

Årsprøve i skriftligt Engelsk A-niveau 2.n

Tirsdag d. 1/6

09.00 – 14.00

Hele besvarelsen afleveres samlet i skabelonen, bliver sendt på Lectio i starten af prøven. Her er en oversigt over opgaverne:

Assignment 1: Omskriv teksten fra præteritum (datid) til præsens (nutid)

Assignment 2: A) Find subjekt (grundled) og verballedets tid, B) identificer og forklar adjektiver (tillægsord) og adverbier (biord), C) Find præpositioner

Assignment 3: Find ord til det semantiske felt (lyt til video).

Assignment 4: Write an analytical essay. Choose A or B.

Assignment 4a:

Write an analytical essay (700-900 words) in which you analyse and interpret Archie Moore's short story "The Scholarship" from 1941. Part of your essay must focus on the main character.

Include the following analytical terms in your essay:

setting, point of view, main theme

Assignment 4b:

Write an analytical essay (700-900 words) about Jimmy Talarico's TED talk "Dear Monster, I love you" and relate the text to the novel *A Monster Calls*. Part of your essay must focus on the speaker's use of personal experience.

Include the following analytical terms in your essay:

topic, language, intention

The Scholarship

5 The thrilling news did not come directly to Nancy Lee, but it came in little indirections that finally added themselves up to one tremendous fact: she had won the prize! But being a calm and quiet young lady, she did not say anything, although the whole high school buzzed with rumors, guesses, reportedly authentic announcements on the part of students who had no right to be making announcements at all - since no student really knew yet who had won this year's art scholarship. [...]

10 Nancy Lee Johnson was a colored girl, a few years out of the South. But seldom did her high-school classmates think of her as colored. She was smart, pretty and brown, and fitted in well with the life of the school. She stood high in scholarship, played a swell game of basketball, had taken part in the senior musical in a soft, velvety voice, and had never seemed to intrude or stand out except in pleasant ways so it was seldom even mentioned - her color. [...]

15 One wet, rainy April afternoon Miss O'Shay, the girls' vice principal, sent for Nancy Lee to stop by her office as school closed. Pupils without umbrellas or raincoats were clustered in doorways hoping to make it home between showers. Outside the skies were gray. Nancy Lee's thoughts were suddenly gray, too.

15 She knocked on Miss O'Shay's door. That familiarly solid and competent voice said, "Come in."

Miss O'Shay had a way of making you feel welcome, even if you came to be expelled

"Sit down, Nancy Lee Johnson," said Miss O'Shay. "I have something to tell you." Nancy Lee sat down. "But I must ask you to promise not to tell anyone yet.

"I won't, Miss O'Shay," Nancy Lee said, wondering what on earth the principal had to say to her.

20 "You are about to graduate," Miss O'Shay said. "And we shall miss you. You have been an excellent student, Nancy, and you will not be without honors on the senior list, as I am sure you know."

At that point there was a light knock on the door. Miss O'Shay called out, "Come in," and Miss Dietrich entered. "May I be part of this too?" she asked, tall and smiling.

25 "Of course," Miss O'Shay said. "I was just telling Nancy Lee what we thought of her. But I hadn't gotten around to giving her the news. Perhaps, Miss Dietrich, you'd like to tell her yourself."

Miss Dietrich was always direct. "Nancy Lee," she said, "your picture has won the Artist Club scholarship."

The slender brown girl's eyes widened, her heart jumped, then her throat tightened again. She tried to smile, but instead tears came to her eyes. [...]

30 Dreams began to dance through her head, plans and ambitions, beauties she would create for herself, her parents, and the Negro people - for Nancy Lee possessed a deep and reverent race pride. She could see the old woman in her picture (really her grandmother in the South) lifting her head to the bright stars on the

flag in the distance. A Negro in America! Often hurt, discriminated against, sometimes lynched - but always there were the stars on the blue body of the flag. Was there any other flag in the world that had so many stars? Nancy Lee thought deeply but she could remember none in all the encyclopedias or geographies she had ever looked into. [...]

