

**Year 11**

Home Learning Booklet



Summer Term

Dear Students,

We have put together this ‘Home Learning’ booklet to provide you with some structured tasks which will help you with the transition towards further education. It is important that you continue to study and learn during the time that you are at home before starting college. Students who do not continue to learn risk falling behind their peers and losing important learning routines that are essential for academic success.

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| **Monday** | **Tuesday** | **Wednesday** | **Thursday** | **Friday** |
| **Week 1 Reading** | **Tasks** | | | |
| Read chapter one of Animal Farm by George Orwell | **Research**:   * Who was Stalin? Who was Leon Trotsky? What caused The Russian Revolution? * Who was George Orwell? Create a fact sheet about his life.   **Comprehension questions**: Chapter One  **BIG Question**: **How does Animal Farm relate to The Russian Revolution?**  Read the character sheet provided. Watch the video clip <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MXOFwQlkAUk>  **Further reading**: Read the rest of the book online. Use the <http://george-orwell.org/Animal_Farm/> to take you to the rest of the text. | | | |
| **Week 2 Reading** | **Tasks** | | | |
| Reading non-fiction texts:   * A day in the life of a tramp by George Orwell. * Source A - Guardian article on homelessness in Britain * Source B - Article by George Orwell. | **Research**:   * **Research** the causes of homelessness, the impact of homelessness and what can be done about homelessness by the government.   **Reading**: Read the article A day in the life of a tramp by George Orwell.<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/profiles/3Mm4jM1Rmwf80C6t5k4lDB2/letters-by-george-orwell>  **Comprehension:** Answer the questions that follow the article.  **Reading**: Read the Guardian article on homelessness in Britain – Source A and the article by George Orwell – Source B.  **Comprehension**: Answer the questions that follow.  **Extended Writing**: Your local council has asked you to write a leaflet to raise awareness of homelessness in your area.  You need to include:   * A catchy title or headline * An introductory paragraph which sets out the purpose of the leaflet and introduces the topic. * At least 3-5 paragraphs each dealing with a separate issue relating to homelessness. You may want to include a sub-heading for each of these paragraphs. * A conclusion which sums up your points and includes some contact information (it doesn’t need to be real) such as a website or address where people can make contact. | | | |
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| **Week 3 Reading** | **Tasks** | | | |
| **Biographical writing**  Reading the three text extracts which are both biographical and autobiographical. One is fiction.  Source A - Amy Winehouse’s biography written by her father.  Source B - Amy Winehouse and the lyrics to her song Rehab  Source C - Tom Brown’s schooldays | **Reading**:   * Source A - The extract of Amy Winehouse’s biography written by her father. * Source B - Read the article about Amy Winehouse and the lyrics to her song Rehab.   Comprehension - Complete the tasks at the bottom of the page.  **Reading**: Source C - Read the extract from Tom Brown’s schooldays  **Developing Understanding** - Watch the video clip of Amy singing her song rehab and of an extract from the film version of Tom Brown’s schooldays.   1. [**https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JjW5ygsyjTI**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JjW5ygsyjTI) 2. [**https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jf1gj1YRIws**](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jf1gj1YRIws)   **Extended Writing**: Write a detailed account of your first day at either primary or secondary school. Try to make your writing lively and engaging. You should use a range of techniques to present your characters and setting in an interesting way.  **Extended Reading**: Read the rest of the novel. You can access it on-line following the final [**https://www.gutenberg.org/files/1480/1480-h/1480-h.htm**](https://www.gutenberg.org/files/1480/1480-h/1480-h.htm) | | | |
| **Week 4 Reading** | **Tasks** | | | |
| **Technology**  Source A - F1 Fan receives bionic hand  Source B - The Rocket | **Reading:**   * Source A - Read the article F1 Fan receives bionic arm.   **Comprehension** - Write a paragraph explaining in your own words how the new hand has changed his life. You need to use PEE paragraphing in this response and make inferences based upon evidence from the text.  **Reading:** Source B **-** Read the article about George Stevenson’s The Rocket.  **Extended Writing:** How has technology changed the way we live today? Write an article for a magazine where you explain your views on modern technology. | | | |
| **Week 5 Reading** | **Tasks** | | | |
| **The Future**  1984 by George Orwell. | * **Reading**: Read the extract from Orwell’s 1984 * **Research: CCTV and the use of it in the UK.** * **Extended Writing**: *In many cities the use of video cameras in public places is being increased to reduce crime, but some people believe these measures restrict individual freedom.*   Do the benefits of increased security outweigh the drawbacks? Argue your point of view. | | | |

**Week 1 - Animal Farm by George Orwell**

**Chapter I**

Mr. Jones, of the Manor Farm, had locked the hen-houses for the night, but was too drunk to remember to shut the pop-holes. With the ring of light from his lantern dancing from side to side, he lurched across the yard, kicked off his boots at the back door, drew himself a last glass of beer from the barrel in the scullery, and made his way up to bed, where Mrs. Jones was already snoring.

As soon as the light in the bedroom went out there was a stirring and a fluttering all through the farm buildings. Word had gone round during the day that old Major, the prize Middle White boar, had had a strange dream on the previous night and wished to communicate it to the other animals. It had been agreed that they should all meet in the big barn as soon as Mr. Jones was safely out of the way. Old Major (so he was always called, though the name under which he had been exhibited was Willingdon Beauty) was so highly regarded on the farm that everyone was quite ready to lose an hour's sleep in order to hear what he had to say.

At one end of the big barn, on a sort of raised platform, Major was already ensconced on his bed of straw, under a lantern which hung from a beam. He was twelve years old and had lately grown rather stout, but he was still a majestic-looking pig, with a wise and benevolent appearance in spite of the fact that his tushes had never been cut. Before long the other animals began to arrive and make themselves comfortable after their different fashions. First came the three dogs, Bluebell, Jessie, and Pincher, and then the pigs, who settled down in the straw immediately in front of the platform. The hens perched themselves on the window-sills, the pigeons fluttered up to the rafters, the sheep and cows lay down behind the pigs and began to chew the cud. The two cart-horses, Boxer and Clover, came in together, walking very slowly and setting down their vast hairy hoofs with great care lest there should be some small animal concealed in the straw. Clover was a stout motherly mare approaching middle life, who had never quite got her figure back after her fourth foal. Boxer was an enormous beast, nearly eighteen hands high, and as strong as any two ordinary horses put together. A white stripe down his nose gave him a somewhat stupid appearance, and in fact he was not of first-rate intelligence, but he was universally respected for his steadiness of character and tremendous powers of work. After the horses came Muriel, the white goat, and Benjamin, the donkey. Benjamin was the oldest animal on the farm, and the worst tempered. He seldom talked, and when he did, it was usually to make some cynical remark--for instance, he would say that God had given him a tail to keep the flies off, but that he would sooner have had no tail and no flies. Alone among the animals on the farm he never laughed. If asked why, he would say that he saw nothing to laugh at. Nevertheless, without openly admitting it, he was devoted to Boxer; the two of them usually spent their Sundays together in the small paddock beyond the orchard, grazing side by side and never speaking.

