



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

*Maze* Benchmark EOY

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: \_\_\_\_\_

## The Hill

It was late afternoon after the big snowstorm. Samantha was covered in snow and \_\_\_\_\_ at the bottom of Miller’s Hill, \_\_\_\_\_ her mother walk toward her. Miller’s Hill \_\_\_\_\_ the longest, steepest hill in town \_\_\_\_\_ it was slick with ice. Samantha \_\_\_\_\_ bruised, wet, cold, very happy, and \_\_\_\_\_ a great deal of trouble.

Earlier \_\_\_\_\_ afternoon she’d made a fateful decision. \_\_\_\_\_ home and coming just over the \_\_\_\_\_ of the terrifying hill, she’d watched Max

Evelyn throw down their backpacks and \_\_\_\_\_, “Come on, Sam! Your mom won’t \_\_\_\_\_! She’s like two blocks away!”

Samantha’s \_\_\_\_\_ was a cautious woman. Samantha always

**Keep going** 

to wear sunblock, even when she'd \_\_\_\_\_ inside all day. Samantha always had

\_\_\_\_\_ call the instant she got anywhere, \_\_\_\_\_ if it was just to Max's

\_\_\_\_\_ next door. She had to wear \_\_\_\_\_ only a helmet but also kneepads

\_\_\_\_\_ elbow guards when she biked. Samantha's \_\_\_\_\_ had expressly

\_\_\_\_\_ forbidden Samantha from ever \_\_\_\_\_ down Miller's Hill in any way

\_\_\_\_\_ all. She was not allowed to \_\_\_\_\_, skate, or sled down Miller's Hill.

\_\_\_\_\_ was just too dangerous.

\_\_\_\_\_ Samantha sometimes \_\_\_\_\_ why her mom was so worried

\_\_\_\_\_ so cautious. She felt that something \_\_\_\_\_ must have happened to her mom

\_\_\_\_\_ she was a little girl. Maybe \_\_\_\_\_ had crashed her bicycle. Maybe

**Keep going** 

she \_\_\_\_\_ gone sledding one day and crashed \_\_\_\_\_ a fence or a tree.

Maybe \_\_\_\_\_ had gone skating and fallen through \_\_\_\_\_ ice of a frozen  
lake.

One \_\_\_\_\_ she asked her grandmother if she \_\_\_\_\_ anything about  
her mother getting into \_\_\_\_\_ accident as a little girl. Her \_\_\_\_\_ tilted

her head back to think. \_\_\_\_\_, she smiled and said, “Yes. There

one time when your mother went \_\_\_\_\_ on a trail in the country

some other girls. The horse was \_\_\_\_\_ and took off across a field \_\_\_\_\_.

Your mother hung onto the horse \_\_\_\_\_ both hands for dear life.”

Samantha \_\_\_\_\_ that couldn’t be it. The story \_\_\_\_\_ nearly dramatic

**Keep going** 

enough to have made \_\_\_\_\_ mother such a worrier.

On the \_\_\_\_\_ of the big snowstorm, as her \_\_\_\_\_ begged her to do

it, Samantha \_\_\_\_\_ made a split-second decision and thrown \_\_\_\_\_ down

on the hard-packed ice and \_\_\_\_\_. She'd gone hurtling down the hill

Max and Evelyn. They were all \_\_\_\_\_ and laughing.

But about a third \_\_\_\_\_ the way from the bottom, she'd \_\_\_\_\_ over

to see a shocking sight \_\_\_\_\_ the front window of Mrs. Forsyth's \_\_\_\_\_.

There was her mother, at that \_\_\_\_\_ instant sipping from a cup of

and looking straight out the window \_\_\_\_\_ Samantha.

Now, as her mom approached, Samantha \_\_\_\_\_ her smile, but inside her

**Keep going** 

head                    phrase “It was totally worth it”                    ringing. She was having  
a hard time not giggling when her mom stopped in front of her, held out a black  
plastic bag, and said, “Use this. You’ll go even faster.”

