

# Print Writing Practice

Name: \_\_\_\_\_ Date: \_\_\_\_\_

When the general and his pack reached the

place by the sea, the Cossack stopped. For

some minutes he stood regarding the

blue-green expanse of water. Then he sat

down, took a drink of brandy from a silver

flask, lit a perfumed cigarette, and

hummed a bit from "Madama Butterfly."