The two horses had just lain down when a brood of ducklings, which had lost their mother, filed into the barn, cheeping feebly and wandering from side to side to find some place where they would not be trodden on. Clover made a sort of wall round them with her great foreleg, and the ducklings nestled down inside it and promptly fell asleep. At the last moment Mollie, the foolish, pretty white mare who drew Mr. Jones's trap, came mincing daintily in, chewing at a lump of sugar. She took a place near the front and began flirting her white mane, hoping to draw attention to the red ribbons it was plaited with. Last of all came the cat, who looked round, as usual, for the warmest place, and finally squeezed herself in between Boxer and Clover; there she purred contentedly throughout Major's speech without listening to a word of what he was saying.

All the animals were now present except Moses, the tame raven, who slept on a perch behind the back door. When Major saw that they had all made themselves comfortable and were waiting attentively, he cleared his throat and began:

"Comrades, you have heard already about the strange dream that I had last night. But I will come to the dream later. I have something else to say first. I do not think, comrades, that I shall be with you for many months longer, and before I die, I feel it my duty to pass on to you such wisdom as I have acquired. I have had a long life, I have had much time for thought as I lay alone in my stall, and I think I may say that I understand the nature of life on this earth as well as any animal now living. It is about this that I wish to speak to you.

"Now, comrades, what is the nature of this life of ours? Let us face it: our lives are miserable, laborious, and short. We are born, we are given just so much food as will keep the breath in our bodies, and those of us who are capable of it are forced to work to the last atom of our strength; and the very instant that our usefulness has come to an end we are slaughtered with hideous cruelty. No animal in England knows the meaning of happiness or leisure after he is a year old. No animal in England is free. The life of an animal is misery and slavery: that is the plain truth.

"But is this simply part of the order of nature? Is it because this land of ours is so poor that it cannot afford a decent life to those who dwell upon it? No, comrades, a thousand times no! The soil of England is fertile, its climate is good, it is capable of affording food in abundance to an enormously greater number of animals than now inhabit it. This single farm of ours would support a dozen horses, twenty cows, hundreds of sheep--and all of them living in a comfort and a dignity that are now almost beyond our imagining. Why then do we continue in this miserable condition? Because nearly the whole of the produce of our labour is stolen from us by human beings. There, comrades, is the answer to all our problems. It is summed up in a single word--Man. Man is the only real enemy we have. Remove Man from the scene, and the root cause of hunger and overwork is abolished for ever.

"Man is the only creature that consumes without producing. He does not give milk, he does not lay eggs, he is too weak to pull the plough, he cannot run fast enough to catch rabbits. Yet he is lord of all the animals. He sets them to work, he gives back to them the bare minimum that will prevent them from starving, and the rest he keeps for himself. Our labour tills the soil, our dung fertilises it, and yet there is not one of us that owns more than his bare skin. You cows that I see before me, how many thousands of gallons of milk have you given during this last year? And what has happened to that milk which should have been breeding up sturdy calves? Every drop of it has gone down the throats of our enemies. And you hens, how many eggs have you laid in this last year, and how many of those eggs ever hatched into chickens? The rest have all gone to market to bring in money for Jones and his men. And you, Clover, where are those four foals you bore, who should have been the support and pleasure of your old age? Each was sold at a year old--you will never see one of them again. In return for your four confinements and all your labour in the fields, what have you ever had except your bare rations and a stall?

"And even the miserable lives we lead are not allowed to reach their natural span. For myself I do not grumble, for I am one of the lucky ones. I am twelve years old and have had over four hundred children. Such is the natural life of a pig. But no animal escapes the cruel knife in the end. You young porkers who are sitting in front of me, every one of you will scream your lives out at the block within a year. To that horror we all must come--cows, pigs, hens, sheep, everyone. Even the horses and the dogs have no better fate. You, Boxer, the very day that those great muscles of yours lose their power, Jones will sell you to the knacker, who will cut your throat and boil you down for the foxhounds. As for the dogs, when they grow old and toothless, Jones ties a brick round their necks and drowns them in the nearest pond.

**Comprehension Questions**

1. List four things that Mr Jones does in lines 6-9 of chapter one? (4 marks)
2. What is the reason all the animals have gone to the barn?
3. How does the writer use language in lines 10-20 to present Old Major as well-respected on the farm? (8 marks)
4. How are Boxer and Clover shown to be thoughtful and considerate animals?
5. “The life of an animal is misery and slavery.” Old Major says that. Do you think he was right about that? Why?
6. What do the humans do that makes them evil in Old Major’s eyes?
7. What does Old Major warn the animals against doing after they defeat the men?
8. How has the writer structured the text to interest you as a reader? (8 marks)
9. **A student said, “Orwell has presented Old Major as an inspiration to the other animals on the farm and shows them the reality of their lives.” To what extent do you agree? (20 marks)**

In your response, you could:

• consider your own impressions of Old Major

• evaluate how the other animals respond to Old Major

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| **Mr Jones**   * irresponsible to his animals (lets them starve) * sometimes cruel - beats them with whip * sometimes kind - mixes milk in animal mash | **Czar Nicholas II**   * a poor leader at best, compared to western kings * cruel - sometimes brutal with opponents * Sometimes kind - hired students as spies to make $ |
| **Old Major**   * taught Animalism * workers do the work, rich keep the $, animals revolt * dies before revolution | **Karl Marx**   * invented Communism * "workers of the world unite", take over gov't * dies before Russian Revolution |
| **Animalism**   * no owners, no rich, but no poor * workers get a better life, all animals equal * everyone owns the farm | **Communism**   * same * all people equal * government owns everything, people own government |
| **Snowball**   * young, smart, good speaker, idealistic * really wants to make life better for all * one of leaders of revolution * chased away into exile by Napoleon's dog | **Leon Trotsky**   * other leader of "October Revolution" * pure communist, followed Marx * wanted to improve life for all in Russia * chased away by Lenin's KGB (Lenin's secret police) |
| **Napoleon**   * not a good speaker, not as clever like Snowball * cruel, brutal, selfish, devious, corrupt * his ambition is for power, killed opponents * used dogs, moses, and Squealor to control animals | **Joseph Stalin**   * not a good speaker, not educated like Trotsky * same as Napoleon, didn't follow Marx's ideas * cared for power, killed all that opposed him * used KGB, allowed church, and propagandized |
| **Squealer**   * big mouth, talks a lot * convinces animals to believe and follow Napoleon * Changes and manipulates the commandments | **Propaganda department of Lenin's government**   * worked for Stalin to support his image * used any lie to convince the people to follow Stalin * benefited from the fact that education was controlled |

**Week 2**

**A Day in the Life of a Tramp**

First, what is a tramp?[[1]](https://www.orwellfoundation.com/the-orwell-foundation/orwell/essays-and-other-works/a-day-in-the-life-of-a-tramp/#f1)

A tramp is a native English species.  These are his distinguishing characteristics:  he has no money, he is dressed in rags, he walks about twenty kilometres a day and never sleeps two nights together in the same place.

In short, he is a wanderer, living on charity, roaming around on foot day after day for years, crossing England from end to end many times in his wanderings.

He has no job, home or family, no possessions in the world apart from the rags covering his poor body; he lives at the expense of the community.

No one knows how many individuals make up the tramp population.

Thirty thousand?  Fifty thousand?  Perhaps a hundred thousand in England and Wales when unemployment is particularly bad.

