



Dynamic Indicators of Basic Early Literacy Skills 8th Edition

Australasian Version

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

art
bus
work

 to go to school. In the

afternoon
library
morning

, 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 before that until he was busily restoring, and she assumed enjoyed refused helping him with the work. They cooked shopped worked together in the garage with the box door floor wide open to let in some air food trees, and fans blowing on them. On ever our those days Annabelle wore an old, torn gate pair song of blue jeans and a faded poem shirt town. She tied her hair up in a it on bun to keep it out of her my our eyes. Her dad wore track pants and a in to frayed flannel shirt that was missing two apples buttons lights, and a pair of old brown guitars ladders slippers that he didn't mind ruining. By at it the end of a day of work she they when both looked as if they had been did would crawling around in puddles of oil and since our grease for hours at a time, before unless which of course they had.

Keep going



Whenever her **car**
dad asked for a part or tool, **he**
she would rummage in the
hair **who**

tool box **also**
to find it and then hand it **after**
up **even** to him as quickly as possible. **I**
She
This

knew the names of all the **hats**
phones in his toolbox and all the **happy**
tools **power** tools on his
sudden

workbench as well. **All**
She knew about hammers and pliers, about **birds**
You **clothes** that
jacks

raised the car up and **chapters**
speakers that let her father slide underneath **as**
trolleys **my** chassis.
the

She knew how to handle **all**
nice these items safely.
old

Annabelle was proud **by**
of all the skills she'd learned in **large**
to **nice** a short time
such

-- in under a **bread**
month . Her father was proud of her, **just**
road **out** . He often said things to
too

Annabelle **into**
like , "Good work," or "You're learning this **fast**
over **strong** ," or "Thatta
tall

girl." Working on cars **except**
out her dad lifted Annabelle's spirits. It **did**
with **had** hard not
was

Keep going



to feel good when **hers they our** were together like this on a **basic friendly summer** day with the smell

of grease **and but than** the clatter of tools and the **cookie radio season** playing loudly.

One day, they were **renting stopping working** together when a boy from the **conversation grandmother neighbourhood**

walked by. He stopped in front **as but of** the garage door and stared at Annabelle. **Any She What**

had grease on her shirt and **his she that** was handing a ball pein hammer **at to up** her father.

“Hey!” the boy said. “**Girls Months Shirts** don’t work on cars.”

Annabelle shook **an from her** head. “Whatever gave you that strange **basket driver idea**?”

she said. “I’m a girl, and **both most this** is a car that I’m working **as for on**. So, I guess we do.”

The **boy car road** thought about what Annabelle had said. Then he laughed and

asked, “Can you teach me how to do it sometime?”



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Lucie's Snow

Lucie lived in a place where it never snowed. This meant that she had never

built a snowman or made a snow angel. She had never thrown a snowball, melted a snowman or made a snow angel. She had never thrown a snowball, talked a snowman or made a snow angel. She had never thrown a snowball,

and she had never built a snow cup or an igloo. Yet Lucie liked no other idea but when she had never built a snow cup or an igloo. Yet Lucie liked no other idea when she had never built a snow cup or an igloo. Yet Lucie liked no other idea

of snow. She liked to ask people who'd seen snow all about for unless snow felt deny visit what

like and what you could had were do with it.

One morning after she they who had asked him many questions about men snow that, her

dad said, "Okay sweetheart, enough about either toward snow. It's time to get ready and for late

school," so she hopped up from any so the breakfast table and got her backpack.

At Busy If the station she and her dad hung stood voiced on the platform in the sweltering

heat sand shade, watching sun glaring off the approaching family star train, fanning herself with

Keep going ►

her notebook, and **cruelly** **monthly** **quietly** dreaming of sledding and snowball fights. **From** **Such** **The**

train finally pulled into the station, **blasting** **signing** **staying** them with hot air. They got **inside** **since** **toward**

and found two seats in the **back** **dawn** **under**. The train was almost full.

As **air** **could** **they** rumbled toward the city, Lucie gazed out **his** **some** **the** window,

replacing the palm trees with **boards** **lists** **pin** and the brown hills with snowy **docks** **peaks** **waves** in

her imagination. She pretended to **herself** **neither** **those** that she was on a train **enough** **strange** **through** the

Swiss Alps, and that people **done** **stood** **were** skiing alongside the train tracks. She

arrived **considered** **imagined** that some little boys were hurling **notebooks** **passengers** **snowballs** at the train windows

as it **danced** **passed** **sailed**.

