

# Print Writing Practice

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

Every time he looked at my prisoner, I saw that

sawbones turn sick and white with the desire to

kill him. I knew what was in his mind, just as he

knew what was in mine; and killing being out of

the question, we did the next best. We told the

man we could and would make such a scandal

out of this as should make his name stink from

one end of London to the other.