**IYOW and Summarising Article**

**Once the baby man was a figure to be mocked. Now, manfants such as Donald Trump are taking over**

[Tim Jonze](https://www.theguardian.com/profile/timjonze)

Why are we tolerating this widespread immaturity and not just sending them to bed with no pudding?

It’s the lumberjacks of South Dakota that I feel sorry for. Well, them and the Texan steer wrestlers. There they are, grinding through the toughest, manliest jobs known to manly men. And then they look up from breaking some poor alligator’s face, or whatever it is they do on their lunch break over mouthfuls of boar gristle, and what do they see? Their president-elect whining about someone being mean about his restaurant, or [gloating over The Apprentice’s ratings dip](https://twitter.com/realDonaldTrump/status/817348644647108609) under Arnold Schwarzenegger. That’s not really the strongman you were expecting, is it?

The definition of a “baby man”, [according to the Urban Dictionary](http://www.urbandictionary.com/define.php?term=babymen&defid=6567249), is: “A fully grown man that by all appearances looks normal. However, once you get to know him, you realise he’s a big baby trapped in a man’s body.” Apart from the bit about normal appearance, Donald Trump fits this description perfectly, and much has been said already about his toddler tendencies. But the depressing truth is that Trump is no anomaly. The baby man’s passage from fringe to the mainstream has been happening for some time, with the past 12 months a breakout year.

We had former pharmaceuticals boss and crybaby Martin Shkreli [leaking a Wu-Tang Clan album out of petulance](https://www.theguardian.com/music/2016/nov/09/martin-shkreli-wu-tang-clan-album-donald-trump) – such a naughty boy! We had José Mourinho concluding his slow descent from mind-games maestro to dressing-room diddums. We had Arron Banks – less a baby, more a kind of terrible twos in adult form – publishing a book called [The Bad Boys of Brexit](https://www.bitebackpublishing.com/books/arron-banks-brexit-diaries) without irony. We had [Justin Bieber screaming because his fans were screaming](https://www.theguardian.com/music/video/2016/oct/24/justin-bieber-walks-off-stage-in-manchester-after-fans-wont-stop-screaming-video). We had Piers Morgan. Oh, God, did we have Piers Morgan.

These baby men all have several things in common: they are all loaded, they are all in positions of privilege, and they should all be far happier with their lot. And yet, unable to achieve the constant praise and warm blankie they require, they yell for constant attention instead, even if they have to slander recently bereaved husbands or war heroes to get it. Why are we tolerating this widespread immaturity and not just sending them to bed with no pudding?

It wasn’t long ago that these big bubbas were nothing more than fringe figures, mocked for their inability to disguise the fact they had failed to reach full emotional maturity. They were the Matt Cardles of the world, and you could rightly poke fun at them freely, safe in the knowledge that they would never amount to anything more powerful or important. These days, though, the baby man has started to be taken seriously, his tantrums broadcast as fact.

With these new manfants suddenly taking the reins of power, being a pathetic mewling mess has become socially acceptable. In the UK, we have [the Brexiteers yelling “You lost, get over it!”](http://www.telegraph.co.uk/news/2016/06/24/dear-remainers-you-lost-stop-whinging-on-facebook/) whenever they are faced with a tricky argument. In the US, there are the [#ProudBoys](https://twitter.com/hashtag/proudboys?lang=en), a sort of baby-man movement created for failed jocks who need constant reassurance that daddy loves them.

Where did this collective insanity come from? Social media seems largely to blame, which is no surprise, as most parents know that handing their mobile phones to an infant usually results in disaster. Controversies such as #Gamergate showed these crybabies that not only were people willing to listen to their performative whingeing, but positively indulge it. Victim culture, a term frequently thrown at actual victims by the right, has been taken onboard wholesale by the very men least likely to be victims of anything. “But, mummy, *I* want to be the snowflake!” seems to be their hidden mantra.