The tramp does not wander for his own amusement, or because he has inherited the nomadic instincts of his ancestors; he is trying first and foremost to avoid starving to death.

It is not difficult to see why; the tramp is unemployed as a result of the state of the English economy.  So, to exist, he must have recourse to public or private charity.  To assist him, the authorities have created asiles (workhouses) where the destitute can find food and shelter.

These places are about twenty kilometres apart, and no-one can stay in any one spike more that once a month.  Hence the endless pilgrimages of tramps who, if they want to eat and sleep with a roof over their heads, must seek a new resting-place every night.

That is the explanation for the existence of tramps.  Now let us see what sort of life they lead.  It will be sufficient to look at just one day, for the days are all the same for these unfortunate inhabitants of one of the richest countries in the world.

\*

Let us take one of them as he comes out of the spike at about ten in the morning.

He is about twenty kilometres from the next workhouse.  He will probably take five hours to walk that distance, and will arrive at his destination at about three in the afternoon.

He will not rest much on the way, because the police, who look on tramps with a suspicious eye, will make quick work of sending him packing from any town or village where he might try to stop.  That is why our man will not tarry on the way.

It is, as we have said, around three o’clock in the afternoon when he turns up at the spike.  But the spike does not open until six in the evening.  Three weary hours to kill in the company of other the other tramps who are already waiting.  The herd of human beings, haggard, unshaven, filthy and tattered, grows from minute to minute.  Soon there are a hundred unemployed men representing nearly every trade.

Miners and cotton-spinners, victims of the unemployment which is raging in the North of England, form the majority but all trades are represented, skilled or not.

Their age?  From sixteen to seventy.

Their sex?  There are around two women for every fifty tramps.

Here and there, an imbecile jabbers meaningless words.  Some men are so weak and decrepit that one wonders how they could possibly walk twenty kilometres.

Their clothes strike you as grotesque, tattered and revoltingly filthy.

Their faces make you think of the face of some wild animal, not perhaps a dangerous one, but one which has become at once savage and timorous[[1]](#footnote-1) through lack of rest and care.

There they wait, lying on the grass or squatting in the dust.  The bravest prowl around the butcher’s or the baker’s, hoping to glean some scrap of food.  But this is dangerous, because begging is against the law in England, so for the most part they are content to remain idle, exchanging vague words in a strange slang, the tramps’ special language, full of bizarre and picturesque words and phrases which cannot be found in any dictionary.

They have come from all four corners of England and Wales, and tell each other their adventures, discussing without much hope the likelihood of finding work on the way.

Many have met before in some spike at the other end of the country for their tracks cross again and again in their ceaseless wanderings.

These workhouses are miserable and sordid caravanserais where the miserable English pilgrims assemble for a few hours before scattering again in all directions.

All the tramps smoke.  As smoking is forbidden inside the spike, they make the most of their waiting hours.  Their tobacco consists mainly of cigarette-ends which they pick up in the street.  They roll it in paper or stuff it into old pipes.

<https://www.orwellfoundation.com/the-orwell-foundation/orwell/essays-and-other-works/a-day-in-the-life-of-a-tramp/>

**A day in the life of a tramp**

1. List 4 things that Orwell says are the characteristics of a tramp. (4 marks)
2. Referring to lines 34-40 explain how the writer uses language to present the tramps in a sympathetic way. (8 marks)
3. A student said, “Orwell clearly feels sympathy for the tramps and presents them as victims of society.”

To what extent do you agree? (20 marks)

**Additional questions**

1. What reason does Orwell give for the tramp’s wandering?
2. How did the Government try and aid the tramps and why does Orwell believe this was ineffective?
3. Explain the difficulties faced by tramp on a typical day. For this question you should aim to write two paragraphs, include textual evidence and make inferences.

At least 320,000 homeless people in Britain, says Shelter

**Charity says figure for England, Scotland and Wales is likely to be underestimate**

A picture containing building, outdoor, sitting, sidewalk

Description automatically generatedHomeless people’s tents in Milton Keynes. Figures show homelessness and housing insecurity is spreading across the country. Photograph: Graeme Robertson/The Guardian

At least 320,000 people are homeless in Britain, according to research by the housing charity [Shelter](https://www.shelter.org.uk/).

This amounts to a year-on-year increase of 13,000, a 4% rise, despite government pledges to tackle the crisis. The estimate suggests that nationally one in 200 people are homeless.

Shelter says its figures, which include rough sleepers and people in temporary accommodation, are likely to be an underestimate of the problem as they do not capture people who experience “hidden” homelessness, such as sofa-surfers, and others living insecurely in sheds or cars, for example.

Newham in east London is ranked as England’s number one homelessness hotspot, with at least one in every 24 people in housing insecurity. More than 14,500 people were in temporary accommodation in the borough, and 76 were sleeping rough.

In the capital as a whole, 170,000 people – equivalent to one in 52 – have no home. Westminster had the most rough sleepers, 217, followed by Camden, with 127. In Kensington and Chelsea, the UK’s richest borough, there were over 5,000 homeless people – equivalent to one in every 29 residents.

The figures indicate how homelessness and housing insecurity is spreading beyond its traditional heartland of London into the wider south-east and Midlands, and the impact of high rents and welfare cuts ripples outwards.

Outside the capital, high homelessness rates were recorded in Birmingham, Luton, Brighton & Hove, Slough, Dartford, Milton Keynes, Harlow, Watford, Epsom, Reading, Broxbourne, Basildon, Peterborough and Coventry.

Regionally, homelessness grew fastest in the West Midlands and Yorkshire and Humberside, which saw 12% increases, followed by the north-west with an 11% rise. [Homelessness](https://www.theguardian.com/society/homelessness) fell in the north-east and south-west regions of England by 8%.

The 320,000 figure for England, Wales and Scotland was reached by combining government [homelessness and rough-sleeping statistics](https://www.gov.uk/government/collections/homelessness-statistics) at July 2018 with data on homeless hostel bed spaces and social services provision of temporary accommodation for families in crisis.

The bulk of those affected, 295,000, are in forms of temporary accommodation after being accepted as homeless by their local authority.

It is Shelter’s third annual analysis of homelessness. In 2016, it estimated there were 255,000 homeless people in England alone, a figure it subsequently adjusted to 294,000 for Britain. This rose to [307,000](https://www.theguardian.com/society/2017/nov/08/one-in-every-200-people-in-uk-are-homeless-according-to-shelter) in 2017.

Polly Neate, Shelter’s chief executive, said:“Due to the perfect storm of spiralling rents, welfare cuts and a total lack of social housing, record numbers of people are sleeping out on the streets or stuck in the cramped confines of a hostel room. We desperately need action now to change tomorrow for the hundreds of thousands whose lives will be blighted by homelessness this winter.”

The housing and communities secretary, James Brokenshire, said the government was determined to end homelessness but conceded more could be done. “No one should be left without a roof over their head, which is why we are determined to end rough sleeping and respond to the causes of homelessness.”

He added: “Our rough-sleeping strategy, support for councils and those working on the frontline are helping to get people off the street and into accommodation as we enter the colder winter months. But we know that there is more that we need to do and we’re committed to working with Shelter and others to make a positive difference.”

