

...a homeless man by Sam Browne Carrying a sleeping bag and wearing scruffy clothes, I headed for the spacious store doorways where the homeless spend their nights. I got into my sleeping bag in the large, well-lit doorway of a boutique, but I couldn't sleep. It wasn't just the biting cold, but I was constantly aware of people walking close to my head and the hard stone floor dug into my shoulder and hip. I finally dozed off, only to be woken up at about 5 a.m. by the cleaners who arrived to wash the steps. At the public toilets I couldn't believe the reflection I saw in the mirror. My eyes were red and puffy, my skin pale and my hair was frizzy. I looked terrible.