



Dynamic Indicators of Basic Early Literacy Skills
8th Edition

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: _____

Brush Hogging

My name is Sarah, and I live on Riggerts Farm Road in Stovepipe, Vermont. My favorite after-school activity is taking care plant read of my chickens, Molly, Dolly, and Wally. Her My Your second favorite activity is brush hogging he our them field.

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

People with land paper soup use a brush hog to clear as for the vegetation from their fields. If you don't hadn't isn't brush hog every week, the weeds and since yet saplings grow fast and tall. Before their us you know it, you'll

Keep going 

have an entire **engine forest ladder** growing in your back yard.

After **she'll they'd you're** done brush hogging the field looks **asleep clean hungry**.

You can now plow 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 brush hogging **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 brush hogging **about until with** Mom or Dad. You have to **sit try walk**

on their laps, and 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 brush hog is

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

Keep going 

You can see some interesting parts as but of nature while
 you are brush hogging. Large One Strong day last week, I was brush hogging jumping running
 with Dad when a fast, brown animal lake road ran in front of
 us, across how our with field and into the woods. 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 brush hog at to up follow it. Dad
 showed me how also to well track its prints. The animal ran down often since the
 muddy hiking trail all the last out way to the dock by the lake.
Its Me You tracks went to the edge 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 moose!”



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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 ground trees water. They grow so close together you've come got 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 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 sun. I saw then that him I so was standing on the edge of a it to big hollow. As far as I could finally never see

Keep going 

there was nothing but sand. Half It Out was a desert!

I took off but my with sweatshirt and tied it around my bike head wood ,

like a turban, to keep off the few up blazing sun. I walked out into

as its the sand. As I walked, I looked around tired when for camels and palm

trees, but I no who only saw tire tracks.

The tracks did used were big. It looked like they'd been

heard made went by trucks. Then there were some engines springs tracks that were so deep

they looked like such while they'd been made by a bulldozer. But For Some what

were trucks and a bulldozer coming doing having in a desert?

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

Keep going 

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 supper I asked my dad about over whole the
 desert. I told him about best his the tire 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 haul
 away tons of sand. Builders sat tasted used the sand to make cement to
 build clean turn houses on. He also said that far our thus house foundation
 had probably used cement 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

Keep going 

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

Keep going 

. One of my cousins got a **either** **former** gray horse named
pretty
 Dove, and the **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** **figured** **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
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** .

Keep going 

Slowly we got further and further **behind** the others. The guide turned **maybe** around **and** **much** called to Freckles. I tried to **encourage** her by **picture** **swallow** flapping my legs against **her** **no** sides, but she would not be **under** **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 I would fall off! **All** **Both** **Why**

I could think of to do **ran** **sat** **was** to let go of the reins **and** **free** **into** hold tightly onto the saddle with **both** **guilty** **other** hands!

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

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

Keep going



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

