood Derby car even if they lose against laser cut, professionally-painted versions done by a dad.

Helicopter parents don’t stop when their Millennial child gets a job. They phone or write the human resources department to argue that their child should have received the internship or promotion. They call the boss and explain why their child can’t come into work just as they phoned when their kid missed a day in high school. They ask to come to job interviews. The head of recruiting for an international pharmaceutical company told me that young applicants asked to bring their parents to the interview often enough that they had to create a standardized response.

I’m not a fan of helicopter parents, but many of my clients would say I’m overly involved because I spent more than six hours the past couple weeks talking my Millennial son through a tricky situation he faced at work. They would say I’m babying my son and that he ought to learn to stand on his own feet, make his own mistakes, and learn the hard way. They would go on to tell me that even though they aren’t as bad as helicopter parents, overly involved parents make things more complicated for them as managers because:

- They coach their kids on interview and compensation negotiation techniques.
- They need to be convinced as much as their child before the child accepts the job.
- They disagree with what their supervisor tells them.
- They make suggestions for

1 Pine Wood Derby car: wooden toy car
improvement that their kids pass on at work. […]

While helicopter parents are understandably frustrating for supervisors, nothing on this list of complications is unusual today or a sign of a helicopter or “overly involved” parent. This is the new normal that I tell my clients they need to get used to: the involved or “engaged” parent. Supervisors may not like it, but our kids want us involved in their lives far more than we wanted our parents involved in our lives and many of us have the relevant experience to coach them. And coach we do.

There’s a big difference between helicopter parents or what my clients sometimes call “overly involved” parents, and the typical involved parents. Unless you understand the difference, you’ll be frustrated in this four-generation work world. As I say in my book Sticking Points, “This is not just a case of overprotective parents – Millennials and their parents have a mutual affection and admiration.” Almost half of Millennials pick their parents as role models and heroes over celebrities or friends. Baby boomers saw their parents as part of the establishment, while Millennials see their parents as resources to help them get established. Millennials talk to their parents more than other generations do. They asked for their parents’ help in networking for a job as well as their advice and whether they should take it. There’s not the same generation gap there was between Traditionalists2 and Boomers.

But there’s a second reason involved parents are the new normal. Millennials turn to their parents for coaching because their parents have relevant experience that most Traditionalists did not have. Previous generations lived on the farm or in smaller towns. They worked in small businesses or factories and interacted with small government offices. According to the Census Bureau, in 1940 only 24 percent of the population 25 and older had completed high school, and only 5 percent had bachelor’s degrees. As a result, they didn’t have relevant experiences with large universities, complex government agencies, or multinational businesses.

Consequently, most Traditionalists and many Baby Boomers had to figure out college and career on their own. So to the generations who couldn’t ask their parents for guidance, Millennials seem coddled by today’s parents who talk to them about everything. But most are not coddled, they are coached. Coached by Baby Boomers and Gen Xers3 who have the relevant experience to help them avoid unnecessary mistakes or hassles.

(2014)

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1 baby boomers
2 generations before the boomers
3 Gen Xers: generation X
Julie Lythcott-Haims is the former Dean of Freshmen at Stanford University in the USA. The blog article was published on The Huffington Post website in 2015.

Julie Lythcott-Haims

Helicopter Parenting Is a Trap. It’s Time to Break Free

A heightened level of parental involvement in the lives of kids obviously stems from love – unquestionably a good thing. But by the time I stepped down as dean at Stanford in 2012 I had interacted not only with a tremendous number of parents but with students who seemed increasingly reliant upon their parents in ways that felt, simply, off. I began to worry that college “kids” (as college students had become known) were somehow not quite formed fully as humans. They seemed to be scanning the sidelines for Mom or Dad. Under-constructed. Existentially impotent.

Tremendous good can be said about the baby boomers – they were drafted into and questioned the Vietnam War, lay their bodies on the line in the monumental civil rights and civil liberties struggles of their day, and fueled the greatest economic growth our nation has ever seen. But did Boomers’ egos become interlaced with the accomplishments of their children to such an extent that they felt their own success was compromised if their children fell short of expectations? [...] Maybe those champions of self-actualization, the Boomers, did so much for their kids that their kids have been robbed of a chance to develop a belief in their own selves. [...]
What will become of young adults who look accomplished on paper but seem to have a hard time making their way in the world without the constant involvement of their parents? How will the real world feel to a young person who has grown used to problems being solved for them and accustomed to praise at every turn? […]