Which leaves me wondering where all the traditionally macho men are? You know, the ones who boast about pulling themselves up by their bootstraps and can’t stand whingers and wimps? Surely some of these guys still exist, and voted Republican or for Brexit? So how do they feel about being led to the battlefield by men who [cry at mean impressions on TV](https://www.washingtonpost.com/news/arts-and-entertainment/wp/2016/11/20/fake-donald-trump-returns-to-snl-and-the-real-one-is-not-happy/?utm_term=.2d56de1da9d6)? Are they glad to let wealthy, the conspiracy theorists and the foreign powers infiltrate their lives while their so-called leaders are too busy crying on Twitter to stop them?

I never thought I would be calling for the day when men were men, but liberal democracy hasn’t done a very good job at stopping the overgrown tots, has it? If we have any chance of saving 2017, it feels like someone stubbly with a roll-up dangling from their mouth needs to grab these babbas by the scruffs of their necks and shake some backbone into them. Or at least give them all a smacked bot-bot. Because the baby men will soon be crawling over the nuclear codes like it’s a Learn’n’Groove musical-activity table. And when that happens, curling up in the foetal position, soiling our pants and crying for mummy will seem like the logical response for everyone.

**IYOW and Summarising Questions**

1. Explain in your own words why the writer says he “feels sorry for” lumberjacks and steer wrestlers in paragraph 1? **2 marks**
2. Explain in your own words what a ‘baby man’ is defined as, in paragraph  **2 marks**
3. Explain in your own words 2 of the examples of ‘baby men’ given in paragraph 3, and what they have done to seem childish. **2 marks**
4. Explain in your own words what the writer believes ‘baby men’ have in common (paragraph 4)  **3 marks**
5. Explain in your own words why, in paragraph 5, the writer says it used to be okay to mock ‘manfants’. **2 marks**
6. Explain in your own words what the word ‘manfant’ means and why it is an effect word to use (paragraph 6). **2 marks**
7. What does the writer suggest we need to do in order to ‘save 2017’? explain in your own words (paragraph 9) **2 marks**
8. Look at the passage as a whole. Summarise in your own words three reasons why ‘manfants’ appear to be gaining more power. **3 marks**

**/15**

**Word Choice, Sentence Structure and Imagery Article**

**I’ve left Twitter. It is unusable for anyone but trolls, robots and dictators**

[Lindy West](https://www.theguardian.com/profile/west-lindy)

For half a decade on the platform, I have been micromanaged by strangers and neo-Nazis have mined my personal life for vulnerabilities to exploit

I deactivated [my Twitter account](https://twitter.com/thelindywest?lang=en-gb) today. It was more of a spontaneous impulse than a New Year resolution, although it does feel like a juice cleanse, a moulting, a polar-bear plunge, a clean slate (except the opposite – like throwing your slate into a volcano and running). One moment I was brains-deep in the usual way, half-heartedly arguing with strangers about whether or not it’s “OK” to suggest to [Steve Martin](https://www.theguardian.com/culture/steve-martin) that calling [Carrie Fisher](https://www.theguardian.com/culture/carrie-fisher) [a “beautiful creature”](http://time.com/4619461/steve-martin-carrie-fisher-tribute/) who “turned out” to be “witty and bright as well” veered just a hair beyond Fisher’s stated boundaries regarding objectification (if you have opinions on this, don’t tweet me – oh, wait, you can’t); and the next moment the US president-elect was using the same platform to [mock North Korea](https://www.theguardian.com/world/2017/jan/03/trump-says-us-safe-from-north-korean-nuclear-strike-no-thanks-to-china) about the size and power of its nuclear program. And I realised: eh, I’m done. I could be swimming right now. Or flossing. Or digging a big, pointless pit. Anything else.

Twitter, for the past five years, has been a machine where I put in unpaid work and tension headaches come out. I write jokes there for free. I post political commentary for free. I answer questions for free. I teach feminism 101 for free. Off Twitter, these are all things by which I make my living – in fact, they comprise the totality of my income. But on [Twitter](https://www.theguardian.com/technology/twitter), I do them pro bono and, in return, I am micromanaged in real time by strangers; neo-Nazis mine my personal life for vulnerabilities to exploit; and men enjoy unfettered, direct access to my brain so they can inform me, for the thousandth time, that they would gladly rape me if I weren’t so fat.