The government’s [Homelessness Reduction Act](https://www.theguardian.com/society/2016/oct/28/homelessness-reforms-funding-councils-local-authorities) came into force in May with the aim of forcing local authorities to [take steps](http://www.homeless.org.uk/sites/default/files/site-attachments/Homelessness%20Reduction%20Act%20Briefing%20Nov%202017_0.pdf) to prevent households at risk from falling into homelessness. It has also aims to [eliminate rough sleeping](https://www.theguardian.com/society/2018/aug/13/may-urged-to-go-further-in-plan-to-end-rough-sleeping-by-2027) by 2027.

Melanie Onn, the shadow housing minister, said: “It is appalling that enough people to fill a city the size of Newcastle will wake up this Christmas without a home. This is the outcome of eight years of austerity that even the United Nations say was designed to hurt the poor.”

<https://www.theguardian.com/society/2018/nov/22/at-least-320000-homeless-people-in-britain-says-shelter>

Source B

***George Orwell – “Down and Out in Paris and London”***

***Published in 1933, this is an autobiographical extract on the theme of poverty.***

***P***addy was my mate for about the next fortnight, and, as he was the first tramp I had known at all well, I want to give an account of him. I believe that he was a typical tramp and there are tens of thousands in England like him.

He was a tallish man, aged about thirty-five, with fair hair going grizzled and watery blue eyes. His features were good, but his cheeks had lanked and had that greyish, dirty in the grain look that comes of a bread and margarine diet. He was dressed, rather better than most tramps, in a tweed shooting-jacket and a pair of old evening trousers with the braid still on them. He was careful of his appearance altogether, and carried a razor and boot brush that he would not sell though one would have known him for a tramp a hundred yards away. There was something in his drifting style of walk, and the way he had of hunching his shoulders forward, essentially abject.

He had been brought up in Ireland, served two years in the war, and then worked in a metal polish factory, where he had lost his job two years earlier. He was horribly ashamed of being a tramp, but he had picked up all a tramp’s ways. He browsed the pavements unceasingly, never missing a cigarette end, or even an empty cigarette packet, as he used the tissue paper for rolling cigarettes. He had no stomach for crime, however. When we were in the outskirts of Romton, Paddy noticed a bottle of milk on a doorstep, evidently left there by mistake. He stopped, eyeing the bottle hungrily.

‘Christ!’ he said, ‘dere’s good food goin’ to waste. Somebody could knock dat bottle off, eh? Knock it off easy.’

I saw that he was thinking of ‘knocking it off’ himself. He looked up and down the street; it was a quiet residential street and there was nobody in sight. Paddy’s sickly, chap-fallen face yearned over the milk. Then he turned away, saying gloomily:

‘Best leave it. It don’t do a man no good to steal. T’ank God, I ain’t never stolen nothin’ yet.’

He had two subjects of conversation, the shame and come-down of being a tramp, and the best way of getting a free meal. His ignorance was limitless and appalling. He once asked me, for instance, whether Napoleon lived before Jesus Christ or after. Another time, when I was looking into a bookshop window, he grew very perturbed because one of the books was called OF THE IMITATION OF CHRIST. He took this for blasphemy. ‘What de hell do dey want to go imitatin’ of HIM for?’ he demanded angrily. He could read, but he had a kind of loathing for books. On our way from Romton to Edbury I went into a public library, and, though Paddy did not want to read, I suggested that he should come in and rest his legs. But he preferred to wait on the pavement. ‘No,’ he said, ‘de sight of all dat bloody print makes me sick.’

Like most tramps, he was passionately mean about matches. He had a box of matches when I met him, but I never saw him strike one, and he used to lecture me for extravagance when I struck mine. His method was to cadge a light from strangers, sometimes going without a smoke for half an hour rather than strike a match.

Nevertheless, he was a good fellow, generous by nature and capable of sharing his last crust with a friend; indeed he did literally share his last crust with me more than once. He was probably capable of work too, if he had been well fed for a few months. But two years of bread and margarine had lowered his standards hopelessly.

**Q1: Read Source B, lines 1 to 18.**

**Choose four statements below which are TRUE.**

* Paddy was a tallish man, aged about fifty five
* Paddy, though a tramp, takes pride in his appearance
* Paddy’s eyes were blue
* Orwell travelled with Paddy for two months
* Paddy had been unemployed and homeless for two years
* Paddy was ashamed at living on the streets as a tramp
* Paddy had served two months in the war

Now refer to **both** Source A **and** Source B.

Compare **how** the writers convey **their different attitudes** to the issue of

homelessness.

In your answer, you should:

• **compare** **their** different **attitudes**

• **compare** **the methods** they use to convey their attitudes

• **support** your ideas **with quotations** from both texts

**Extended Writing**

Your local council has asked you to write a leaflet to raise awareness of homelessness in your area.

You need to include:

* A catchy title or headline
* An introductory paragraph which sets out the purpose of the leaflet and introduces the topic.
* At least 3-5 paragraphs each dealing with a separate issue relating to homelessness. You may want to include a sub-heading for each of these paragraphs.
* A conclusion which sums up your points and includes some contact information (it doesn’t need to be real) such as a website or address where people can make contact.

**WEEK 2 Source A**

***An extract from Mitch Winehouse's biography of his daughter, Amy Winehouse, where he describes her schooldays***.

Over time, Amy got worse in the classroom. Her mum and I were called to the school for meetings about her behaviour on numerous occasions. I hope the head of year didn't see me trying not to laugh as he told us, "Mr and Mrs Winehouse, Amy has already been sent to me once today and I knew it was her before she got to my ofﬁce. She was singing 'Fly Me To The Moon' loudly enough for the whole school to hear."

I knew I shouldn't laugh but it was so typically Amy. She'd sing to calm herself down when she knew she was in trouble.

Just about the only thing she seemed to enjoy about school was performance. However, one year when Amy sang in a show, she wasn't very good, so the following year when she said, "Dad, will you both come to see me? I'm singing again", my heart sank a bit. This time, things were different. She sang the Alanis Morissette song 'Ironic', and she was as terriﬁc as I knew she could be. What I wasn't expecting was everyone else's reaction: the whole room sat up. Wow, where did this come from?

By now, Amy was twelve and she wanted to go to a drama school full time. Her mum and I were against it but Amy applied to the Sylvia Young Theatre School in London without telling us. Amy eventually broke the news to us when she was invited to audition. She decided to sing 'The Sunny Side Of The Street' and won a half-scholarship for her singing, acting and dancing.

As part of her application, Amy had been asked to write something about herself. Here's some of what she wrote:

All my life I have been loud, to the point of being told to shut up.

I would say my school life and school reports are ﬁlled with 'could do betters' and 'does not work to her full potential '.

I want to go somewhere where I am stretched right to my limits and perhaps even beyond.

I want people to hear my voice and just ... forget their troubles for ﬁve minutes.

But mostly I have this dream to be very famous. To work on stage. It's a lifelong ambition.

Much can be said about the late Amy Winehouse. Her platinum selling breakthrough album, Frank (2003), elicited comparison ranging from Billie Holiday to Macy Gray. Her allure had always been her song writing – almost always deeply personal but best known for its profanity and brutal candour.

Born to a taxi-driving father and a pharmacist mother, Winehouse grew up in North London. At the age of 16, after she had been expelled from London’s Sylvia Young theatre School, she caught her first break which led to her recording contract with Island Records. By the end of 2003, when she was 20 years old. The album was nominated for the 2004 Mercury Music Prize as well as two Brit Award, and its lead single, “stronger than Me,” won an Ivor Novello Award for Best Contemporary Song.