These questions were on my mind not just at work but as I made my way in my community of Palo Alto, where the evidence of overparenting was all around me – even in my own home. Too many of us do some combination of overdirecting, overprotecting or over-involving ourselves in our kids’ lives. We treat our kids like rare and precious botanical specimens and provide a deliberate, measured amount of care and feeding while running interference on all that might toughen and weather them. But humans need some degree of weathering in order to survive the larger challenges life will throw our way. Without experiencing the rougher spots of life, our kids become exquisite, like orchids, yet are incapable, sometimes terribly incapable, of thriving in the real world on their own. Why did parenting change from preparing our kids for life to protecting them from life, which means they’re not prepared to live life on their own? […]

And what of our own lives as parents? (“What life?” is a reasonable response.) We’re frazzled. Worried. Empty. Our neighborhoods are photo-worthy, our food and wine are carefully paired, but with childhood feeling more and more like an achievement arms race, can we call what we and our children are living a “good life”? I think not. Our job is to monitor our kids’ academic tasks and progress, schedule and supervise their activities, shuttle them everywhere, and offer an outpouring of praise along the way. Our kids’ accomplishments are the measure of our own success and worth; that college bumper sticker on the rear of our car can be as much about our own sense of accomplishment as our kids’. […]

I understand that the systemic problem of overparenting is rooted in our worries about the world and about how our children will be successful in it without us. Still, we’re doing harm. For our kids’ sakes, and also for our own, we need to stop parenting from fear and bring a more healthy – a more wisely loving – approach back into our communities, schools, and homes.

(2015)
B – fiction

Charlotte Bondy (b. 1992) is from Toronto. She has a degree in creative writing from Trinity College Dublin. The short story was published in the anthology *The Journey Prize Stories 27* in 2015.

Charlotte Bondy

**Renaude**

Mischa and I met on the second day of grade nine when our French teacher mistook him for a girl because of his long dark hair and cheekbones like Kate Moss\(^1\). Everyone giggled and Mischa flushed red down to his shirt collar. After class I found him in the hall and told him I was jealous of his curls. I also told him this story about when I was twelve and had a terrible mushroom cut. My mom took me to the Gap to buy a pair of velvet pants. The salesperson kept trying to steer us to the men’s section, away from all the leggings, until my frazzled mother eventually pointed at me and yelled, she’s a girl. After I told him this, Mischa gave me his special look, the one where his eyes squeeze shut like a smiling Buddha. Then he asked if I wanted to eat lunch with him and that was that.

Mischa and his mum live on the second floor of an old row house on Parliament\(^2\). When I’m over there everything feels exotic. The smell of Mischa’s mother’s cigarettes sits heavily in the air. There are built-in bookshelves and coloured glass bottles of foreign liquor. Mischa’s mother sometimes speaks to him in Russian and her words sound livid and impassioned. When I ask him to translate afterwards, it’s usually something mundane, like asking him to take out the recycling or clean out the litter box. I love the way she pronounces my name. Claw-ra, drawing it out like it’s something important and precious.

The two of them moved here from Moscow when Mischa was nine, and she is working on her doctoral dissertation, something complicated to do with physics. His dad was a radical Russian poet and left when Mischa was still a baby. His mum hasn’t dated anyone since. She’s always in the lab, working. When she’s out, Mischa and I pretend that the apartment is our own. We make fancy deviled eggs and drink loose-leaf tea in china cups. Or we put on a classical record and waltz around the tiny kitchen, taking turns to lead. Occasionally at night when we’re bored or stoned we watch porn on the laptop in Mischa’s bedroom. Mischa watches porn the same way he watches nature documentaries, his head angled to the side, a mixture of confusion and fascination settling over his face.

\(^1\) Kate Moss: (b. 1974) British model

\(^2\) Parliament Street
Luckily, my parents let us have sleepovers a lot. We like to stay up until the sun rises playing Do Marry Die and dreaming about running away to Amsterdam to live on a houseboat. Mischa has just discovered French cinema, as he calls it. He watches Breathless basically on a loop. He says it makes him nostalgic for something he’s never experienced. He’s always saying that kind of stuff and I’m always rolling my eyes at him. Mischa’s mother says he’s an old soul. Sometimes, in the mornings, she makes us coffee in her French press, pushing the top down slowly with the flat of her palm.

My seventeenth birthday falls on the weekend before we start our last year of high school. It’s the end of a summer in which basically nothing has happened. Mischa and I started hanging out at this 24-hour Lebanese diner called The Lip. It’s actually called the Tulip but the t and the u have been burnt out for as long as I remember. If you order cold tea, they bring you a giant white teapot filled with Labatt 50. The owners have a son named Carl who works the night shift and silk screens his own t-shirts that say lewd things in Arabic. Carl’s a bodybuilder and he’s always sitting in a booth loudly eating a cut of red meat with his girlfriend who wears white denim and has nodes on her vocal cords. Carl loves Mischa and me. Calls us his young thugs and even gave us one of his t-shirts for free. It was purple with gold writing that apparently spelled out the words Bitch-Tit.