Then something strange happened. The light **beneath** **despite** **inside** the train car dimmed

Keep going



enough that her
my
so dad looked up from his book and
both
not peered out the window. Lucie

each
her
no felt back pressed against the seat. She could
said
used see they were climbing and a

blank
sandy
thick mist had gathered. Inside, the temperature did
had
rose dropped and the interior

of the light
photo
train car had transformed. There were red global
magnetic
velvet seats, dark wooden

doors, and a cactus
hill
lady passing out knitted hats and mittens.

“Drop
Gaze
Like
a pair?”

“Yes please,” Lucie said, looking
sniffing
spilling at her dad who just shrugged.

Any
She
We put them on and out of also
the
with corner of her eye saw something

pretending
respecting
shimmering . She turned to see snow falling instead
outside
within the train window and icy

ponds since
under
where figures skated, so her dad pulled and
my
the rattling window down and

Keep going



urged her from of to feel the snow. She took off a no or mitten, stuffed it in her pocket,

and but yet stuck her hand out, feeling the comic itchy soft cool pricks and smiling. But turning

back like up , she found her dad looking at for her only with a funny expression.

“Wake up,” far he so said. “We’re here.”

She followed him from round though the train onto the downtown platform once unless where it

was just as sunny as ever good sure and he tugged her through the crowd media ride . As they

approached the turnstile she reached into her pocket to get her ticket but pulled out
a yellow mitten instead.



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The Hill

It was late afternoon after the big snowstorm. Samantha was covered in snow

and cleaning
flying
sitting at the bottom of Miller's Hill, calling
slipping
watching her mother walk toward

her. Miller's Hill could
saw
was the longest, steepest hill in town and
how
soon it was slick with

ice. Samantha bent
did
was bruised, wet, cold, very happy, and for
in
of a great deal of trouble.

Earlier her
that
when afternoon she'd made a fateful decision. Flashing
Swimming
Walking home

and coming just over the issue
rise
town of the terrifying hill, she'd watched Max and
nor
who

Evelyn throw down their backpacks and call
ring
stand, "Come on, Sam! Your mum won't

know
play
sound ! She's like two blocks away!"

Samantha's aid
mum
uncle was a cautious woman. Samantha always could
flew
had to

wear sunscreen, even when she have
rain
was inside all day. Samantha always had it
so
to

Keep going 

call the instant she got anywhere, also even nice if it was just to Max's bread house plane next door.

She had to wear fast not one only a helmet but also kneepads and but every elbow guards when

she rode a bike. Samantha's dog guard mum had expressly forbidden Samantha from ever

caring going singing down Miller's Hill in any way at in or all. She was not allowed to ride a

bike sing talk, skate, or sled down Miller's Hill. An It When was just too dangerous.

Samantha sometimes practised simmered wondered why her mum was so worried and but cold so

cautious. She felt that something bad cold good must have happened to her mum if often when

she was a little girl. Maybe he she they had crashed her bicycle. Maybe she had sad was gone

sledding one day and crashed always except into a fence or a tree. Maybe she we you had gone

skating and fallen through in it the ice of a frozen lake.

Keep going



One day map show she asked her grandmother if she knew robbed used anything about her
 mother getting into an it or accident as a little girl. Her grandfather grandmother principal tilted her head
 back to think. Entirely Finally Seldom, she smiled and said, “Yes. There could had was one time when
 your mother went flying riding sitting on a trail in the country next until with some other girls. The
 horse was famous hoarse skittish and took off across a field colouring galloping rolling. Your mother hung onto
 the horse for on with both hands for dear life.”
 Samantha packed skipped thought that couldn’t be it. The story couldn’t hadn’t wasn’t nearly dramatic
 enough to have made her it’s your mother such a worrier.
 On the afternoon blanket variety of the big snowstorm, as her animals friends police begged her to do
 it, Samantha did had was made a split-second decision and thrown everyone herself whoever down on

Keep going



the hard-packed ice and food
plastic . She'd gone hurtling down the hill after
snow because Max

and Evelyn. They were all cheering
doubting and laughing.
groaning

But about a third in the way from the bottom, she'd fled
of looked over to see a
to rushed

shocking sight because the front window of Mrs. Forsyth's house
except locker . There was
through phone

her mother, at that always instant sipping from a cup of coffee
tiny dinner and looking
very snow

straight out the window at Samantha.
in
up

Now, as her mum approached, Samantha lost
sat her smile, but inside her
tossed

head as phrase "It was totally worth it" kept
it met ringing. She was having a hard
the swept

time not giggling when her mum stopped in front of her, held out a black plastic bag,

and said, "Use this. You'll go even faster."