Following Winehouse’s debut, several times she showed up to her club or TV performances too drunk to sing a whole set. In 2006, her management company finally suggested that she enter rehab for alcohol abuse, but instead, she dumped the company and transcribed the ordeal into the tUK top Ten hit “Rehab, “ the lead single for her second, critically acclaimed album, Back to Black.

One month after Winehouse won best female artist at the Brit Awards in February 2007, Universal released “Back to Black” in the USA. It charted higher than any other debut by a British female recording Artist before it. Her erratic behaviour kept her and her and her new husband Blake Fielder-Civil, in the tabloids constantly, and on and off stages on both sides of the Atlantic.

The next few years would be filled with drama, disappointment and very little music. By 2009, her marriage had ended in divorce, she had repeatedly been arrested on assault charges and/or public order offences and her struggles with substance abuse and mental health issues.

Winehouse was found dead in her London Apartment on 23rd July 2011.

[Chorus]  
They tried to make me go to rehab  
I said, "no, no, no"  
Yes, I been black  
But when I come back, you'll know, know, know  
I ain't got the time  
And if my daddy thinks I'm fine  
He's tried to make me go to rehab   
I won't go, go, go

I'd rather be at home with a Ray  
I ain't got seventy days  
'Cause there's nothing, there's nothing you can teach me  
That I can't learn from Mr. Hathaway

I didn't get a lot in class  
But I know we don't come in a shot glass

[Chorus]

The man said, "why do you think you here?"  
I said, "I got no idea."  
I'm gonna, I'm gonna lose my baby  
So I always keep a bottle near  
He said, "I just think you're depressed."  
This, me, yeah, baby, and the rest

They tried to make me go to rehab  
But I said, "no, no, no"  
Yes, I been black   
But when I come back, you'll know, know, know

I don't ever want to drink again  
I just, oh, I just need a friend  
I'm not gonna spend ten weeks  
Have everyone think I'm on the mend

And it's not just my pride  
It's just till these tears have dried

[Chorus]

Amy Winehouse— Rehab



**What is Amy’s response to the suggestion of rehab?**

**What question does the man ask her and what is her response?**

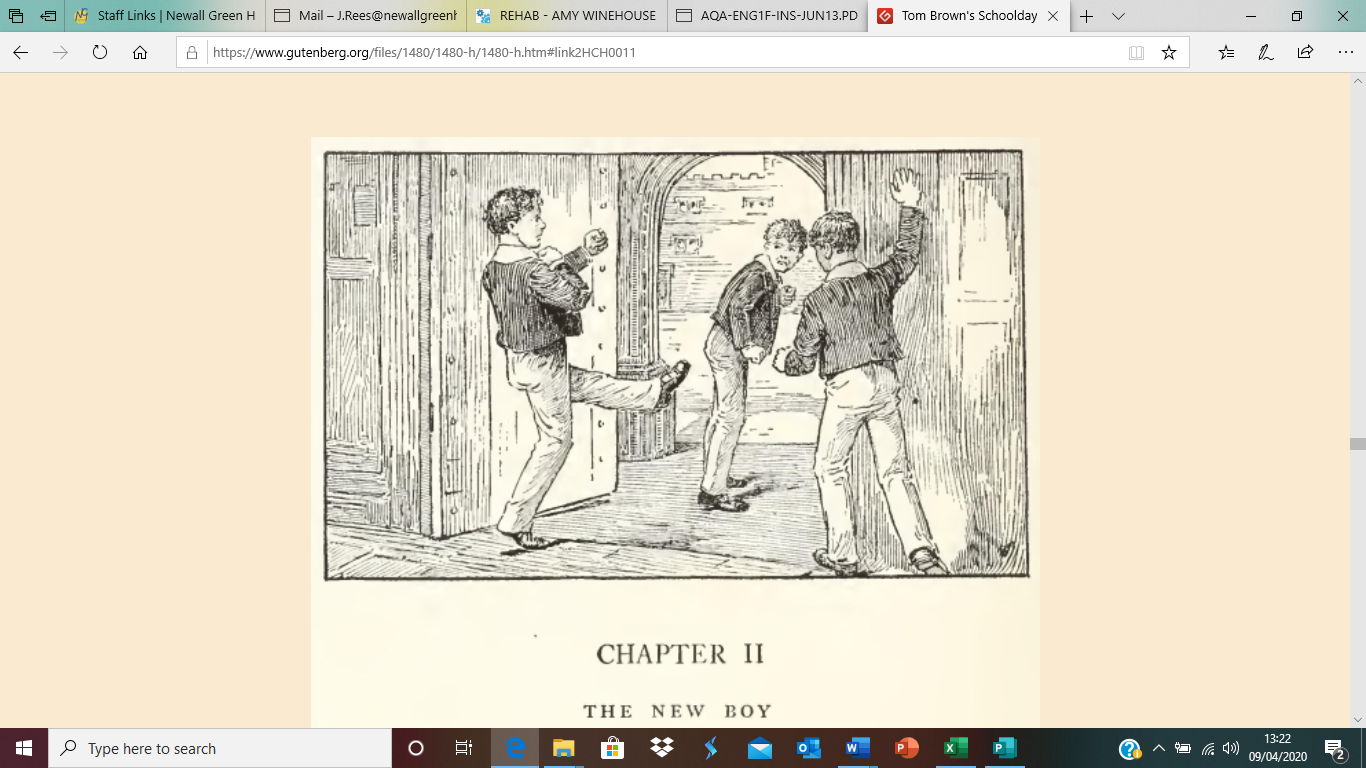
**What does the line “yes I been black” suggest about her feelings?**

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| 1983 |  |
| 1999 |  |
| 2003 |  |
| 2004 |  |
| 2006 |  |
| 2009 |  |
| 2011 |  |

**Tom Brown’s School days**

*Chapter II The New Boy*

I do not mean to recount all the little troubles and annoyances which thronged[[2]](#endnote-1) upon Tom at the beginning of this half-year, in his new character of bear-leader to a gentle little boy straight from home. He seemed to himself to have become a new boy again, without any of the long-suffering and meekness indispensable[[3]](#endnote-2) for supporting that character with moderate success. From morning till night he had the feeling of responsibility on his mind, and even if he left Arthur in their study or in the close for an hour, was never at ease till he had him in sight again. He waited for him at the doors of the school after every lesson and every calling-over; watched that no tricks were played him, and none but the regulation questions asked; kept his eye on his plate at dinner and breakfast, to see that no unfair depredations[[4]](#endnote-3) were made upon his viands; in short, as East remarked, cackled after him like a hen with one chick.

Arthur took a long time thawing, too, which made it all the harder work; was sadly timid; scarcely ever spoke unless Tom spoke to him first; and, worst of all, would agree with him in everything—the hardest thing in the world for a Brown to bear. He got quite angry sometimes, as they sat together of a night in their study, at this provoking habit of agreement, and was on the point of breaking out a dozen times with a lecture upon the propriety of a fellow having a will of his own and speaking out, but managed to restrain himself by the thought that he might only frighten Arthur, and the remembrance of the lesson he had learnt from him on his first night at Number 4. Then he would resolve to sit still and not say a word till Arthur began; but he was always beat at that game, and had presently to begin talking in despair, fearing lest Arthur might think he was vexed at something if he didn't, and dog-tired of sitting tongue-tied.