For my birthday Mischa takes me to a gay bar on Church Street with the fake IDs we had made in a basement downtown which say we’re twenty-year-olds from Michigan. But when we get to the door I’m too nervous and instead we go sit on the swings at Riverdale Park. You can see the whole skyline spread out in front of you and pretend you’re sitting in a diorama of a city. The grid of condos and office buildings look like you could pluck them up and put them in your mouth. We decide to eat some mushrooms that Mischa bought from a white guy with dreadlocks at school but nothing happens except stomach cramps.

“The CN Tower looks like a dick,” Mischa concludes, and we hop off the swings onto the grass below, rolling down the hill. Mischa does a cartwheel at the bottom and his shirt rides up, exposing a chest that’s so skinny it looks concave.

“Eat a fucking cheeseburger, Misch,” I call out to him. And he comes over to tackle me on the grass. Pretends to take a bite out of my forearm. He walks me home, and standing on my front porch he digs around in his pocket and produces a flat rock. I look at it closer and it’s a fossil, the shape of a small butterfly encrusted on the cool stone.

“It’s a trilobite,” Mischa says. “I found it when mum and I went up to the Bruce Peninsula last month.” He brushes the face of the rock with his thumb. “It’s Paleozoic. Old school. Happy birthday, Clara.”

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1 *Do Marry Die*: children’s game
2 French film
3 *Labatt 50*: Canadian beer
4 *The CN Tower*: tower in Toronto, Canada
5 fossil
6 prehistoric era
I hold him tightly for a long time, listening to the cicadas’ pulse underneath the porch light.

On Monday, the first day of school, a girl shows up twenty minutes late to our Canadian history homeroom. Dark bangs in her eyes. Wearing a baseball shirt and Doc Martens, a black bear tattooed on her forearm. Mischa and I exchange a significant glance as the teacher explains that she’s a transfer student from Montreal. Her name is Renaude. The teacher mispronounces it and Renaude softly corrects her, then shrugs. At lunch we go to the usual spot by the park. I pick up two cans of club soda from the Korean grocer and we sit on top of the picnic table drinking them while Mischa rolls a joint. I curl one of his brown locks around my index finger and then let it go, watching it re-coil itself. We pretend to make fun of Renaude.

“She’s trying too hard,” I say and Mischa nods with his eyes closed, sparking the joint.

He exhales and takes a sip from the can. “This stuff tastes like static-y sweaters,” he says. “And yeah. Maybe she’s just like, a pure aesthetic object.”

I laugh, but I can tell that we’re both already a little bit in love with her.

It only takes two days of thoughtful observation before we figure out how to intercept Renaude at lunch. She goes to a deli down the road from school. We wait for a few minutes before walking in one lunch hour to discover her sitting in one of the cracked vinyl booths, drinking coffee and reading *Lolita*. I raise my eyebrows at Mischa and he smiles.

We ask if we can sit with her and she nods and gestures towards the other side of the booth. We sidle in and order grilled cheese sandwiches. Renaude gets a side order of kosher dills and we ask her questions about her life. She speaks in this frank, unapologetic way, gesturing a lot with her hands. Between her raspy smoker’s voice and Quebecoise accent, all her words have this fiery quality, curling at the ends like slow burning paper. She tells us about how her mother died six months ago. Afterwards, her father needed to get away. He got a job here and sold their house in Mile End.

“And he’s already dating someone new. A Japanese painter with tiny tits.” She bites the skin around her thumbnail.

We ask her if she likes it here and she looks up at the ceiling for a few minutes. “No.” Before class we go behind the diner to smoke and afterwards Renaude re-applies her red lipstick in a way that makes my lower intestines quiver. She looks up at us.

“So. Are you guys together or what?” Mischa and I look at each other.

“Well, Clara likes girls,” he says, pointing a thumb in my direction.

And Mischa likes girls,” I say, pointing a thumb at him. Renaude smiles at this and nods, twisting the lipstick back into its tube.

That night I go over to Mischa’s. After watching *Fight Club* for like the sixth time, he

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1 giving off static electricity
2 a novel by Vladimir Nabokov.
3 from Quebec in Canada
throws a sock at my head and says: “Ok. You gotta fuck one, marry one, kill one. Tyler Durden\textsuperscript{1}, Taylor Swift, and Renaude.”

