

# Print Writing Practice

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

Things were looking pretty bad again, when

suddenly Bilbo reappeared, and charged into the

astonished spiders unexpectedly from the side.

Go on! Go on! he shouted. I will do the stinging!

And he did. He darted backwards and forwards,

slashing at spider-threads, hacking at their legs,

and stabbing at their fat bodies if they came too

near.