It was hard work. But Tom had taken it up, and meant to stick to it, and go through with it so as to satisfy himself; in which resolution he was much assisted by the chafing of East and his other old friends, who began to call him “dry-nurse,” and otherwise to break their small wit on him. But when they took other ground, as they did every now and then, Tom was sorely puzzled.

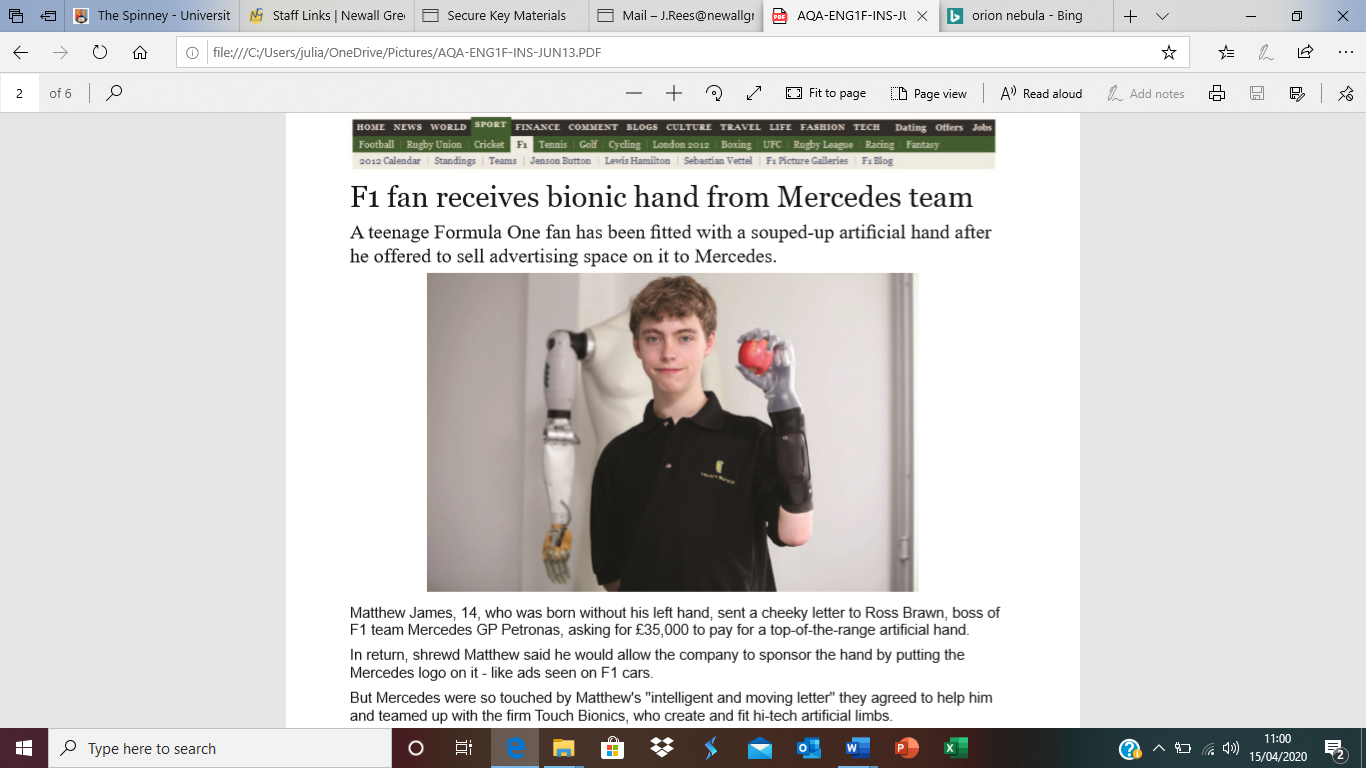
“Tell you what, Tommy,” East would say; “you'll spoil young Hopeful with too much coddling. Why can't you let him go about by himself and find his own level? He'll never be worth a button if you go on keeping him under your skirts.”

1. *Timorous – frightened or cowardly* [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. Thronged - crowded [↑](#endnote-ref-1)
3. Indispensable - vital [↑](#endnote-ref-2)
4. Depredations – attacks

   **Week 4**

   F1 fan receives bionic hand from Mercedes team

   A teenage Formula One fan has been ﬁtted with a souped-up artiﬁcial hand after he offered to sell advertising space on it to Mercedes.

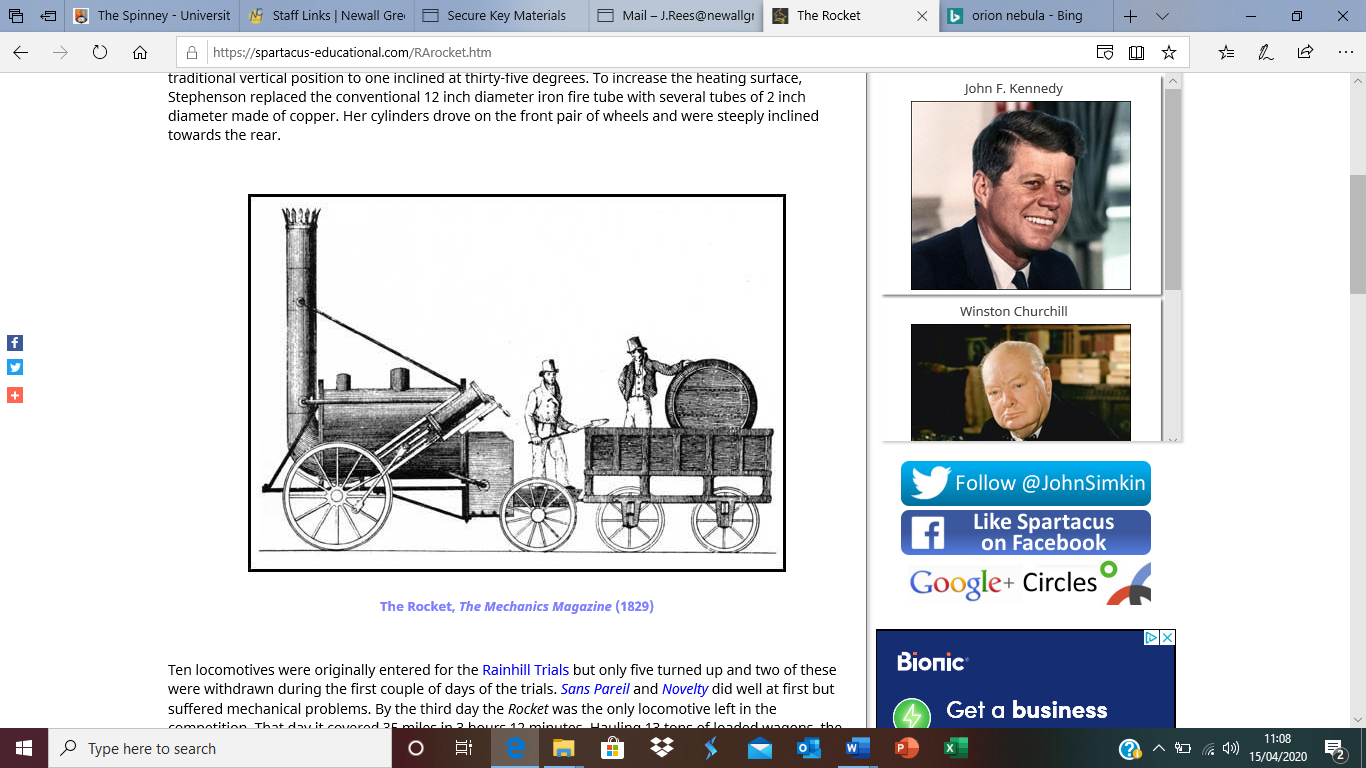
   Matthew James, 14, who was born without his left hand, sent a cheeky letter to Ross Brawn, boss of F1 team Mercedes GP Petronas, asking for £35,000 to pay for a top-of-the-range artiﬁcial hand. In return, shrewd Matthew said he would allow the company to sponsor the hand by putting the Mercedes logo on it - like ads seen on F1 cars. But Mercedes were so touched by Matthew's ''intelligent and moving letter'' they agreed to help him and teamed up with the ﬁrm Touch Bionics, who create and ﬁt hi-tech artiﬁcial limbs. The hand is so versatile that Matthew can grip a pen to draw pictures and write, tie his shoelaces and catch a ball. The hand literally plugs into Matthew's arm. Two electrodes on the inside of the socket detect electrical impulses made by the muscles in Matthew's lower arm. The signals are then beamed to a mini-computer in the palm, which translates the messages into movements, like a normal hand. After being ﬁtted with the hand Matthew said: ''It's just amazing. My old artiﬁcial hand was not great. It had a pretty basic open-close mechanism like a clamp. But with this one I can do everything; it is just like the real thing. It is going to make such a big difference to my life. It also looks really cool - the outer-shell is see-through so you can actually see the mechanics working." Matthew, who lives with his father Rob, 44, and mum Tina, 42, said: ''I am actually looking forward to getting back to school so I can test it out; it's going to be so much fun. I like science but I used to struggle with lab experiments - now they should not be a problem. I also love sport but anything that involves two hands, like cricket, has always been a struggle. Now I can compete with the others." Dad Rob, an IT consultant, said: ''We are so proud of him. He has never let his disability get him down but he has also always strived to achieve his best and now he truly feels he can."

