



General Certificate of Secondary Education
Higher Tier
November 2012

English/English Language

ENG1H

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Unit 1 Understanding and producing non-fiction texts

Insert

The three sources that follow are:

- **Source 1:** an online article called *Street Life* by Sophie Haydock
- **Source 2:** a newspaper article called *Homes and crops wrecked, but relief sweeps Queensland in Yasi's wake*
- **Source 3:** *War-time Homes* an extract from a non-fiction book by Michael Caine.

**Please open the insert fully
to see all three sources**

Source 1

THE BIG ISSUE IN THE
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Street Life

Journalist Sophie Haydock spent a night on the streets in aid of the homeless charity *Simon on the Streets*

After a night sleeping rough in a cardboard box, I considered myself lucky. The absolutely worst part about the experience was finding out, after the rain came down heavily at 4.30am, that soggy cardboard does not make a good duvet. But compared with all the things that threaten to disturb a homeless sleeper in the night – rats, thugs, police officers moving you on, other homeless people stealing your blankets – a downpour was the most bearable.

What's more the night had been mild. As I bedded down in the early hours, I was grateful for my sheltered spot under a leafy tree at the back of the parish church in Leeds city centre. It seemed safe compared with a darkened alley or fire escape: typical destinations for genuinely homeless people in any city in the UK.

I was one of 50 people who had volunteered to take part in a sponsored sleep-out in September for Leeds-based homeless charity *Simon on the Streets*. It helps rough sleepers with an outreach-based service that provides a soup run, breakfast club, a peer support group and an intensive programme for people who are difficult to reach or who have slipped through the net.

Simon on the Streets organised the sleep-out to raise awareness about homelessness in Leeds. Its director, Clive Sandle, puts the number of homeless people they deal with on a regular basis at between 50 and 100 but adds that the accurate number of rough sleepers in

any city can "never properly be known".

It costs *Simon on the Streets* in the region of £2,000 a year to provide intensive support to one homeless person. The sleep-out raised £6,500.

The night began at 10pm. We gathered in Leeds City Square, and were taken on a walk around the city centre. Clive pointed out rough-sleeping hotspots. One was where *Simon on the Streets* used to hold a soup run close to the city's shopping hub. But the soup run was forced to stop after local residents complained to the council, having spent weeks making their feelings known directly by throwing fruit out of their windows.

After the hour-long walk we settled at the church for the night with a polystyrene cup of hot vegetable soup from a soup kitchen. Then we were left to our own devices.

The lowest point of the night was the early morning rain. However, despite the discomfort, my experience was but one night under soggy cardboard. We were all very aware that it was still a million miles removed from the genuine experience of people who have no other place to go but the streets.

Source 2

Homes and crops wrecked, but relief sweeps Queensland in Yasi's wake

Adam Gabbatt



People in the Australian state of Queensland woke up with a collective sense of relief yesterday after emerging from the path of cyclone Yasi with no deaths reported, although the cost of damage is thought to be about A\$3.5bn (£2.2bn).

The state's premier, Anna Bligh, said several thousand people would be temporarily homeless after the cyclone, which damaged several small towns and valuable banana and sugarcane crops.

The tropical storm saw winds of up to 170 mph and tidal surges that sent waves crashing deep into coastal communities. Officials said lives were saved because after days of dire warnings, people heeded advice to flee to evacuation centres or batten down the hatches at home.

"It was really terrifying, but we were safe," resident Barbara Kendall said. She spent a sleepless night in a basement car park with her husband and four cats after evacuating their coastal home. "It's a terrifying sound. All I could hear was the screeching of the wind."

Hundreds of houses were destroyed or seriously damaged and many would be barely habitable until the wreckage was cleared, officials said. Piles of drenched mattresses, sodden personal effects, shattered glass and twisted metal lay strewn across lawns in the hardest hit towns.

It was a terrifying night for thousands but for one family it was a miraculous one. A girl was born at a Cairns evacuation centre just before dawn, with the help of a British midwife.

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Source 3

War-time Homes

During the Second World War, Michael Caine and his brother Stanley, like other children, were moved out of London to live with families in safer parts of the country.

Stanley was sent to live with a district nurse and I was taken in by a couple who were just plain cruel. My mother couldn't come to visit straight away because the Germans were bombing the railway lines. When she eventually managed to get down she found me covered in sores and starving. There was an allowance to cover the costs of taking in evacuees and my hosts were out to keep as much of it as possible; I'd been living on a tin of pilchards once a day. Even worse, they used to go away for the weekend and leave me locked in the cupboard under the stairs. I've never forgotten sitting hunched in the dark, crying for my mum and not knowing if anyone would ever come to get me out; time had ceased to have any meaning. That experience was so traumatic that it has left me with a lifelong fear of small, enclosed spaces and a burning hatred of any cruelty to children; all my charity work is aimed at children's charities, particularly the NSPCC. Anyway, back then I decided I'd rather risk the bombing than be locked up in a cupboard again. Happily, my mother agreed and took Stanley and me straight back to London, determined not to be parted from us again.

By now the Blitz on London was happening in earnest. The bombs got closer and closer and my mother had had enough. My father was called up to serve in the Royal Artillery and she took us to North Runcton in Norfolk, on the east coast of England.

Sometimes I think the Second World War was the best thing that ever happened to me. Norfolk was a paradise for a scrawny little street urchin like me, coming from all the smog and fog and filth of London. I was a little runt when I went there and by the time I was fourteen I had shot up to six foot, like a sunflower growing up a wall. Or a weed. Wartime rationing meant no sugar, no sweets, no cakes – no artificial anything – but we had good food, supplemented with wild rabbits and moorhens' eggs. Everything was organic because all the chemical fertilisers were needed for explosives, so I was given this unexpectedly healthy start in life. We lived with another ten families crammed together in an old farmhouse, with fresh air, good food and, best of all, the chance to roam free in the countryside. I went round with a gang of other evacuees; the village mothers wouldn't let their kids play with us because we were so rough and our language was a bit suspect, to say the least. Now I look back on it, we must have been a bit of a nuisance but my experiences there changed my life. I appreciated the country because I went there and I appreciated London because I'd left it behind.

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**Open out this page to see
Source 2 and Source 3**