Pearson Edexcel Level 1/Level 2 GCSE (9–1)

Time 2 hours 5 minutes

Paper reference **1EN0/02**

English Language

PAPER 2: Non-fiction and Transactional Writing
Section A: Reading Texts Insert

Do not return the Insert with the Question Paper.

Advice

- Read the texts before answering the questions in Section A of the Question Paper.
- Good luck with your examination.

Turn over ▶

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Read the text below and answer Questions 1–3 on the Question Paper.

TEXT 1

Extract from 'Down and Out in Paris and London' by George Orwell (1933).

In this edited extract from a memoir of his time living in poverty in Paris and London, George Orwell describes when most of his money is stolen from his lodgings in Paris. He is left with only forty-seven francs (French money) to live on, and he explains how people can live in the city spending just six francs a day.

It is altogether curious, your first contact with poverty. You have thought so much about poverty–it is the thing you have feared all your life, the thing you knew would happen to you sooner or later; and it is all so utterly different. You thought it would be quite simple; it is extraordinarily complicated.

You discover, for instance, the secrecy attached to poverty. At a sudden stroke you have been reduced to an income of six francs a day. But of course you dare not admit it–you have got to pretend that you are living quite as usual. From the start it tangles you in a net of lies, and even with the lies you can hardly manage it. You stop sending clothes to the laundry, and the laundry worker catches you in the street and asks you why; you mumble something, and she, thinking you are sending the clothes elsewhere, is your enemy for life. The tobacconist* keeps asking why you have cut down your smoking. There are letters you want to answer, and cannot, because stamps are too expensive. And then there are your meals–meals are the worst difficulty of all. Your food is bread and margarine, or bread and wine, and even the nature of the food is governed by lies. You have to buy rye bread instead of household bread, because the rye loaves, though dearer**, are round and can be smuggled in your pockets. This wastes you a franc a day. Sometimes, to keep up appearances, you have to spend money on a drink, and go correspondingly short of food. Your linen gets filthy, and you run out of soap and razor-blades. Your hair wants cutting, and you try to cut it yourself, with such fearful results that you have to go to the barber after all, and spend the equivalent of a day's food. All day you are telling lies, and expensive lies.

You discover the extreme precariousness of your six francs a day. Mean disasters happen and rob you of food. You have spent your last money on half a litre of milk, and are boiling it over the spirit lamp. While it boils a bug runs down your forearm; you give the bug a flick with your nail, and it falls plop! straight into the milk. There is nothing for it but to throw the milk away and go foodless.

You discover what it is like to be hungry. With bread and margarine in your belly, you go out and look into the shop windows. Everywhere there is food insulting you in huge, wasteful piles; whole dead pigs, baskets of hot loaves, great yellow blocks of butter, strings of sausages, mountains of potatoes, vast cheeses like grindstones. A snivelling self-pity comes over you at the sight of so much food.

*tobacconist** – a seller of cigarettes and tobacco
*dearer*** – more expensive

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Read the text below and answer Questions 4 – 7 on the Question Paper.

TEXT 2

Extract from 'Channel 4's 'Dispatches' uncovers the hidden reality of the working homeless' by Datshiane Navanayagam (2018).

This edited extract is from an article about the 'working homeless'.

I was homeless growing up. My dad was disabled, lost his business and we ended up losing our home. I was 11 years old.

We were passed from pillar to post by local authorities before being put into emergency accommodation with four of us in a single room. I had just started secondary school and my sister was coming to the end of primary school. It was very chaotic. I remember trying to do my homework on the bed because there wasn't space for a table.

We moved into temporary accommodation for a couple of years before being placed in a housing association* flat. Because my dad was disabled, we were given a ground floor flat but it used to flood with raw sewage a few times a year and we had damp and mould.

After we were flooded four times in five weeks, Westminster environmental health found three inches of standing water under the floor, which was why we had the chronic damp. The housing association didn't fix it. Instead, we were evicted.

Becoming homeless again was something I had been so fearful about. But I'd assumed if I worked hard, went to university and got a job it would not happen to me again. But it did. By then, I was working and my sister had graduated and got a job. Yet we were homeless in 2013 for 18 months, placed in a series of hotels (often with no laundry, no Wi-Fi, no fridge) for a couple of weeks at a time before being moved on. It is exhausting and expensive not having a permanent space, and so hard to focus on your job.

I set out to investigate the phenomenon of working people who are homeless because working is sold as the route out of homelessness. It should be a guarantee that you are not at risk of becoming homeless.

Yet when we spent a few months filming at a volunteer-run night shelter in London, we heard that more and more of the people staying, around 30–40 per cent, are in work. We heard about the impact of sharing a dormitory so you can't get proper rest, and how people go through stages of depression.

One of the men was working in a zero-hours** contract job, was behind on his rent because of the insecurity of the hours, and ended up on the street. Then he got a job but was still sleeping rough because saving for a deposit is so hard. He is now at the night shelter. No one at his workplace is aware of his living conditions. A lot of people hide it out of fear or shame.

We met another woman who works in teaching and sleeps in another night shelter in South London. She lost her home after her marriage ended and her only possession is her car. She would spend the night on a town hall floor, get up, get dressed in her car, and put her make up on to make it look like she'd had a lovely night's sleep. But the mental toll of keeping up that pretence is huge.

Lots of people are very vulnerable. If you don't have strong networks or family connections, it can happen terrifyingly easily. But if you don't have shelter as your bottom line, how is anything else, including work, supposed to function?

Exclusive analysis shows that more than 33,000 families are holding down a job despite having nowhere stable to live. This has increased by 73 per cent since 2013, when it was 19,000 families. 40

*housing association** – an organisation renting houses and flats to people on low incomes or with particular needs
*zero-hours contract*** – having a job but with no fixed hours or regular pay

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Sources:

Text 1: 'Down and Out in Paris and London', George Orwell, Penguin Classics New Edition.

Text 2: Channel 4's 'Dispatches' uncovers the hidden reality of the working homeless, Datshiane Navanayagam, The Big Issue.