



# Dynamic Indicators of Basic Early Literacy Skills 8<sup>th</sup> Edition

*Maze* Benchmark

Grade 4

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: \_\_\_\_\_

## Working on Cars


Annabelle liked to work on cars with her dad. Her dad owned a classic 1965 Mustang he was busily restoring, and she helping him with the work. They together in the garage with the wide open to let in some , and fans blowing on them. On days Annabelle wore an old, torn of blue jeans and a faded . She tied her hair up in bun to keep it out of eyes. Her dad wore sweatpants and frayed flannel shirt that was missing two , and a pair of old carpet that he didn't mind ruining. By end of a day of work both looked as if they had crawling around in puddles of oil grease for hours at a time, of

Keep going 

course they had.

Whenever her \_\_\_\_\_ asked for a part or tool, \_\_\_\_\_ would  
rummage in the tool box \_\_\_\_\_ find it and then hand it \_\_\_\_\_ to him as  
quickly as possible. \_\_\_\_\_ knew the names of all the \_\_\_\_\_ in his toolbox  
and all the \_\_\_\_\_ tools on his workbench as well. \_\_\_\_\_ knew about  
hammers and pullers, about \_\_\_\_\_ that raised the car up and \_\_\_\_\_ that let  
her father slide underneath \_\_\_\_\_ chassis. She knew how to handle  
these items safely.

Annabelle was proud \_\_\_\_\_ all the skills she'd learned in \_\_\_\_\_ a  
short time -- in under a \_\_\_\_\_. Her father was proud of her, \_\_\_\_\_. He  
often said things to Annabelle \_\_\_\_\_, "Good work," or "You're learning this

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,” or “Thatta girl.” Working on cars her dad lifted

Annabelle’s spirits. It hard not to feel good when were

together like this on a day with the smell of grease the

clatter of tools and the playing loudly.

One day, they were together when a boy from the


walked by. He stopped in front the garage door and

stared at Annabelle. had grease on her shirt and was handing

a ball peen hammer her father.

“Hey!” the boy said. “ don’t work on cars.”

Annabelle shook head. “Whatever gave you that strange

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?” she said. “I’m a girl, and is a car that I’m working

. So, I guess we do.”

The thought about what Annabelle had said. Then he laughed and asked, “Can you teach me how to do it sometime?”

