

I can tell a lot about somebody’s **upbringing** when they ask what I do. While most just nod, working-class people tend to look a little confused, and the upper class ask if I’m “like a nanny for poor people”.

A

Au pairs see your dirty laundry **up close** – literally and figuratively. One friend knows her host father is having an affair, another says the teenage daughter and mother haven’t spoken in months.

C

B

I do everything a nanny would do, only I’m a teenager, completely unqualified, and paid much less than the minimum wage. And I don’t speak your language very well.

Another family apparently have the most **appalling** personal hygiene. One local au pair is assumed to be sleeping with the father, but that seems too clichéd to be true.

D

Sometimes I wonder what I’m still doing here. I’ve had injuries after **tantrums**, and a child screaming, “Go home, you’re ugly and evil.” Living with my boss is a strange dynamic. You can **rave** about how your au pair is part of the family, but I guarantee she resents you a little – and you resent her, too.

E

My host family pays for my travel expenses and some of my food. I’ve met amazing friends, and learned a lot about life – and more about cooking. I’m also sorry for breaking your **ladle**.

F

I get on well with my host parents, but feel their frustration over little things, for example a spoon left on the **counter**. It’s a feeling I share when I have to cancel cinema plans for last-minute babysitting – for the third week running.

G

Other days I think I have the best job in the world. I don’t pay for accommodation and I live in the centre of an incredible city, in an apartment I could never afford. My weekends are entirely free.

H

|  |  |  |  |  |  |  |  |
| --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- |
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| A | C | B | D | E | G | H | F |

I can tell a lot about somebody’s **upbringing** when they ask what I do. While most just nod, working-class people tend to look a little confused, and the upper class ask if I’m “like a nanny for poor people”.

I do everything a nanny would do, only I’m a teenager, completely unqualified, and paid much less than the minimum wage. And I don’t speak your language very well.

Au pairs see your dirty laundry **up close** – literally and figuratively. One friend knows her host father is having an affair, another says the teenage daughter and mother haven’t spoken in months.

Another family apparently have the most **appalling** personal hygiene. One local au pair is assumed to be sleeping with the father, but that seems too clichéd to be true.

Sometimes I wonder what I’m still doing here. I’ve had injuries after **tantrums**, and a child screaming, “Go home, you’re ugly and evil.” Living with my boss is a strange dynamic. You can **rave** about how your au pair is part of the family, but I guarantee she resents you a little – and you resent her, too.

I get on well with my host parents, but feel their frustration over little things, for example a spoon left on the **counter**. It’s a feeling I share when I have to cancel cinema plans for last-minute babysitting – for the third week running.

Other days I think I have the best job in the world. I don’t pay for accommodation and I live in the centre of an incredible city, in an apartment I could never afford. My weekends are entirely free.

My host family pays for my travel expenses and some of my food. I’ve met amazing friends, and learned a lot about life – and more about cooking. I’m also sorry for breaking your **ladle**.