I talk back and I am “feeding the trolls”. I say nothing and the harassment escalates. I report threats and I am a “censor”. I use mass-blocking tools to curb abuse and I am abused further for blocking “unfairly”. I have to conclude, after half a decade of troubleshooting, that it may simply be impossible to make this platform usable for anyone but trolls, robots and dictators.

Surprisingly, none of that is the reason I left. I still loved Twitter – the speed of information, the breadth of analysis, the jokes, the gifs, the chance to vet your instincts against those of people much smarter and better informed than you. Every day, people on Twitter – particularly people of colour, trans activists, disabled activists and sex workers – taught me how to be a better person and a better neighbour, a gift they persisted in dispensing even (always) at great personal cost. I still believe, at least in the rear-view mirror, in Twitter’s importance as a democratising force – helping to create direct, transparent access between the disempowered and the powerful, the marginalised and the ignorant. But I’m leaving anyway, for a while.

I hate to disappoint anyone, but the breaking point for me wasn’t the trolls themselves – it was the global effects of Twitter’s refusal to stop them. The white supremacist, anti-feminist, isolationist, transphobic “alt-right” movement has been beta-testing its propaganda and intimidation machine on marginalised Twitter communities for years now – how much hate speech will bystanders ignore? When will Twitter intervene and start protecting its users? – and discovered, to its leering delight, that the limit did not exist. No one cared. Twitter abuse was a grand-scale normalisation project, muddying long-held cultural givens such as “racism is bad” and “sexual assault is bad” and “lying is bad” and “authoritarianism is bad”, and ultimately greasing the wheels for [Donald Trump](https://www.theguardian.com/us-news/donaldtrump)’s ascendance to the US presidency. Twitter executives did nothing.

On 29 December, [Twitter CEO Jack Dorsey tweeted](https://twitter.com/jack/status/814537990366228480): “What’s the most important thing you want to see Twitter improve or create in 2017?” One user responded: “Comprehensive plan for getting rid of the Nazis.”

“We’ve been working on our policies and controls,” Dorsey replied. “What’s the next most critical thing?” Oh, what’s our second-highest priority after Nazis? I’d say No 2 is also Nazis. And No 3. In fact, you can just go ahead and slide “Nazis” into the top 100 spots. Get back to me when your website isn’t a roiling rat-king of Nazis. Nazis are bad, you see?

Trump uses his Twitter account to set hate mobs on private citizens, attempt to silence journalists who write unfavourably about him, lie to the American people and bulldoze complex diplomatic relationships with other world powers. I quit Twitter because it feels dirty to be a part of it – to generate money for it, participate in its profoundly broken culture and lend my name to it. Twitter is home to a wealth of fantastic anti-Trump organising, as well, but I’m personally weary of feeling hostage to a platform that has treated me and the people I care about so poorly. We can do good work elsewhere.

**Leaving Twitter Questions**

1. How does the writer use imagery in paragraph 1 to indicate that leaving Twitter felt refreshing? **3 marks**
2. Explain two ways in which the writer uses sentence structure to express her opinion more clearly in paragraph 1. **4 marks**
3. How does the writer use imagery in paragraph 2 to suggest that Twitter had become boring to her? **3 marks**
4. How does the writer’s sentence structure in paragraph 2 suggest that she feels she has given a lot to the Twitter community? **2 marks**
5. How does the writer’s use of punctuation in paragraph 3 indicate she doesn’t agree with how she is viewed on Twitter? **2 marks**
6. How does the writer’s word choice in paragraph 5 suggest the ‘alt-right’ on Twitter have behaved in an aggressive way? **2 marks**
7. How does the writer use word choice in paragraph 7 to suggest that Trump has used Twitter to intimidate others? Identify two examples.  **4 marks**

**20 marks**

**Link, S.S and Summarising Task**

**Using footballers’ wages as an example of excess is patronising and lazy**

[Marina Hyde](https://www.theguardian.com/profile/marinahyde)

Top-flight football is one of the few engines of social mobility that still works and those who play to the gallery are too lazy or dim to formulate a proper argument

In one sense, it is not the most enormous shock to find footballers’ pay is something on which [Jeremy Corbyn](https://www.theguardian.com/politics/jeremy-corbyn) disagrees with himself. A subject on which the Labour leader cannot hold two completely opposite opinions on the same day is increasingly a rarity.

