



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

Australasian Version

*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 

art  
bus  
work

 to go to school. In the 

afternoon  
library  
morning

, he also takes a bus home.



Correct: \_\_\_\_\_

Incorrect: \_\_\_\_\_

Adjusted Score: \_\_\_\_\_

## Slashing

My name is Sarah, and I live on Ruttle Farm Lane in Inverloch,  
Victoria. My favourite after-school activity is taking care  
plant of my  
read  
chickens, Molly, Dolly, and Wally. Her  
My second favourite activity is  
Your  
slashing he  
our field.  
them

A slasher is attached to a  
in tractor and is like a big lawn mower.  
of  
At has a seat and windows. You have  
It heard to climb up to sit on a  
The wrote it . It  
so  
makes a lot of noise and  
or it shakes and rattles and belches music  
than power . It's  
smoke  
fun to ride in, and even  
nice more fun to drive.  
tall

People with land  
paper use a slasher to clear as  
soup for vegetation  
the

Keep going ►

from their paddocks. If you **don't  
hadn't  
isn't** slash every year, the weeds **and  
since  
yet**

bushes grow fast and tall. Before **their  
us  
you** know it, you'll have an entire

**engine  
jungle  
ladder** growing in your paddock.

After **she'll  
they'd  
you've** finished slashing the land looks **asleep  
clean  
hungry**. You

can now plough it and **plant  
shout  
view** good things to grow and eat. **So  
Who  
You** have

the tingling satisfied feeling of **a  
it  
on** job well done. Sometimes slashing

**makes  
pushes  
sends** you very hungry. You just want **now  
to  
when** go inside and make

yourself a **number  
sandwich  
tractor** and drink some cold water.

The **hats  
meals  
rules** of our house are, when you **play  
sing  
turn** ten, you can start

slashing **about  
until  
with** Mum or Dad. You have to **sit  
try  
walk** on their laps, and

Keep going ►

you have **at to up** buckle in with a harness. You **can look say** put your hands on

the steering **dirt map wheel**, but you can't touch anything else. **If On The** key to the

tractor is **boring hidden wooden** in a secret place in the **concert house store**.

You can see some interesting parts **as but of** nature while you are

slashing. **Large One Strong** day last week, I was out **jumping running slashing** with Dad

when a fast, brown **animal lake road** jumped in front of us, across **how our with** paddock

and into the scrub. It **got made was** so quick I barely had time **as by to** see it. We

decided to stop **and but than** get out of the tractor **at to up** follow it. Dad showed me

how **also to well** track its prints. The animal jumped **down often since** the muddy bush

track all the **last out way** to the jetty by the dam. **Its Me You** tracks went to the edge

Keep going ►

and disappeared examined hesitated . A ripple on the water showed always unless where it had made a splash.

“Congratulations,” rode said took Dad, pointing to something swimming in

but it the distance. “You just tracked your first baby kangaroo!”







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## The Secret Desert

My family lives in a two-storey house on a dead-end street with a little forest where it ends. The trees there are all evergreen ground trees water. They grow so close together you come have made to turn sideways to get through. It So To is always cool and dark in my one the forest.

One day, I left my bike purse room lying on its side and walked from into whole the evergreens. My feet made no pain sound taste on the thick carpet of brown fur pine tower needles. It was so still, I could helped was hear my own breath and even my so up heart beating.

Finally, I came out down no of the cool and dark forest into any ever the hot

Keep going ►

sun. I saw then that **him**  
**I** was standing on the edge of **a**  
**so** **it** big hollow. As

far as I **could**  
**finally** see there was nothing but sand. **Half**  
**never** **It** was a desert!  
**Out**

I took off **but**  
**my** jumper and tied it around my **bike**  
**with** **head**, like a  
**wood**  
turban, to keep off **few**  
**the** blazing sun. I walked out into **as**  
**up** **its** sand. As I  
**the**  
walked, I looked **around**  
**tired** for camels and palm trees, but **I**  
**when** **no** only saw  
**who**

tyre tracks.