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   **The Rocket**

   In 1824 [Edward Pease](https://spartacus-educational.com/RApease.htm) joined with Michael Longdridge, [George Stephenson](https://spartacus-educational.com/RAstephensonG.htm) and his son [Robert Stephenson](https://spartacus-educational.com/RAstephensonR.htm), to form a company to make locomotives. The Robert Stephenson & Company, at Forth Street, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, became the world's first locomotive builder. The first railway locomotive produced at the works, [*Locomotion*](https://spartacus-educational.com/RAlocomotion.htm), was finished in September 1825. This locomotive was the main one used on the [Stockton & Darlington](https://spartacus-educational.com/RAstockton.htm) line was opened on 27th September, 1825.

   For the [Rainhill Trials](https://spartacus-educational.com/RArainhill.htm) in October 1829, The [Robert Stephenson](https://spartacus-educational.com/RAstephensonR.htm) & Company entered their new locomotive, the *Rocket*. Also involved in its production was [Henry Booth](https://spartacus-educational.com/RAbooth.htm), the Secretary and Treasurer of the [Liverpool & Manchester Railway](https://spartacus-educational.com/RAliverpool.htm). It was Booth who suggested using a multi-tubular boiler to produce the necessary steam to drive the locomotive. It was Robert Stephenson's idea to move the cylinders from their traditional vertical position to one inclined at thirty-five degrees. To increase the heating surface, Stephenson replaced the conventional 12 inch diameter iron fire tube with several tubes of 2 inch diameter made of copper. Her cylinders drove on the front pair of wheels and were steeply inclined towards the rear.

   The Rocket, *The Mechanics Magazine* (1829)

   Ten locomotives were originally entered for the [Rainhill Trials](https://spartacus-educational.com/RArainhill.htm) but only five turned up and two of these were withdrawn during the first couple of days of the trials. [*Sans Pareil*](https://spartacus-educational.com/RAsans.htm) and [*Novelty*](https://spartacus-educational.com/RAnovelty.htm) did well at first but suffered mechanical problems. By the third day the *Rocket* was the only locomotive left in the competition. That day it covered 35 miles in 3 hours and 12 minutes. It was able to haul 13 tons of loaded wagons and it averaged over 12 mph. On one trip it reached 25 mph and, on a locomotive only run reached 29 mph.

   After studying all the evidence, the three judges, [John Raistrick](https://spartacus-educational.com/RArastrick.htm), [Nicholas Wood](https://spartacus-educational.com/RAwoodN.htm) and John Kennedy, awarded the £500 first prize to the owners of the *Rocket*. The contract to produce locomotives for the [Liverpool & Manchester Railway](https://spartacus-educational.com/RAliverpool.htm) went to the Robert Stephenson Company at [Newcastle-upon-Tyne](https://spartacus-educational.com/ITnewcastle.htm).

   In 1830 the *Rocket* was modified. A smokebox was added and the chimney was shortened. The following year the cylinders was reduced from 35 degrees to 8 degrees, which made it a much more steady ride. The modified *Rocket* worked on the [Liverpool & Manchester](https://spartacus-educational.com/RAliverpool.htm) line until the late 1830s. It was then sold and finished its working life in Carlisle.

   <https://spartacus-educational.com/RArocket.htm>

   **Week 5 – The Future**

   **1984**

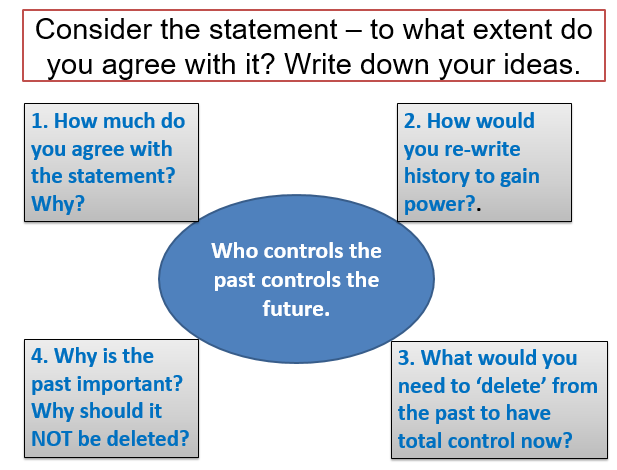
   It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along with him.

   The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. At one end of it a coloured poster, too large for indoor display, had been tacked to the wall. It depicted simply an enormous face, more than a metre wide: the face of a man of about forty-five, with a heavy black moustache and ruggedly handsome features. Winston made for the stairs. It was no use trying the lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the electric current was cut off during daylight hours. It was part of the economy drive in preparation for Hate Week. The flat was seven flights up, and Winston, who was thirty-nine and had a varicose ulcer above his right ankle, went slowly, resting several times on the way. On each landing, opposite the lift-shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you move. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

   Inside the flat a fruity voice was reading out a list of figures which had something to do with the production of pig-iron. The voice came from an oblong metal plaque like a dulled mirror which formed part of the surface of the right-hand wall. Winston turned a switch and the voice sank somewhat, though the words were still distinguishable. The instrument (the telescreen, it was called) could be dimmed, but there was no way of shutting it off completely. He moved over to the window: a smallish, frail figure, the meagreness of his body merely emphasized by the blue overalls which were the uniform of the party. His hair was very fair, his face naturally sanguine, his skin roughened by coarse soap and blunt razor blades and the cold of the winter that had just ended.   
     
