

# Print Writing Practice

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

My overheated brain conjured up visions of

white plains of cool snow, where I might roll and

allay my feverish heat. Little by little my brain,

weakened by so many constantly repeated

shocks, seemed to be giving way altogether. But

for the strong arm of Hans I should more than

once have had my head broken against the

granite roof of our burning dungeon.