

Dynamic Indicators of Basic Early Literacy Skills 6th Edition

DIBELS

Second Grade Student Materials DIBELS Benchmark Assessment

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Available:
<http://dibels.uoregon.edu/>

Instructions:
These are reusable student stimulus materials. Make one copy for each person who is doing the benchmark testing. They can be laminated and comb bound for reuse.

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Mom's New Job

Yesterday my mom started her new job. Her job is to drive a school bus every morning. She took driving classes to get ready for her new job. She had to get a special license, too. She wears a dark blue uniform with a yellow vest.

Now that she is driving a school bus, my mom has to get up even earlier than we do. She has to be at work on time or the children won't get to school on time. She does her best to get everyone to school on time.

When I came down to the kitchen for breakfast yesterday, Dad and Mom were eating cereal and drinking coffee together. Since Mom has to leave early, I knew she wouldn't have time to make my breakfast anymore. I sat down and fixed myself a bowl of cereal.

"Did you make my lunch, Mom?" I asked.

"I made it for you," said Dad. "I made mom's and mine, too."

"We're all going to take turns making lunches," Mom said. "Next week you'll get to make all three lunches."

That afternoon when I came home from school, I smelled something good. There was mom in the kitchen, taking chocolate chip cookies out of the oven.

"I made a treat for our lunches tomorrow," she said. "Here, you may have one."

"How was your second day on the job, Mom?" I asked.

"Just great, honey. I love my new job," she said.

My Handprints

We have our handprints hanging on the wall at our house. When my brother and I were little we made them for Mother's Day. We each pushed our hands into the wet clay. After the clay dried, our teacher wrote our names on them. She made holes to hang the handprints up. After they were finished, we gave them to our mom. Mom said they were beautiful works of art.

Once we took a vacation to the Southwest. We saw how the Zunis used their handprints to tell stories. We visited caves where there were handprints all over the walls. The prints were very, very old. Some were little and some were big. The Zunis dipped their hands in colored clay that looked like paint. Then they pressed their hands on the walls of the cave.

Each handprint was like writing a name on the wall. Today the handprints are like history books. They tell the stories of the people who used to live there. We didn't touch the handprints because even one fingerprint could ruin them.

We wanted to bring home reminders of our visit. We went to the Zuni gift shop. My mother bought a pin that is shaped like a handprint. I bought a book about a boy my age. He lived in one of the caves many years ago. The book told about how he lived and how he helped his family.

Meals on Wheels

Last Friday I didn't have to go to school so my mom asked me to go with her to deliver Meals on Wheels. Meals on Wheels is for elderly people who have difficulty cooking for themselves. Some of them don't have any children or family to look after them. Volunteers bring meals to their homes. My mom volunteers every Friday.

My mom and I went to the Meals on Wheels office and picked up the dinners. The dinners had meat loaf, potatoes, gravy, bread, salad, a piece of cake, juice, and milk. It made me hungry to smell them. We set off in the car to deliver the dinners. We were careful to wear our seat belts.

Mom let me carry the food up to the door. She introduced me to each person. I put the food down on the table and opened the milk and juice cartons. Some people were in wheelchairs and some used walkers. Some could answer the door but not walk very well. Everyone was nice. One lady was extra nice. She asked my mom if I could have a piece of candy for helping. Mom said I could.

Besides bringing a hot dinner, my mother checks to make sure that each person is all right. Mom says sometimes the Meals on Wheels volunteer is the only visitor who comes to their house all week. I asked Mom if I could help again some time. I really liked the people, and it made me feel proud to help. She smiled and said yes.

Riding the Roller Coaster

When I was seven, my dad took me for a ride on a big roller coaster. It is called The Screamer. It's the biggest roller coaster around. You have to be at least seven years old and with an adult to ride it. The day after my seventh birthday, I told my dad I was ready to go and ride The Screamer.

When we arrived at the park I wasn't so sure I was ready to ride The Screamer after all. It was so tall we couldn't see the top and we could hear the people screaming as they rode on it. Some of the people looked nervous as they were starting the ride. They looked kind of wobbly when they got off.

I told my dad I would like to ride some of the smaller rides first. I wanted to get warmed up for the big one. Finally I was ready. Dad bought our tickets and we waited in line. Then we were next.

I took a deep breath, got into the car, and buckled the seat belt. The car slowly started up the track. The trucks on the highway below looked like toys. Then the roller coaster went over the top. We zoomed down so fast I thought we would leave the tracks, then we climbed slowly up again. We zipped around the curves and I threw my arms up in the air. It was so much fun that I wanted to do it again as soon as it was over.

