

# Print Writing Practice

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

Some two hours after his escape from the

Gate, Bilbo was sitting beside a warm fire in

front of a large tent, and there sat too, gazing

curiously at him, both the Elvenking and Bard. A

hobbit in elvish armour, partly wrapped in an old

blanket, was something new to them. "Really

you know," Bilbo was saying in his best business

manner, "things are impossible."