



Dynamic Indicators of Basic Early Literacy Skills
8th Edition

Maze Benchmark BOY

Grade 4

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: _____

Working on Cars

Annabelle liked to work on cars with her dad. Her dad owned a classic 1965 Mustang he was busily restoring, and she helping him with the work. They together in the garage with the wide open to let in some , and fans blowing on them. On days Annabelle wore an old, torn of blue jeans and a faded . She tied her hair up in bun to keep it out of eyes. Her dad wore sweatpants and frayed flannel shirt that was missing two , and a pair of old carpet that he didn't mind ruining. By end of a day of work both looked as if they had crawling around in puddles of oil grease for hours at a time, of

Keep going 

course they had.

Whenever her father asked for a part or tool, she would rummage in the tool box to find it and then hand it to him as quickly as possible. Her father knew the names of all the tools in his toolbox and all the tools on his workbench as well. She knew about hammers and pullers, about the jack that raised the car up and the jacks that let her father slide underneath the chassis. She knew how to handle these items safely.

Annabelle was proud of all the skills she'd learned in a short time -- in under a year. Her father was proud of her, too. He often said things to Annabelle like, "Good work," or "You're learning this

Keep going 

,” or “Thatta girl.” Working on cars her dad lifted
Annabelle’s spirits. It hard not to feel good when were
together like this on a day with the smell of grease the
clatter of tools and the playing loudly.

One day, they were together when a boy from the
walked by. He stopped in front the garage door and
stared at Annabelle. had grease on her shirt and was
handing a ball peen hammer her father.

“Hey!” the boy said. “ don’t work on cars.”

Annabelle shook head. “Whatever gave you that strange

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?” she said. “I’m a girl, and is a car that I’m working

. So, I guess we do.”

The thought about what Annabelle had said. Then he laughed and asked, “Can you teach me how to do it sometime?”

