

# Print Writing Practice

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

It was not long before they grew to hate the

forest as heartily as they had hated the tunnels

of the goblins, and it seemed to offer even less

hope of any ending. But they had to go on and

on, long after they were sick for a sight of the

sun and of the sky, and longed for the feel of

wind on their faces. There was no movement

of air down under the forest-roof...