Moving Day

Saturday is moving day. Our whole family is moving to a new house. My parents decided we were just too crowded in our apartment and we needed more room. At our new house my brother and I won't have to share a room anymore. The house has two bathrooms so we won't have to stand in line to use the bathroom anymore. We will have a garage for the car. We will even have a fenced yard with a swing set and room for a garden.

Our apartment is full of boxes. I have to pack up my clothes and my toys. I'm helping my brother pack his things because he is little. My mom is putting the dishes and pans in cartons. My stepdad is packing up sheets and blankets.

When we are ready, the moving van will load up our stuff. We will lead the way to the new house. Dad says by Sunday everything will be put away. Before long the new house will start to feel like home.

On Monday we will go to a new school on a new bus. I will miss all of my friends, but mom says they can come visit soon. Dad says we will make new friends at the new house and the new school.

Stars of the Sea

What fish looks like it belongs more in the sky than in the sea? The answer is a starfish. Most starfish have five arms, but some have many more. If a starfish loses an arm, it grows a new one. A starfish can lose one or two arms and still be just fine.

A starfish can stretch its arms to as long as two feet. The starfish uses its arms to move through water or along rocks. A starfish has tiny tubes on the undersides of its arms. The tubes are like sticky suction cups. The starfish can hold on to rocks even in the waves. The tubes work like hundreds of tiny feet. Starfish crawl along the ocean bottom, but they don't move very fast.

A starfish eats tiny fish and plants. Its mouth is on the bottom, in the center of the star. Their favorite food is shellfish, and they can eat a lot. The starfish eats during high tide, when the waves bring in lots of food. During low tide you might find them holding onto the rocks and waiting for the tide to change.

Starfish come in many colors, including yellow, orange, red, blue, purple, pink, and brown. They come in all sizes, from tiny to very large. When many different ones are in the same area they look like a rainbow under water.

If I Had a Robot

If I had a robot, he would do everything I don't like to do. First, he'd brush his teeth. Then, he'd get dressed for school. I would stay in bed. He would make my lunch. He knows pizza and cookies are my favorite. My robot would carry my books and lunch for me. He might even carry my friend's books.

At school, my robot would tell me all the right answers. He would take my spelling test for me and get all of the words right. During recess, my robot would do extra credit while I played. I would eat the lunch my robot made. Everyone would want to trade for my cookies. I'd make my robot eat everything I didn't like.

When school was over, my robot would do my homework. It would be perfect and in his best handwriting. I would play outside with my dog. After dinner, my robot would do my chores. He would pick up my clothes. He would empty the garbage. He would feed the cat and the dog. I would watch TV and play chess with my dad. My robot would bring me a big piece of chocolate cake.

My robot would take a bath and wash his hair. Then my robot would brush his teeth. I would hug my dad and kiss my mom goodnight. My robot would have to hug my little brother.

My Grandpa Snores

It's hard to get a good night's rest at my grandma and grandpa's house because my grandpa snores. Grandma says he snores so loudly that he almost snores his head off. Grandpa sleeps in a bedroom all by himself because his snoring keeps Grandma awake.

Grandpa's snore is so loud he sounds like a big bull elephant. He sounds like the largest lion in the zoo giving his loudest roar. He's as loud as a huge grizzly bear or an old moose. Anyway, he's very loud.

Grandma says that when she wants to get a good night's sleep she just puts in her earplugs and shuts her bedroom door. When I spent the night, I didn't get very much sleep. I tried putting my pillow over my head. Then I got all the way under the covers. Then I crawled under the bed. No matter what I did, I could still hear Grandpa. His snoring kept me awake almost all night long.

By morning I was so tired that I fell asleep at the breakfast table. I almost hit my cereal bowl with my chin. Grandma had to shake me awake.

"Wake up, Will," she said. "Wake up, now you're the one snoring." We all laughed. I guess I learned how from my grandpa. Next time I sleep at Grandma and Grandpa's house I am going to bring earplugs so I can sleep, too.

My Drift Bottle

I read a story about people who met because of a message inside a bottle. A man put the message inside the bottle and tossed it in the ocean. Months later, a lady found the bottle on a beach far across the ocean.

I asked my teacher if we could try sending a message in a bottle. She said she would save a bottle with a tight lid for me. She said we could launch the bottle on our next field trip to the beach. It was our class project. I wrote a letter about myself for the bottle. Some of my friends wrote letters, also.

After we were done, we showed our letters to my teacher. She said we could put all the letters in the bottle. We asked whoever found the bottle to write to us at our school. We wanted to know how far the bottle would go. We took the bottle along on our next trip to the shore. We stood on the beach until the tide started to go out. Then I threw the bottle as far as I could. We watched it bob in the waves until we could not see it anymore.

Now every day I wonder if someone has found our message. I wonder if the bottle is still drifting on the waves. I wonder if it is traveling across the ocean and imagine the different countries it might reach. I hope someday we find out where it went.