Last week [Corbyn declared that there should be a cap on “grotesque” salaries](https://www.theguardian.com/politics/2017/jan/10/corbyn-proposes-maximum-wage-for-all-government-contractors). And whaddayaknow – [the very first example of such salaries upon which he alighted was in football](https://www.theguardian.com/politics/2017/jan/10/jeremy-corbyn-calls-for-maximum-wage-law). “Certainly, the salaries that are paid to some footballers are simply ridiculous,” he stated, adding: “Some of the salaries paid to very high-earning top executives of companies are utterly ridiculous.”

Then, at the weekend, Corbyn seemed to have changed tack. His idea of a salary cap would not be extended to footballers, he told Andrew Marr, because they weren’t bosses. As he put it this time: “Footballers, while they are paid ludicrous sums of money which I suppose we all pay for through our tickets, in reality they’re employees for quite a short time with those clubs.” Mmm. You’ll note the quality of Jeremy’s mercy is strained.

It’s odd how you never hear politicians banging on about movie actors getting paid too much

At time of going to press, it was difficult to speculate which way the pendulum inside Jeremy’s noggin was swinging or, indeed, where it would be 48 hours hence. What can be said with certainty is that in all arguments about pay and equality – whoever is making them this week or any week – football should be right down anyone sensible’s list of give-a-tosses.

It is always telling when people who are supposed to have big ideas fall back on tipping all over the [Premier League](https://www.theguardian.com/football/premierleague). I hate to break it to them but whingeing about footballers is not a big idea. They should have other fish to fry. Aside from anything else, top-flight football is one of the few engines of social mobility that still works in this country. Albeit for only a talented few, but hey – that already makes it more effective in this regard than almost every other profession. Yet it is footballer remuneration that is mentioned most frequently and most disparagingly by people in public life seeking to get attention.

What is it that they so detest about top-flight football, with its remorseless habit of creating working‑class millionaires? And so many black working-class millionaires, at that. I mean, really – of all the possible professions to pick, football would be one of my last ones, not least because it entertains so many people (however much they moan about it). It’s odd how you never hear politicians banging on about movie actors getting paid too much. Perhaps it’s because [the working‑class actor is a more endangered species](https://www.theguardian.com/film/2016/may/08/working-class-actors-disappearing-britain-class-privilege-access-posh) than it was even decades ago, so that branch of entertainment is not regarded as such a pressingly uppity problem.

And so it is that you frequently hear a footballer’s contract discussed in terms of how many NHS nurses it would fund, but weirdly never hear how many Mesut Özils a banking bailout could have provided instead. That certainly says something about the way our society is structured – but not the thing that the anti-Premier League crowd think it says.

For my money, there is no clearer indication of a policy’s essential weakness than to find it primarily illustrated via recourse to the Premier League. Using footballers as an example for anything is the lamest sort of playing to the gallery, always indulged in by people too lazy or dim to formulate a proper argument. Furthermore, it always has the whiff of something patronisingly packaged to appeal to “ordinary people” in the sort of language “they” understand

Indeed, instead of going along with it, I wish Corbyn had firmly resisted Marr’s reliance on that old footballing insult, “we pay your wages”. “We pay your wages” is such a loathsome sentiment. Some might think it more refined to say it on a TV show sofa, as opposed to scream it behind the goal, but it made me shudder even harder.

