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I read and answer

A London Crossing Sweeper 100 Years Ago

My name is Lucy, and I am a crossing sweeper. I am ten years old, I think. I live with my old grandmother, as both my parents are dead.

I started sweeping my crossing to help my father. He was a cripple, as he had been wounded when he was a soldier.

After he was wounded he was just able to shuffle along with a broom and a crutch.

When I see a nicely dressed lady or gentleman who wants to cross the road, I sweep in front of them. Then they can keep their clothes clean from the mess and dirt in the road.

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I ask them for a halfpenny. But I don't always get one.

from **A London Crossing Sweeper** by H. Grant Scarfe