

Print Writing Practice

Name: _____ Date: _____

When I returned to partial life my face was

wet with tears. How long that state of

insensibility had lasted I cannot say. I had no

means now of taking account of time. Never

was solitude equal to this, never had any living

being been so utterly forsaken. After my fall I

had lost a good deal of blood. I felt it flowing

over me.