   Outside, even through the shut window-pane, the world looked cold. Down in the street little eddies of wind were whirling dust and torn paper into spirals, and though the sun was shining and the sky a harsh blue, there seemed to be no colour in anything, except the posters that were plastered everywhere. The blackmoustachio'd face gazed down from every commanding corner. There was one on the house-front immediately opposite. BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU, the caption said, while the dark eyes looked deep into Winston's own. Down at streetlevel another poster, torn at one corner, flapped fitfully in the wind, alternately covering and uncovering the single word INGSOC. In the far distance a helicopter skimmed down between the roofs, hovered for an instant like a bluebottle, and darted away again with a curving flight. It was the police patrol, snooping into people's windows. The patrols did not matter, however. Only the Thought Police mattered.   
     
   Behind Winston's back the voice from the telescreen was still babbling away about pig-iron and the overfulfilment of the Ninth Three-Year Plan. The telescreen received and transmitted simultaneously. Any sound that Winston made, above the level of a very low whisper, would be picked up by it, moreover, so long as he remained within the field of vision which the metal plaque commanded, he could be seen as well as heard. There was of course no way of knowing whether you were being watched at any given moment. How often, or on what system, the Thought Police plugged in on any individual wire was guesswork. It was even conceivable that they watched everybody all the time. But at any rate they could plug in your wire whenever they wanted to. You had to live -- did live, from habit that became instinct -- in the assumption that every sound you made was overheard, and, except in darkness, every movement scrutinized.

   Winston kept his back turned to the telescreen. It was safer, though, as he well knew, even a back can be revealing. A kilometre away the Ministry of Truth, his place of work, towered vast and white above the grimy landscape. This, he thought with a sort of vague distaste -- this was London, chief city of Airstrip One, itself the third most populous of the provinces of Oceania. He tried to squeeze out some childhood memory that should tell him whether London had always been quite like this. Were there always these vistas of rotting nineteenth-century houses, their sides shored up with baulks of timber, their windows patched with cardboard and their roofs with corrugated iron, their crazy garden walls sagging in all directions? And the bombed sites where the plaster dust swirled in the air and the willow-herb straggled over the heaps of rubble; and the places where the bombs had cleared a larger patch and there had sprung up sordid colonies of wooden dwellings like chicken-houses? But it was no use, he could not remember: nothing remained of his childhood except a series of bright-lit tableaux occurring against no background and mostly unintelligible.   
     
   The Ministry of Truth -- Minitrue, in Newspeak -- was startlingly different from any other object in sight. It was an enormous pyramidal structure of glittering white concrete, soaring up, terrace after terrace, 300 metres into the air. From where Winston stood it was just possible to read, picked out on its white face in elegant lettering, the three slogans of the Party:   
   WAR IS PEACE   
   FREEDOM IS SLAVERY   
   IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH   
     
   The Ministry of Truth contained, it was said, three thousand rooms above ground level, and corresponding ramifications below. Scattered about London there were just three other buildings of similar appearance and size. So completely did they dwarf the surrounding architecture that from the roof of Victory Mansions you could see all four of them simultaneously. They were the homes of the four Ministries between which the entire apparatus of government was divided. The Ministry of Truth, which concerned itself with news, entertainment, education, and the fine arts. The Ministry of Peace, which concerned itself with war. The Ministry of Love, which maintained law and order. And the Ministry of Plenty, which was responsible for economic affairs. Their names, in Newspeak: Minitrue, Minipax, Miniluv, and Miniplenty.   
     
   The Ministry of Love was the really frightening one. There were no windows in it at all. Winston had never been inside the Ministry of Love, nor within half a kilometre of it. It was a place impossible to enter except on official business, and then only by penetrating through a maze of barbed-wire entanglements, steel doors, and hidden machine-gun nests. Even the streets leading up to its outer barriers were roamed by gorilla-faced guards in black uniforms, armed with jointed truncheons.   
     
   Winston turned round abruptly. He had set his features into the expression of quiet optimism which it was advisable to wear when facing the telescreen. He crossed the room into the tiny kitchen. By leaving the Ministry at this time of day he had sacrificed his lunch in the canteen, and he was aware that there was no food in the kitchen except a hunk of dark-coloured bread which had got to be saved for tomorrow's breakfast. He took down from the shelf a bottle of colourless liquid with a plain white label marked VICTORY GIN. It gave off a sickly, oily smell, as of Chinese ricespirit. Winston poured out nearly a teacupful, nerved himself for a shock, and gulped it down like a dose of medicine.   
     
   Instantly his face turned scarlet and the water ran out of his eyes. The stuff was like nitric acid, and moreover, in swallowing it one had the sensation of being hit on the back of the head with a rubber club. The next moment, however, the burning in his belly died down and the world began to look more cheerful. He took a cigarette from a crumpled packet marked VICTORY CIGARETTES and incautiously held it upright, whereupon the tobacco fell out on to the floor. With the next he was more successful. He went back to the living-room and sat down at a small table that stood to the left of the telescreen.   
     
   For some reason the telescreen in the living-room was in an unusual position. Instead of being placed, as was normal, in the end wall, where it could command the whole room, it was in the longer wall, opposite the window. To one side of it there was a shallow alcove in which Winston was now sitting. By sitting in the alcove, and keeping well back, Winston was able to remain outside the range of the telescreen, so far as sight went. He could be heard, of course, but so long as he stayed in his present position he could not be seen.

   He took the book out of the drawer. It was a peculiarly beautiful book. Its smooth creamy paper, a little yellowed by age, was of a kind that had not been manufactured for at least forty years past. He had seen it lying in the window of a frowsy little junk-shop in a slummy quarter of the town (and had been stricken immediately by an overwhelming desire to possess it. Party members were supposed not to go into ordinary shops ('dealing on the free market', it was called), but the rule was not strictly kept, because there were various things, such as shoelaces and razor blades, which it was impossible to get hold of in any other way. He had given a quick glance up and down the street and then had slipped inside and bought the book for two dollars fifty. He had carried it guiltily home in his briefcase. Even with nothing written in it, it was a compromising possession. The thing that he was about to do was to open a diary. This was not illegal (nothing was illegal, since there were no longer any laws), but if detected it was reasonably certain that it would be punished by death, or at least by twenty-five years in a forced-labour camp.

   **Who controls the present controls the past**

   1. **How does ‘controlling the present’ give the government ultimate power over the society?**
   2. **How does controlling the present enable you to control the past?**
   3. **Why will society never question the government as a result of this idea?**

   **Extended Writing**: *In many cities the use of video cameras in public places is being increased to reduce crime, but some people believe these measures restrict individual freedom.* Do the benefits of increased security outweigh the drawbacks? Argue your point of view. [↑](#endnote-ref-3)