

# Print Writing Practice

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

His little face was set and grim. Already he

was a very different hobbit from the one

that had run out without a

pocket-handkerchief from Bag-End long

ago. He had not had a pocket-handkerchief

for ages. He loosened his dagger in its

sheath, tightened his belt, and went on.