When the president of the Artist Club presented her with the medal and scroll of the scholarship award, she would say:

"Judges and members of the Artist Club. I want to thank you for this award that means so much to me personally and through me to my people, the colored people of this city who, sometimes, are discouraged and bewildered, thinking that color and poverty are against them. I accept this award with gratitude and pride, not for myself alone, but for my race that believes in American opportunity and American fairness - and bright stars in our flag. I thank Miss Dietrich and the teachers who made it possible for me to have the knowledge and training that lie behind this honor you have conferred upon my painting. When I came here from the South a few years ago, I was not sure how you would receive me. You received me well. You have given me a chance and helped me along the road I wanted to follow. I suppose the judges know that every week here at assembly the students of this school pledge allegiance to the flag. I shall try to be worthy of that pledge, and of the help and friendship and understanding of my fellow citizens of whatever race or creed, and of our American dream of 'Liberty and justice for all!'"

That would be her response before the students in the morning. How proud and happy the Negro pupils would be, perhaps almost as proud as they were of the one colored star on the football team. Her mother would probably cry with happiness. Thus Nancy Lee went to sleep dreaming of a wonderful tomorrow.

The bright sunlight of an April morning woke her. There was breakfast with her parents - their half-amused and puzzled faces across the table, wondering what could be this secret that made her eyes so bright. The swift walk to school; the clock in the tower almost nine; hundreds of pupils streaming into the long, rambling old building that was the city's largest high school; the sudden quiet of the homeroom after the bell rang; then the teacher opening her record book to call the roll. But just before she began, she looked across the room until her eyes located Nancy Lee.

"Nancy," she said, "Miss O'Shay would like to see you in her office, please." [...]

The vice-principal stood at her desk. There was no one else in the room. It was very quiet.

"Sit down, Nancy Lee," she said. Miss O'Shay did not smile. There was a long pause. The seconds went by slowly. "I do not know how to tell you what I have to say," the elderly woman began, her eyes on the papers on her desk. "I am indignant and ashamed for myself and for this city." Then she lifted her eyes and looked at Nancy Lee in the neat blue dress sitting there before her. "You are not to receive the scholarship this morning."

Outside in the hall the electric bells announcing the first period rang, loud and interminably long. Miss O'Shay remained silent. To the brown girl there in the chair, the room grew suddenly smaller, smaller, smaller, and there was no air. She could not speak.

Miss O'Shay said, "When the committee learned that you were colored, they changed their plans."

Still Nancy Lee said nothing, for there was no air to give breath to her lungs.

70 "Here is the letter from the committee, Nancy Lee." Miss O'Shay picked it up and read the final paragraph to her. '

"It seems to us wiser to arbitrarily rotate the award among the various high schools of the city from now on. And especially in this case since the student chosen happens to be colored, a circumstance which unfortunately, had we known, might have prevented this embarrassment. But there have never been any
75 Negro students in the local art school, and the presence of one there might create difficulties for all concerned. We have high regard for the quality for Nancy Lee Johnson's talent, but we do not feel it would be fair to honor it with the Artist Club award." Miss O'Shay paused. She paused. She put the letter down.

"Nancy Lee, I am very sorry to have to give you this message."

"But my speech," Nancy Lee said, "was about..." The words stuck in her throat. "...about America..."

80 Miss O'Shay had risen, she turned her back and stood looking out the window at the spring tulips in the school yard.

"I thought, since the award would be made at assembly right after our oath of allegiance," the words tumbled almost hysterically from Nancy Lee's throat now, "I would put part of the flag salute in my speech. You know, Miss O'Shay, that part of 'liberty and justice for all.'" [...]

85 "There will be other awards," Nancy Lee thought. "There're schools in other cities. This won't keep me down. But when I'm a woman, I'll fight to see that these things don't happen to other girls as this has happened to me. And men and women like Miss O'Shay will help me."

She took her seat among the seniors. The doors of the auditorium closed. As the principal came onto the platform, the students rose and turned their eyes to the flag on the stage.

90 One hand went to the heart, the other outstretched toward the flag. Three thousand voices spoke. Among them was the voice of a dark girl whose cheeks were suddenly wet with tears, "...one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

"That is the land we must make," she thought.

