



Dynamic Indicators of Basic Early Literacy Skills 8th Edition

Maze Benchmark

Grade 3

Student Materials

Name: _____

Date: _____

Practice Passage

Tom goes to a school far from his house. Every morning, he
takes a school _____ to go to school. In the _____, he also
takes a bus home.



Correct: _____

Incorrect: _____

Adjusted Score: _____

The Secret Desert

My family lives in a two-story house on a dead-end street with a
little forest where it ends. The trees there are all evergreen .

They grow so close together you've to turn sideways to get
through. is always cool and dark in forest.

One day, I left my lying on its side and walked
the evergreens. My feet made no on the thick carpet of
brown needles. It was so still, I hear my

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own breath and even heart beating.

Finally, I came out the cool and dark forest
into hot sun. I saw then that was standing

on the edge of big hollow. As far as I see

there was nothing but sand. was a desert!

I took off sweatshirt and tied it around my ,

like a turban, to keep off blazing sun. I walked out into

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sand. As I walked, I looked for camels and
palm trees, but only saw tire tracks.

The tracks big. It looked like they'd been by
trucks. Then there were some that were so deep they looked

they'd been made by a bulldozer. what were
trucks and a bulldozer in a desert?

I walked for seemed like a long time, but

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seemed to be no end to desert. I was very hot and

. I decided to turn around and back to the cool

evergreen forest. I reached the shade of the

trees, I was a little dizzy. sat down for a few minutes

the coolness. Then I walked all way through the forest, got on

bike, and rode slowly home.

That at supper I asked my dad

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the desert. I told him about tire and bulldozer tracks I'd seen

in the middle. He said that place was called a

“Sand-Pit.” Trucks to go there to dig out haul

away tons of sand. Builders the sand to make cement to

houses on. He also said that house foundation

had probably used cement with sand from the Sand-Pit.

“Oh?” murmured. But I wasn't really paying

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. My dad always had interesting things say about

just about everything. I simply felt disappointed that not only was my

secret desert not a secret, it wasn't even a real desert.

