



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

*Maze* Benchmark

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

**Keep going** 

?” 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?”





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: \_\_\_\_\_

## Lucie's Snow

Lucie lived in a place where it never snowed. This meant that she had never  
a snowman or made a snow . She had never thrown a  
snowball, she had never built a snow or an igloo. Yet Lucie  
liked idea of snow. She liked to people who'd seen snow all  
about snow felt like and what you do with it.

One morning after had asked him many questions about  
, her dad said, "Okay sweetheart, enough snow. It's time to  
get ready school," so she hopped up from breakfast table  
and got her backpack.

the station she and her dad on the platform in the

**Keep going** 

sweltering \_\_\_\_\_, watching sun glaring off the approaching \_\_\_\_\_,  
fanning herself with her notebook, and \_\_\_\_\_ dreaming of sledding and  
snowball fights. \_\_\_\_\_ train finally pulled into the station, \_\_\_\_\_ them  
with hot air. They got \_\_\_\_\_ and found two seats in the \_\_\_\_\_. The train  
was almost full.

As \_\_\_\_\_ rumbled toward downtown, Lucie gazed out  
window, replacing the palm trees with \_\_\_\_\_ and the brown hills with snowy  
\_\_\_\_\_ in her imagination. She pretended to \_\_\_\_\_ that she was on a train  
the Swiss Alps, and that people \_\_\_\_\_ skiing alongside the train  
tracks. She \_\_\_\_\_ that some little boys were hurling \_\_\_\_\_ at the train

**Keep going** 

windows as it .

Then something strange happened. The light the train car dimmed  
enough that dad looked up from his book peered out the  
window. Lucie felt back pressed against the seat. She see  
they were climbing and a mist had gathered. Inside, the temperature  
dropped and the interior of the car had transformed. There  
were red seats, dark wooden doors, and a passing out knit  
hats and mittens.

“ a pair?”

“Yes please,” Lucie said, at her dad who just shrugged.

**Keep going** 

put them on and out of corner of her eye saw  
something . She turned to see snow falling the train  
window and icy ponds figures skated, so her dad pulled  
rattling window down and urged her feel the snow. She took off  
mitten, stuffed it in her pocket, stuck her hand out, feeling  
the cool pricks and smiling. But turning , she found her dad  
looking at with a funny expression.

“Wake up,” said. “We’re here.”

She followed him the train onto the downtown platform  
it was just as sunny as and he tugged her through the

**Keep going** 

. As they approached the turnstile she reached into her pocket to get her  
ticket but pulled out a yellow mitten instead.



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.”

