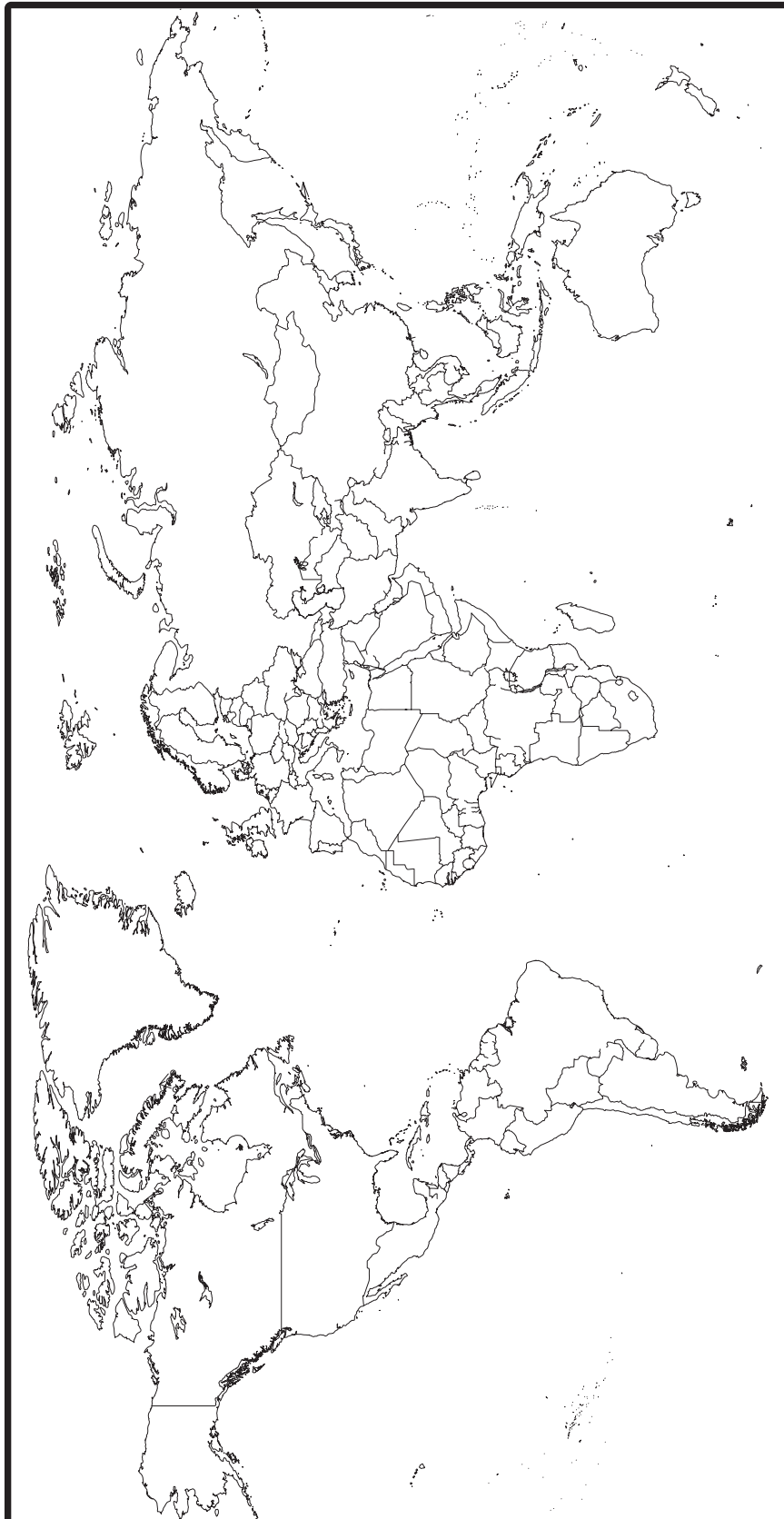


H1

Welcome to Brazil

WORLD MAP



H1

Welcome to Brazil

INEQUALITY PLAYING CARDS

Population	Life Expectancy	Gross National Income (GNI) per person (US\$)	% of people living on < \$1 a day	Infant Mortality (under-5)	Human Development Index (HDI) Ranking	Number of young people under-18	Number of Street Children
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
 60 million Source: UNICEF	 79 Source: UNICEF	 \$33,940 Source: UNICEF	 no data Source: UNICEF	 6 Source: UNICEF	 18 th (of 177 countries) Source: UNDP	 13,208,000 Source: UNICEF	 130,000 (Homeless young people) Source: Shelter
 184 million Source: UNICEF	 71 Source: UNICEF	 \$3,090 Source: UNICEF	 8% (14,720,000 people) Source: UNICEF	 34 Source: UNICEF	 69 th (of 177 countries) Source: UNDP	 62,194,000 Source: UNICEF	 7-8 million Source: Inciardi and Surratt (1997)

H1

Your home is the street?

FEELING CARDS

Home		
Street		
Friends	Freedom	Safety
Danger	Play	Sleep
Warmth	Eating	Comfort
Fear	Cold	Family

H1

A Snatched Glance

A SNATCHED GLANCE SCRIPT

Narrator: The scene is a street. On the pavement lie blankets. Clothes hang across the metal crash barrier running alongside. A shack has been built. Two boys for whom this is their home play draughts on a board made of cardboard; their pieces bottle tops. A third flies a kite made from a plastic bag. He looks up.

Boy 1: I wonder if he's seen me? Or is he going to walk by again. Each day I fly my kite, each day he walks by, his eyes glazed, fixed with purpose. They're always rushing about, these men with their briefcases. Too busy.

Narrator: Spanning the pavement there is a bridge over which people travel from a housing estate to the train station. A man walks hurriedly across the bridge. He looks down.

Man: There he is again! Each day I go to work, each day he flies his kite, just standing there his eyes glazed, fixed with drugs. They're always drugged these kids with their kites. Too lazy.

Boy 1: Would it trouble him too much to stop here for a while? To maybe shout hello from his bridge up there? To find help?

Man: Would it trouble him too much to go somewhere else for a while? To say goodbye to his street down there? To find help.

Narrator: Another boy sits on the pavement. Watching.

Boy 2: All day I watch them, their snatched glance. Each day I wonder what they are thinking in that moment? In that moment when two eyes meet. In the moment when a connection is made.