

# Print Writing Practice

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

It chanced on Sunday, when Mr. Utterson was

on his usual walk with Mr. Enfield, that their

way lay once again through the by-street; and

that when they came in front of the door, both

stopped to gaze on it. "Well," said Enfield, "that

storys at an end at least. We shall never see

more of Mr. Hyde."

"I hope not," said Utterson.