

Print Writing Practice

Name: _____ Date: _____

Alas! the fall upon our fated raft of this electric

globe has magnetised every iron article on board.

The instruments, the tools, our guns, are

clashing and clanking violently in their collisions

with each other; the nails of my boots cling

tenaciously to a plate of iron let into the

timbers, and I cannot draw my foot away from

the spot.