

Print Writing Practice

Name: _____ Date: _____

I found myself lying on the sloping side of a

mountain only two yards from a gaping gulf,

which would have swallowed me up had I leaned

at all that way. Hans had saved me from death

whilst I lay rolling on the edge of the crater.

"Where are we?" asked my uncle irascibly, as if

he felt much injured by being landed upon the

earth again.