Those who think it’s OK to direct that comment at footballers should probably ask whether they’d toss it in the direction of serving staff in a restaurant they were eating in or a station cleaner who looked like they’d missed a bit. If they would, then at least they’re consistently unpleasant. If they wouldn’t, they need to dispense with the idea that the sums of money involved make it justifiable in one instance and not another. There are a few obvious exceptions to this rule – discovering your elected member of parliament has abused your trust [and claimed moat-cleaning expenses](https://www.theguardian.com/politics/2009/may/19/douglas-hogg-mps-expenses) and so on – but as a general principle it’s a cringeworthy thing to say.

As a man who gets paid an extra £62,440 from the public purse, supposedly for the task of leading Her Majesty’s opposition, it’s probably not one Corbyn ought wisely to get into.

**Footballers’ Wages Questions**

1. “Then, at the weekend, Corbyn seemed to have changed tack.”

How does this sentence act as a link between paragraphs 2 and 3?  **4 marks**

1. How does the writer’s use of punctuation suggest that she does not agree with Jeremy Corbyn’s opinion of footballer wages in paragraph 2? **2 marks**
2. How does paragraph 4 act as a turning point in the passage, from basic news story to opinion piece?  **4 marks**
3. “What is it that they so detest about top-flight football, with its remorseless habit of creating working‑class millionaires?” How does this sentence act as a link between paragraphs 6 and 7? **4 marks**
4. How does the writer use punctuation to express her opinion on football fans in paragraph 7?  **2 marks**
5. Look at the passages as a whole. Summarise the writer’s main reasons why we should not blame footballers for their large pay.  **4 marks**

**20 marks**

**Word Choice and Tone**

**A man recently broke into my church. Good on him, I say**

[Giles Fraser](https://www.theguardian.com/profile/gilesfraser)

When I had the keys to St Paul’s, I often sat in there at night on my own. So I can understand why one man would go to such desperate lengths to pray

The church door had been forced open during the night. The church warden arrived early on Tuesday morning to unlock the place, only to discover the side door already swinging open. Her heart sank. We do have occasional robberies, although [since the candlesticks were taken](https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/belief/2015/mar/20/not-feeling-terribly-les-mis-my-nicked-candlesticks) we have little of value left to pinch. And besides the thieving, there is always the threat of vandalism. Windows are often being smashed, and our church hall was deliberately burned down a few years ago – by bored kids, I suspect, although the police have never arrested anyone. So the warden was right to be cautious as she stepped inside.

The first thing she noticed was that all the candles had been lit. And by all, I mean all. The main altar candles, the side altar candles, about 20 or so on the votive candle stand, the one in front of Our Lady, and so on. For a high church establishment such as ours, lighting all the candles is quite an undertaking. And there, sitting a few pews up from the front, a solitary man sat still. He hadn’t broken in to rob or damage, he had broken in to pray. And judging by the amount of candle wax he burned, he had been there half the night.

They chatted. He apologised for the door. And then left. Later that evening, as the weekly congregation gathered at our properly designated evening prayer time – what some call “organised religion” – we agreed that there was much to admire in a man who had gone to such remarkable lengths simply to get into a church to pray. Call the police? Certainly not – would that more people were so keen to come to church.

“Was he, erm, OK… if you follow?” asked a friend on Twitter. That could have meant anything, of course. But I took her to be asking if he was a bit unstable, unhinged maybe. “Are any of us OK, if you follow?” I replied, deflecting the question. I’m certainly not “OK, if you follow”, and never have been. And maybe that’s why I also need to sit alone in church and pray.

Years ago, when I had the keys to St Paul’s Cathedral, I would frequently sit in there on my own at night. And I do the same now in my bombed-out 1960s community church. Of course you can do it elsewhere, but these are places set aside for it. Here the silence creeps into me, a bit like the cold. Not the silence of empty nothingness but the silence of sitting comfortably with a friend. And into that silence I bring all that is not OK with me.

The chemistry of prayer is the meeting of these two elements: that little piece of hidden desperation that some (most, all?) of us carry around with us, often without owning up to it, and that vast expanse of purposeful silence, the shorthand for which is God. In my experience, these two elements are drawn to each other. And the slow reaction between them is worth breaking into any church to find.

