



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

*Maze* Benchmark MOY

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: \_\_\_\_\_

## The Secret Desert

My family lives in a two-story house on a dead-end street with a little forest where it ends. The trees there are all evergreen . They grow so close together you've to turn sideways to get through. is always cool and dark in forest.

One day, I left my lying on its side and walked the evergreens. My feet made no on the thick carpet of brown needles. It was so still, I hear my own breath and even heart beating.

Finally, I came out the cool and dark forest into hot sun. I saw then that was standing on the edge of big hollow. As far as I see

Keep going 

there was nothing but sand.                      was a desert!

I took off                      sweatshirt and tied it around my                      ,  
like a turban, to keep off                      blazing sun. I walked out into  
                    sand. As I walked, I looked                      for camels and palm  
trees, but                      only saw tire tracks.

The tracks                      big. It looked like they'd been  
                    by trucks. Then there were some                      that were so deep  
they looked                      they'd been made by a bulldozer.                      what  
were trucks and a bulldozer                      in a desert?

I walked for                      seemed like a long time, but  
seemed to be no end to                      desert. I was very hot and  
                    . I decided to turn around and                      back to the  
cool evergreen forest.                      I reached the shade of the

**Keep going** 

trees, I was a little dizzy. I sat down for a few minutes to enjoy the coolness. Then I walked all the way through the forest, got on my bike, and rode slowly home.

That night at supper I asked my dad about the desert. I told him about the tire and bulldozer tracks I'd seen in the middle. He said that the place was called a "Sand-Pit." Trucks had to go there to dig out and haul away tons of sand. Builders used the sand to make cement for houses on. He also said that the house foundation had probably used cement mixed with sand from the Sand-Pit.

"Oh?" my dad murmured. But I wasn't really paying attention. My dad always had interesting things to say about just about everything. I simply felt disappointed that not only was

**Keep going** 

my secret desert not a secret, it wasn't even a real desert.

