

## Appendix 1

### Imago - Young Carers Contract

1st May 2016 to 30 November 2021

Gender	No of individuals	% of Population
Female	5088	55%
Male	4138	45%
Prefer not to say	28	0%
Other	19	0%
<b>Total Respondents</b>	<b>9273</b>	

Ethnicity Breakdown of YCs referred between May 2016 to date	No of individuals	% of Population
Asian or Asian British	4	0.0%
Asian or Asian British - Arab	12	0.1%
Asian or Asian British - Bangladeshi	28	0.3%
Asian or Asian British - Chinese	3	0.0%
Asian or Asian British - Indian	54	0.6%
Asian or Asian British - Other	33	0.4%
Asian or Asian British - Pakistani	13	0.1%
Black or Black British	2	0.0%
Black or Black British - African	59	0.6%
Black or Black British - Caribbean	28	0.3%
Black or Black British - Other	27	0.3%
Mixed - Other	116	1.3%
Mixed - White and Asian	62	0.7%
Mixed - White and Black African	54	0.6%
Mixed - White and Black Caribbean	135	1.5%
Mixed White	5	0.1%
Other Ethnic Group	17	0.2%
Prefer Not to Say	49	0.5%
Traveller / Romany Community	66	0.7%
White	29	0.3%
White - British	8122	87.6%
White - English	189	2.0%
White - Irish	21	0.2%
White - Northern Irish	1	0.0%
White - Other	139	1.5%
White - Scottish	1	0.0%
White - Welsh	4	0.0%
<b>Total</b>	<b>9273</b>	

## Appendix 3

### Who Am I? A poem written by young carers in SYC

May I have your attention? A few minutes of your time,  
Take a break from your life, I'll tell you how I live mine.  
See this face? See this smile? See these eyes open wide?  
It's a mask to disguise how I'm feeling inside,  
I'm one in twelve in my city, yet it's hard to describe,  
But just give me a moment, I promise, I'll try.  
I'm a cook; a cleaner; a doctor; a healer,  
A helper; a sitter; a supporter; a leader,  
By my demeanour, it may not always be clear that I'm needed,  
When my mum takes a fall, has a fit or a seizure,  
When my brother breaks his toys and I pick up the pieces,  
When his autism means that even though I pleaded,  
He kicks and he screams and every day this is repeated,  
But before bed, I still hug him, because I know he doesn't mean it.  
And some might say that this sounds strange,  
Why I have all these skills and I don't even get paid,  
When I get home from school and make sure the table is laid,  
Because my dad is upstairs, still in bed, still afraid,  
Oh, I'm sorry, did I not mention?  
That his mind is affected by stress and by tension,  
Depression that means he requires my attention,  
So my homework goes unwritten with no chance of extension.  
I shop; I feed; I help shower and bathe,  
I wash; I make sure that the beds are all made,  
I talk; I listen; I cuddle; I play,  
I make sure that the medicine is stored safely away.  
And even though I know that those who love me understand,  
It's hard to keep up friendships when I have to cancel plans,  
When phone calls go unanswered, when they say they'll lend a hand,  
Sometimes it feels that it's only me who can.  
So thank you for listening, To the words I have to say,  
About how I live my life, About what I do each day,  
I hope; I dream; I wonder; I pray,  
**Because I'm a young carer, And I wouldn't have it any other way.**

## Appendix 4 – Triple C log – Compliments, Comments and Complaints



3C'sKYCJuly-Sept20  
21Anon