(1941)

Dear monster, I love you

I'm ten years old, and I'm terrified. My older sister and I share a bedroom. Her bed is up against the wall, mine is right in front of the closet door, and I'm convinced that's the door the monster's going to come through. I have my covers bunched in both of my clenched fists, wrapped up tight around my face, my heart's pounding, I'm sweating, and I yell, "Mom". Two
5 hours earlier, we begged her to let us watch "A Nightmare on Elm Street." (Laughter)
Remember this? Freddy Krueger, knives for fingers, comes at you through your dreams, the don't-fall-asleep movie. Terrible idea, I didn't fall asleep that night until well after our recliner was moved to in front of that closet door. That was my first memory of encountering the monster known as the boogeyman. Did you ever have a "boogeyman" moment? It seems
10 pretty common for most of us. And I've got to admit, retelling that story now sounds ridiculous, but back then, that monster was real, very real.

This boogeyman experience is external. It's connected to something outside of ourselves, in my case, Freddy Krueger. But we all have internal monsters, too, that are harder for us to talk about. At the core of these stories is a wound. That wound was inflicted on a part of our
15 identity, and at that moment, a monster was born. And since that time, the monster has stood guard between us and that part of our identity. Back to the ten-year-old me – I'm terrified. I'm in that same bedroom, but this time I'm hiding behind my sister's bed. I'm hugging my knees and I'm sobbing, I'm wiping tears and snot with my jeans, I feel completely out of control of my emotions, I don't want to be seen or heard. But my mom finds me back there, and she
20 asks, "What's wrong?" I say three words, "I miss Dad." My parents divorced when I was younger. My mom continued raising us, south of Chicago where I was born, and my dad moved away to Missoula, Montana. In those words, I was expressing more than just me missing my dad. I was beginning to realize our family wasn't going to be put together again. When you're that young, you don't have control over how you respond to trauma. I was
25 hurting. In that phrase, "I miss Dad," I was actually giving life to a monster that would continually criticize me by saying things like: "You're not valuable, you'll never matter, you don't have what it takes to be significant."

So how did I start to regain my power over this monster? Well, there are two common approaches most of us would use: first is to ignore our monsters—simple enough, right? Just
30 turn our back to them, pretend they don't exist. So that's a good, safe approach, but it doesn't fix anything, does it? And actually, when we ignore our monsters, they still have power over us. If the monster's voice is over here, I'm already acknowledging it exists, and if its voice turns, I keep reacting without ever addressing it. The second approach is to fight our monsters. We've all heard "face your fears"—but really we mean conquer them, destroy them. The problem is,

35 our monsters hold the key to who we are. If we ignore or destroy them, we lose a very important part of ourselves. So we must acknowledge them and let them live. That leads to a better approach: we sit with them and say, “Dear monster, I love you,” choosing to show unconditional love and forgiveness, because they were born in places where we needed love but instead felt judgment.

40 It took me 25 years to realize what was really going on. I chose to sit with this monster, and it was hard—there were tears, anger, discomfort. But I stayed, and memories came flooding back: not knowing how to shave, nearly joining a gang just to feel accepted, being one bad decision away from ruining my life, lacking the courage to ask for my future father-in-law’s blessing, and the fear of becoming a father. It hurt, and it was ugly. But something changed. I

45 began to feel compassion and empathy, first for myself, then for the monster. I became an observer—the pain was still real, but no longer a threat. Then my memories began to shift: standing up for a classmate, being encouraged by a teacher, discovering my strengths, building relationships, becoming a husband and father, sharing my art, and learning to both give and receive unconditional love.

50 Through this, parts of my identity were revealed: friend, creative thinker, artist, leader, husband, dad. I realized my strength had always been within me. And my answer to the monster’s whispers—“You’re not valuable, you’ll never matter”—became: “Yes, I do.” That’s when I realized the monster’s name was “Shame.” Now, when I hear its voice, I don’t ignore or fight it. I sit with it and say, “Shame, I love you,” and I listen, because it continues to teach me

55 about myself. Take the time to sit with your monsters, learn their names, and reclaim your power. You’ll regain lost parts of your identity—and both you and the world will be better for it. Thank you. (Applause)

(2022)