The tracks **did**  
**used** big. It looked like they'd been **heard**  
**were** **made** by trucks.  
**went**  
Then there were some **engines**  
**springs** that were so deep they looked **like**  
**tracks** **such**  
**while**  
they'd been made by a bulldozer. **But**  
**For** what were trucks and a bulldozer  
**Some**  
**coming**  
**doing** in a desert?  
**having**

Keep going ►

I walked for **any the what** seemed like a long time, but **many there when** seemed to be no end to **ever so this** desert. I was very hot and **boring thirsty useful**. I decided to turn around and **feel go mind** back to the cool evergreen forest. **Also Other When** I reached the shade of the **hat pine sand** trees, I was a little dizzy. **I No One** sat down for a few minutes **and in till** the coolness. Then I walked all **any such the** way through the forest, got on **its my some** bike, and rode slowly home.

That **amount night where** at dinner I asked my dad **about over whole** the desert. I told him about **best his the** tyre and bulldozer tracks I'd seen **as for out** in the middle. He said that **any this which** place was called a "Sand-Pit." Trucks **drank forgot used** to go there to dig out **and how if** take away tonnes of sand. Builders **sat tasted used** the sand to

Keep going ►

make concrete to build  
clean  
turn houses on. He also said that far  
our  
thus house

foundation had probably used concrete called  
made  
was with sand from the Sand-

Pit.

“Oh?” him  
I  
us murmured. But I wasn’t really paying attention  
respects  
weather . My

dad always had interesting things of  
so  
to 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.





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## On the Trail

The last time I visited my cousins out west, we went on a trail ride.

A trail ride is when you 

ride  
skate  
toss

 horses on a trail. I'd been 

also  
next  
on

 pony rides

before, so I wasn't 

hungry  
popular  
worried

 about riding a horse.

We got 

for  
him  
up

 at dawn and had a big 

breakfast  
football  
weather

 before going out to

ride. When 

his  
my  
we

 got to the stables, the horses 

lived  
said  
were

 already saddled and

waiting. They stamped 

mine  
people  
their

 hooves and neighed at us as 

far  
its  
we

 walked

over to them. I could 

bake  
feel  
melt

 my heart beating. It was exciting 

so  
to  
us

 be

setting out on such a 

big  
pink  
slimy

 adventure. I still didn't feel afraid, 

but  
the  
with

 my

mouth got a little dry 

also  
from  
never

 the excitement.

Keep going ►



The horses we were going  
sleeping  
staying to ride had been chosen for my  
she  
us.

One of my cousins got a either  
former  
pretty grey horse named Dove, and my inner  
other  
single

cousin got a shiny dark brown goat  
horse  
truck called Bill. Mine was called

Freckles, around  
because  
nearby she had rusty brown spots all mind  
over  
same her white coat.

Freckles had a green  
oval  
tired look that reminded me of my frisbee  
grandma  
pickles on a hot

day. Our trail church  
guide  
train called Freckles a veteran, which I chose  
guessed  
washed meant

she was old. I didn't know  
list  
mark why they'd chosen this horse for as  
ever  
me to

ride, but I didn't mind. Here  
So  
We were all in a good mood praising  
starting  
tasting out on

the trail. The sunlight came  
owed  
was hot, but the air was cool and  
how  
was tasted sweet.

Riding Freckles felt like being  
putting  
skating on a boat and a slow-motion

Keep going ►

movie  
see-saw  
whistle

at the same time. Very slow-motion!

All  
Two  
Way

the horses walked

in a line

along  
direct  
super

the trail. Freckles and I came

last  
round  
simple

. Slowly we got

further and further

behind  
maybe  
sideways

the others. The guide turned around

and  
much  
the

called to Freckles. I tried to

encourage  
picture  
swallow

her by flapping my legs

against

her  
no  
under

sides, but she would not be

booked  
frowned  
rushed

. She took her time

putting one

bike  
hoof  
nail

in front of the other until

few  
the  
we

reached a turn in the

trail.

Least  
Some  
Then

, she suddenly lifted her head and

flashed  
spent  
started

to trot. The

guide shouted at

and  
her  
than

, but Freckles didn't stop. She ran

alike  
float  
past

all the

other horses. I was

bouncing  
judging  
skating

up and down in the saddle.

A  
I  
Us

was afraid

Keep going ►

I would fall off! **All** I could think of to do **ran** to let go of the reins  
**Both** **sat**  
**Why** **was**

**and** hold tightly onto the saddle with **both** hands! My cousins  
**free** **guilty**  
**into** **other**

couldn't help laughing **at** how funny I looked.  
**it**  
**so**

Freckles ran **all** the way back to the stables **and** stopped next  
**each** **dark**  
**such** **how**

to her stall. I guess she wasn't so worn-out after all!

