



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

*Maze* Benchmark EOY

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: \_\_\_\_\_

## On the Trail

The last time I visited my cousins out West, we went on a trail ride. A trail ride is when you \_\_\_\_\_ horses on a trail. I'd been \_\_\_\_\_ pony rides before, so I wasn't \_\_\_\_\_ about riding a horse.

We got \_\_\_\_\_ at dawn and had a big \_\_\_\_\_ before going out to ride. When \_\_\_\_\_ got to the barn, the horses \_\_\_\_\_ already saddled and waiting. They stamped \_\_\_\_\_ hooves and neighed at us as \_\_\_\_\_ walked over to them. I could \_\_\_\_\_ my heart beating. It was exciting \_\_\_\_\_ be setting out on such a \_\_\_\_\_ adventure. I still didn't feel afraid, \_\_\_\_\_ my mouth got a little dry \_\_\_\_\_ the excitement.

The horses we were \_\_\_\_\_ to ride had been chosen for

Keep going 

. One of my cousins got a gray horse named Dove, and the cousin got a shiny dark brown called Bill. Mine was called Freckles, she had rusty brown spots all her white coat. Freckles had a look that reminded me of my on a hot day. Our trail called Freckles a veteran, which I meant she was old. I didn't why they'd chosen this horse for to ride, but I didn't mind. were all in a good mood out on the trail. The sunlight hot, but the air was cool tasted sweet.

Riding Freckles felt like on a boat and a slow-motion at the same time. Very slow-motion! the horses walked in a line the trail. Freckles and I came .

**Keep going** 

Slowly we got further and further \_\_\_\_\_ the others. The guide turned  
around \_\_\_\_\_ called to Freckles. I tried to \_\_\_\_\_ her by  
flapping my legs against \_\_\_\_\_ sides, but she would not be  
\_\_\_\_\_. She took her time putting one \_\_\_\_\_ in front  
of the other until \_\_\_\_\_ reached a turn in the trail.

\_\_\_\_\_, she suddenly lifted her head and \_\_\_\_\_ to trot. The  
guide shouted at \_\_\_\_\_, but Freckles didn't stop. She ran  
\_\_\_\_\_ all the other horses. I was \_\_\_\_\_ up and down  
in the saddle. \_\_\_\_\_ was afraid I would fall off!

I could think of to do \_\_\_\_\_ to let go of the reins  
\_\_\_\_\_ hold tightly onto the saddle with \_\_\_\_\_ hands!

My cousins couldn't help laughing \_\_\_\_\_ how funny I looked.

Freckles ran \_\_\_\_\_ the way back to the barn \_\_\_\_\_ stopped

**Keep going** 

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