“I’d fuck Renaude, marry Tyler Durden, and kill Taylor Swift. Easy.”

Mischa looks at me and curls a strand of hair behind his ear. “I love you, Clara.”

I give his clammy hand a squeeze.

On Friday night, Renaude invites us over to her father’s house. He and his girlfriend are supposedly out at a dinner party. They live in an old chewing gum factory that’s been converted into lofts. It’s a cavernous, raw space. A lot of stuff is still in boxes and a gigantic projector screen takes up an entire wall. Renaude’s bed is separated from the rest of the room by one of those flimsy Japanese dividers. She’s wearing a flapper dress and a porkpie hat and cracks open a bottle of her dad’s Prosecco as soon as we walk in the door. I feel immediately homesick for the soft domestic clutter of my own home, where my mum and dad chop onions for soup while listening to CBC\textsuperscript{2}.

After the Prosecco, Renaude pours us fingers of vodka from a bottle in the freezer and starts sifting through some records that are stacked in a milk crate beside a turn table in the corner. She pulls out a copy of \textit{Histoire de Melody Nelson}\textsuperscript{3}.

“I love Serge Gainsbourg. He’s so sexy.” She droops her eyelids and puffs out her bottom lip, pulling a cigarette out of her pack.

“Tu t’appelles comment?”\textsuperscript{4} she whispers huskily, brushing the edge of my jaw with her fingers. Then she laughs and carefully lowers the record onto the turntable. She does a strange-looking interpretive dance to the music as Mischa and I hover clumsily around her.

We smoke cigarettes on the fire escape, their lit tips dangling between the wrought iron rails. Renaude sits in the middle of us. An arm slung across each of our shoulders. There’s a moon and I’m about to ask whether anyone knows if it’s waxing or waning when I hear the sound of the front door being unlocked.

It must be Renaude’s dad and his girlfriend, home early. Their voices are raucous, speaking half in French and half in English. Suddenly, Renaude’s dad calls out her name and she puts her finger to her lips, glaring at Mischa and I as though she thought we were about to give her away. We hear her dad’s girlfriend say, “Thank God” loudly and then the sound of the freezer being opened, ice clinking into glasses. High pitched laughter and singing and then the soft, wet sound of two people kissing. I look over at Renaude with alarm, hoping she will offer some kind of way out, but her face is stoic.

At one point her Dad says, “We have to hurry, I don’t know when she’s coming home.”

It’s the first time I’ve heard people have sex in real life and it doesn’t sound nearly as loud or as showy as it does in the porn that Mischa and I watch. In fact, there are a lot of uncomfortable sounds, like boxers during a particularly brutal round. At the very end, Renaude’s Dad sounds almost whimpery and I hunch my shoulders up around my ears, but then all of a sudden it’s over.

\textsuperscript{1} Ty\textit{ler Durden}: a character in \textit{Fight Club}
\textsuperscript{2} CBC: Canadian Broadcasting Corporation
\textsuperscript{3} \textit{Histoire de Melody Nelson}: album by French songwriter Serge Gainsbourg (1928-1991).
\textsuperscript{4} “Tu t’appelles comment?”: (French) “What’s your name?”
When I look over at Renaude she has this creepy half-smile on her face, her fists clenched into white knuckle balls. The alcohol has burned through me and I’m left with a dull throbbing in my left temple. I want to go home to bed. Renaude suddenly points down, to where a long black ladder unhooks, and connects the fire escape to the ground below. Mischa and I look at each other, and nod. He begins shimmying down the side of the ladder and I wonder whether Renaude is going to follow us, but when I look back to the grated platform she’s still sitting there, knees pulled into her chest, tapping a cigarette out of her pack.

We catch the Dundas\textsuperscript{1} streetcar and walk the four blocks to my house. My mum is waiting up for me. I can see her reading the paper on the living room couch, with Oscar curled up on her stomach. When we walk through the door she stands up to give us both a big hug and I squeeze her back, for much longer than usual. She’s wearing a nightgown with a pattern of moose wearing cross-country skis trotting across it.

“How was the movie?” she asks, stroking my hair. Mischa shrugs. “Not great.”

We make hot chocolate and take it downstairs to the basement, where we lie side by side on the futon. Mischa flicks on the television. A re-run of Trading Spaces\textsuperscript{2}. He lies back down, and I curl my body around the soft parabola of his spine, thinking of how few ways there are for bodies to fit together.

(2015)

\textsuperscript{1} town in Canada
\textsuperscript{2} Trading Spaces: TV-series
Anvendt materiale (til brug for Copydan):

“Strawberry and Basil Ice Cream”. Sunday Independent, April 24, 2016.