There are various accelerants to this chemical reaction – the repetition of liturgical formulas, even lighting candles. Like all organised religion, this is easy enough to sneer at. But key to the reaction is silence and time. For both of these eat away at our excuses, our false hopes, our lack of reality. Self-serving nonsense doesn’t easily survive the rigours of time and silence. And in this fantasy-busting environment I am lent the courage to open the most defended bits of me to the infinite love of God.

Sorry, this is probably far too religious a thing to say in a secular newspaper. And in a wider culture that has got so used to defending itself with irony and sarcasm. To say what one believes straight up is to break the code of collective insincerity – the punishment for which is a rather predictable ridicule.

But for those of us who are “not OK”, we have little choice but to accept this as a consequence. The need for God can be just too strong, overwhelming. And I totally get why someone might break into a church to find it. So, good on him. I hope he found what he was looking for.

**Church Questions**

1. How does the writer use word choice in paragraph 1 to indicate that the break in had an emotional effect on the church warden? **2 marks**
2. How does the writer’s word choice in paragraph 1 suggest that the church has faced similar incidents in the past? **2 marks**
3. How does the writer’s word choice indicate a surprised yet almost impressed tone in paragraph 2? **2 marks**
4. What is the writer’s opinion on the break in, and how does his use of language convey this in paragraph 3? Give two examples. **3 marks**
5. What tone does the writer’s friend use when asking about the condition of the man? Give evidence in your answer. (paragraph 4) **2 marks**
6. How does the writer’s word choice in paragraph 7 suggest other people have a negative opinion of churches? **2 marks**
7. How does the conclusion to the passage effectively sum up the writer’s opinion on the break in? Use evidence from the conclusion, and earlier in the passage in your answer. **4 marks**
8. Looking at paragraphs 5-9, summarise three reasons why the writer believes churches can be places of security for those in need. **3 marks**

**20 marks**

**Full Paper Practice**

Homeless people aren’t subhuman. One day that might be you sleeping rough

[Penny Anderson](https://www.theguardian.com/profile/pennyanderson)

Labour MP Simon Danczuk’s disdainful tweet treats those on the streets as outliers. But the biggest cause of homelessness is simply the end of a short-term tenancy

Whenever I see a homeless person begging on the street, my first thought is: “That could be me.” Former Tory MP Sir George Young, however was infamously claimed to have described the homeless as “[people you step over when you come out of the opera](https://www.theguardian.com/commentisfree/2016/dec/20/working-homeless-britain-economy-minimum-wage-zero-hours)”. Do you feel his pain? How irritating to have a night of high culture so hindered.

But the thwarted entertainment need not be grand. Labour MP Simon Danczuk recently [tweeted his vexation](http://www.manchestereveningnews.co.uk/news/greater-manchester-news/mp-simon-danczuk-branded-heartless-12452531) after encountering “beggars” close to a pub: “Begging – counted 4 beggars between Rochdale Exchange & Wheatsheaf entrances last Tuesday. Should at very least be moved on.”

Annoyance at finding your way blocked by people some regard as subhuman underpins the mental gymnastics required for those who believe that homeless people are outliers and that being without a roof to sleep under could never happen to them. In the UK the biggest single cause of homelessness is [a short-term tenancy ending](https://www.theguardian.com/society/2016/dec/01/shelter-homelessness-england-charity-poverty-social-housing), with no need for tenants to be at fault. Live under an assured shorthold tenancy? You could be served two months’ no-fault notice. Anyone defaulting on mortgage payments faces losing their home in a similarly short timescale. If your landlord insists on turfing you out and you have no guarantor while on low/no pay, the dreaded sofa-surfing will seem like a blessing.

