*Night Walks* by Charles Dickens (19th Century)

**This is an account by Charles Dickens of his experiences as a ‘houseless’ person on the streets of London.**

The restlessness of a great city, and the way in which it tumbles and tosses before it can get to sleep, formed one of the first entertainments offered to the contemplation of us houseless people. It lasted about two hours. We lost a great deal of companionship when the late publichouses turned their lamps out, and when the potmen thrust the last brawling drunkards into the street; but stray vehicles and stray people were left us, after that. If we were very lucky, a policeman’s rattle sprang and a fray turned up; but, in general, surprisingly little of this diversion was provided. Except in the Haymarket, which is the worst kept part of London, and about Kent-street in the Borough, and along a portion of the line of the Old Kent-road, the peace was seldom violently broken. But, it was always the case that London, as if in imitation of individual citizens belonging to it, had expiring fits and starts of restlessness. After all seemed quiet, if one cab rattled by, half-a-dozen would surely follow; and Houselessness even observed that intoxicated people appeared to be magnetically attracted towards each other; so that we knew when we saw one drunken object staggering against the shutters of a shop, that another drunken object would stagger up before five minutes were out, to fraternise or fight with it.

When we made a divergence from the regular species of drunkard, the thin-armed, puff-faced, leaden-lipped gin-drinker, and encountered a rarer specimen of a more decent appearance, fifty to one but that specimen was dressed in soiled mourning. As the street experience in the night, so the street experience in the day; the common folk who come unexpectedly into a little property, come unexpectedly into a deal of liquor.

At length these flickering sparks would die away, worn out–the last veritable sparks of waking life trailed from some late pieman or hot-potato man–and London would sink to rest. And then the yearning of the houseless mind would be for any sign of company, any lighted place, any movement, anything suggestive of any one being up–nay, even so much as awake, for the houseless eye looked out for lights in windows.

Walking the streets under the pattering rain, Houselessness would walk and walk and walk, seeing nothing but the interminable tangle of streets, save at a corner, here and there, two policemen in conversation, or the sergeant or inspector looking after his men. Now and then in the night–but rarely–Houselessness would become aware of a furtive head peering out of a doorway a few yards before him, and, coming up with the head, would find a man standing bolt upright to keep within the doorway’s shadow, and evidently intent upon no particular service to society. Under a kind of fascination, and in a ghostly silence suitable to the time, Houselessness and this gentleman would eye one another from head to foot, and so, without exchange of speech, part, mutually suspicious.

For this question, you need to refer to the **whole of Source A**, together with **Source B.**

Compare how the two writers convey their different views on homelessness.

In your response, you could:

• compare the different views

• compare the methods used to compare their views

• support your ideas with quotations from both texts. **[20 marks]**

*Street Life* by Sophie Haydock (21st Century)

**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 4.30 am, 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 outreachbased 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 10 pm. 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.