



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 **art bus work** to go to school. In the **afternoon library morning**, 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 before that until he was busily restoring, and she assumed enjoyed refused helping him with the work. They cooked shopped worked together in the garage with the box door floor wide open to let in some air food trees, and fans blowing on them. On ever our those days Annabelle wore an old, torn gate pair song of blue jeans and a faded poem shirt town. She tied her hair up in a it on bun to keep it out of her my our eyes. Her dad wore sweatpants and a in to frayed flannel shirt that was missing two apples buttons lights, and a pair of old carpet guitars ladders slippers that he didn't mind ruining. By at it the end of a day of work she they when both looked as if they had been did would crawling around in puddles of oil and since our grease for hours at a time, before unless which of

Keep going 

course they had.

Whenever her car  
dad  
hair asked for a part or tool, he  
she  
who would rummage in the tool box also  
to  
up find it and then hand it after  
even  
over to him as quickly as possible. I  
She  
This knew the names of all the hats  
phones  
tools in his toolbox and all the happy  
power  
sudden tools on his workbench as well. All  
She  
You knew about hammers and pullers, about birds  
clothes  
jacks that raised the car up and chapters  
dollies  
speakers that let her father slide underneath as  
my  
the chassis. She knew how to handle all  
nice  
old these items safely.

Annabelle was proud by  
of  
to all the skills she'd learned in large  
nice  
such a short time -- in under a bread  
month  
road. Her father was proud of her, just  
out  
too. He often said things to Annabelle into  
like  
over, "Good work," or "You're learning this

Keep going 

fast strong tall,” or “Thatta girl.” Working on cars except out with her dad lifted

Annabelle’s spirits. It did had was hard not to feel good when hers they our were

together like this on a basic friendly summer day with the smell of grease and but than the

clatter of tools and the cookie radio season playing loudly.

One day, they were renting stopping working together when a boy from the

conversation grandmother neighborhood walked by. He stopped in front as but of the garage door and

stared at Annabelle. Any She What had grease on her shirt and his she that was

handing a ball peen hammer at to up her father.

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

Annabelle shook an from her head. “Whatever gave you that strange

Keep going 

basket driver idea ?” she said. “I’m a girl, and both most this is a car that I’m working

as for on . So, I guess we do.”

The boy car road thought about what Annabelle had said. Then he laughed and

asked, “Can you teach me how to do it sometime?”





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## Lucie's Snow

Lucie lived in a place where it never snowed. This meant that she had never

built a snowman or made a snow angel. She had never thrown a snowball, and she had never built a snow cup or an igloo. Yet Lucie liked no other idea of snow. She liked to ask people who'd seen snow all about for unless snow felt like and what you could do with it.

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

and got her backpack.

At the station she and her dad hung on the platform in the Busy If stood voiced

Keep going 

sweltering **heat sand shade**, watching sun glaring off the approaching **family star train**,  
fanning herself with her notebook, and **cruelly monthly quietly** dreaming of sledding and  
snowball fights. **From Such The** train finally pulled into the station, **blasting signing staying** them  
with hot air. They got **inside since toward** and found two seats in the **back dawn under**. The train  
was almost full.

As **air could they** rumbled toward downtown, Lucie gazed out **his some the**  
window, replacing the palm trees with **boards lists pines** and the brown hills with snowy  
**docks peaks waves** in her imagination. She pretended to **herself neither those** that she was on a train  
**enough strange through** the Swiss Alps, and that people **done stood were** skiing alongside the train  
tracks. She **arrived considered imagined** that some little boys were hurling **notebooks passengers snowballs** at the train

Keep going 

windows as it danced  
passed  
sailed .

Then something strange happened. The light beneath  
despite  
inside the train car dimmed

enough that her  
my  
so dad looked up from his book and  
both  
not peered out the

window. Lucie felt each  
her  
no back pressed against the seat. She could  
said  
used see

they were climbing and a blank  
sandy  
thick mist had gathered. Inside, the temperature

did  
had  
rose dropped and the interior of the light  
photo  
train car had transformed. There

were red global  
magnetic  
velvet seats, dark wooden doors, and a cactus  
hill  
lady passing out knit

hats and mittens.

“Drop  
Gaze  
Like a pair?”

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

Keep going 

Any She We put them on and out of also the with corner of her eye saw  
 something pretending respecting shimmering. She turned to see snow falling instead outside within the train  
 window and icy ponds since under where figures skated, so her dad pulled and my the  
 rattling window down and urged her from of to feel the snow. She took off  
 a no or mitten, stuffed it in her pocket, and but yet stuck her hand out, feeling  
 the comic itchy soft cool pricks and smiling. But turning back like up, she found her dad  
 looking at for her only with a funny expression.  
 "Wake up," far he so said. "We're here."  
 She followed him from round though the train onto the downtown platform  
 once unless where it was just as sunny as ever good sure and he tugged her through the

Keep going 

crowd  
media  
ride

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



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## The Hill

It was late afternoon after the big snowstorm. Samantha was covered in snow

and cleaning  
flying  
sitting at the bottom of Miller's Hill, calling  
slipping  
watching her mother walk toward  
her. Miller's Hill could  
saw  
was the longest, steepest hill in town and  
how  
soon it was  
slick with ice. Samantha bent  
did  
was bruised, wet, cold, very happy, and for  
in  
of  
a great deal of trouble.

Earlier her  
that  
when afternoon she'd made a fateful decision. Flashing  
Swimming  
Walking home  
and coming just over the issue  
rise  
town of the terrifying hill, she'd watched Max  
and  
nor  
who Evelyn throw down their backpacks and call  
ring  
stand, "Come on, Sam!  
Your mom won't know  
play  
sound! She's like two blocks away!"  
Samantha's aid  
mom  
uncle was a cautious woman. Samantha always could  
flew  
had

Keep going 

to wear sunblock, even when she'd be  
have  
rain inside all day. Samantha always had

it  
so  
to call the instant she got anywhere, also  
even  
nice if it was just to Max's

bread  
house  
plane next door. She had to wear fast  
not  
one only a helmet but also kneepads

and  
but  
every elbow guards when she biked. Samantha's dog  
guard  
mom had expressly

forbidden Samantha from ever caring  
going  
singing down Miller's Hill in any way at  
in  
or

all. She was not allowed to bike  
sing  
talk, skate, or sled down Miller's Hill. An  
It  
When

was just too dangerous.

Samantha sometimes practiced  
simmered  
wondered why her mom was so worried and  
but  
cold

so cautious. She felt that something bad  
cold  
good must have happened to her mom

if  
often  
when she was a little girl. Maybe he  
she  
they had crashed her bicycle. Maybe

Keep going 

she had sad was gone sledding one day and crashed always except into a fence or a tree.  
Maybe she we you had gone skating and fallen through in it the ice of a frozen

lake.

One day map show she asked her grandmother if she knew robbed used anything about  
her mother getting into an it or accident as a little girl. Her grandfather grandmother principal tilted  
her head back to think. Entirely Finally Seldom, she smiled and said, "Yes. There could had was  
one time when your mother went flying riding sitting on a trail in the country next until with  
some other girls. The horse was famous hoarse skittish and took off across a field coloring galloping rolling  
Your mother hung onto the horse for on with both hands for dear life."  
Samantha packed skipped thought that couldn't be it. The story couldn't hadn't wasn't nearly dramatic

Keep going 



head as  
it  
the phrase “It was totally worth it” kept  
met  
swept 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.”