If you are unable find another place to rent (or to buy? Please …) previously understanding friends soon tire of your downbeat presence in their spare room, imagining that you have control over your life and aren’t trying hard enough, when in fact even the prospect of life on the streets undermines even the bravest person’s ability to cope with ordinary everyday challenges. Add to this another myth: that emergency housing such as hostels (memorably described by a friend who had worked in one as “the closest thing to a Turkish prison”) are in truth positively luxurious, and if you avoid their charms you must be a fusspot.

Tenants are especially vulnerable if their relationship has broken down, after moving to another city while on low pay, or if they are ill (especially mentally ill, due to both prejudice and perhaps concomitant chaotic lifestyle). There exists a notion that some wonderful massive magic giant angel hand gathers homeless people to comfort them before making everything better. And so another wrong-headed idea arises: that it’s possible to “go to the council” who will supply a lovely home. Dream on.

I have on two occasions been moments away from actual, roofless homelessness, once when I was evicted without proper notice. Everyone I knew believed that since I have a chronic health condition I would be swiftly housed by the local authority. I knew better, but still applied. A kindly council officer jumped through logistical hoops to record me as vulnerable, but I was insufficiently ill, apparently. (Mercifully in Scotland, where I now live, being homeless is in itself considered vulnerable).

It is also necessary to demonstrate a “local connection”. Consequently, anyone who has, for example, moved recently to a new area to find short-term work could slip through fraying safety nets to find themselves sleeping outside. Add to this the fact that applicants must navigate councils who “gatekeep” – in other words, try their best to avoid responsibility for housing them because they have nowhere to place applicants, not even basic emergency accommodation. If you are poor and in arrears, you will be considered to have caused your own homelessness, which permits authorities to escape responsibility.

I was once homeless after a landlord sold my rented flat. Friends (including some who had enjoyed my hospitality prior to moving into the homes they were buying) grew intolerant of my frazzled presence in their spare room. I explained that I was struggling, but nobody grasped that my situation was serious, that the council wouldn’t house me and doubted my insistence that the private rental sector was closing its doors. Desperate and with nowhere else to go, eventually I found a cheap hotel, which devoured my dwindling resources. Just days from the pavement, I found a flat. I was saved, but it was a near miss. Otherwise you might have been stepping over me.

People such as Danczuk are misguided when they openly disdain the poor beggars enduring a cascade of problems of which homelessness is only the beginning. When you step over someone on the way to the pub, opera, shops or your own home, think about this for a while: there but for fate go all of us.

**Homelessness Article**

1. Identify the tone used by the writer in paragraph 1, and give evidence for your answer. **2 marks**
2. How does the writer’s word choice in paragraph 3 confirm that some consider homeless people as inferior to them?  **2 marks**
3. Explain in your own words what could happen if you fail to pay your mortgage in time (paragraph 3)?  **2 marks**
4. How does the writer use sentence structure in paragraph 4 to demonstrate her opinion on the housing market? **2 marks**
5. Explain in your own words 3 things that might make someone ‘vulnerable’ to homelessness (paragraph 5). **3 marks**
6. How does the writer use imagery in paragraph 7 to demonstrate the likely possibility of people who are new to a city/country becoming homeless? **3 marks**
7. How does the writer’s use of word choice in paragraph 8 suggest she was in a desperate situation? Give two examples and clearly explain them. **4 marks**
8. Referring to ideas or techniques used by the writer, how do they create an effective conclusion to this passage? **2 marks**

**20 marks**

**Strange things happen in other people’s homes. With Airbnb it's all part of the service**

[Brigid Delaney](https://www.theguardian.com/profile/brigiddelaney)

Marvelling at the messiness of other people’s lives, negotiating awkward silences – staying in an Airbnb is weird because people are weird

So there I was, looking forward to a Saturday morning lie-in at my [Airbnb](https://www.theguardian.com/technology/airbnb) when the host knocked on the door just before 9am.

“Err, I forgot to tell you, there’s an open for inspection. You’ll have to get up, clean your room and pretend you’re my cousin.”

“What?”

I peered out the window. Typical Sydney. There were hundreds of people in activewear snaked around the block to see this inner-city terrace. A woman with a clipboard stood at the front of the queue and unfolded one of those for lease signs, and the people surged in. My host disappeared down the street for a coffee, people walked up the stairs – iPhone cameras at 50 paces – and half asleep I answered questions about whether there was a second bathroom (I’m not sure), is this house always this hot (it has been hot the last two nights), and is the neighbourhood safe? (It’s all right).

Once again, Airbnb had brought a little bit of unexpected weirdness to my life.

No matter how glossy and cool the Airbnb advertising is, with all the shiny shots of people staying in Airstreams in Texas backyards or converted air-conditioned food trucks in New Orleans, staying in an Airbnb is weird because people are weird, and their lives are complicated, their routines unique and their bookshelves are windows into their souls. Conversations are curious, and awkward silences are things to be negotiated. You cannot be on automatic pilot at an Airbnb because strange things happen in other people’s homes, on their patch, across their kitchen tables.

The night before I had to pretend be to my Airbnb host’s cousin, as part of Sydney festival I’d seen a play in a multi-storey car park. It was boiling hot – 44C – and we had to carry around these little chairs to various spots in the car park where the actors were clustered. We were also given headsets, which were worn at various times. All the time we were wondering: what would happen next? Where would the story go? What would we be made to do?

This was life! This was how people lived! This was temple life! This was the weirdest place I’d stayed in.

People seek out these experiences. They pay for it – the confusion of not knowing what’s next, the experience of disorientation. With Airbnb it’s all part of the service.

The weirdest Airbnb I stayed at was a Zen Buddhist temple.

“Did you read the rules on the website about your time here?” asked my host, who was not a Buddhist monk, but helped run the temple. No, I had not.

One of the rules – in addition to daily meditation starting with gonging at 5.30am, and two hours’ work around the temple – was that we were to fast from about 6pm until lunchtime the next day. If I had read the rules, I would have brought snacks.

After working in the temple, meditating and napping, at night we sat around with the monk and our host drinking good whiskey and massive cans of beer.

In addition to running the Airbnb at the temple, my host also had a mail-order business in making and distributing anti-chafing cream for the male chastity belt community. That night I learned the male chastity belt community is mainly straight, wives buy the belts for their husbands because of some past misdemeanour on a business trip, and the mesh belts hurt like hell sometimes because of chafing. Hence the need for cream.

In the mornings I sat in a hot laundry room, surrounded by large piles of pillowcases and tea towels, folding them with the monk’s mother, who was almost 100 and spent much of her day watching US sport and Korean soap operas.

Folding laundry was my temple service. I was weak from fasting, hungover from the whiskey, tired from the predawn gonging, still confused by the idea that there was a male chastity belt community for whom secondary products could be marketed – yet, yet ... this was life! This was how people lived! This was temple life! This was the strangest place I’d stayed in.

Only a few days before I’d been in Seoul, where the most personal thing about my hotel was the card programmed to open the door to my room.

You go to hotels for the absence of eccentricity, for the impersonal service, for the invisible hand of turndown service and the restocking of the mini bar.

But you go into an Airbnb in part to marvel at the messiness of the lives of others.

**Air BNB Questions**

1. How does the writer create a conversational tone in the opening paragraph? **2 marks**
2. How does the writer’s word choice in paragraph 2 suggest the host was uncomfortable telling the writer this news? **2 marks**
3. How does the writer’s use of verbs in paragraph 4 suggest many people wanted to view the property she was staying in? pick two examples and explain. **4 marks**
4. How does the writer use punctuation to express her opinion in paragraph 4? **2 marks**
5. In your own words, explain the reasons the writer gives for why Airbnb is ‘weird’ (paragraph 6) **3 marks**
6. How does the writer use imagery in paragraph 6 to suggest Airbnb properties give you an understanding of what the host is like? **3 marks**
7. How does the writer’s use of sentence structure indicate that Airbnb experiences can be exciting, in paragraph 7?  **2 marks**
8. In your own words, explain how do the final two paragraphs of the passage effectively sum up the writer’s point about why people choose to use Airbnb.  **2 marks**

**20 marks**