



Dynamic Indicators of Basic Early Literacy Skills

8th Edition

Benchmark BOY

Grade 2

Student Materials

hap

lum

tud	neg	sut	gan	fom
tig	rop	lun	nin	yan
nug	rab	sem	ped	dat
nurn	rud	lote	pab	tork
dob	dar	hib	vin	rame
hime	lome	von	surp	lep
hage	lum	mide	lib	teb
vem	sish	carm	vot	snan
frit	namp	vig	chon	pag
fute	sabe	pib	gome	mife
mirk	yend	quem	trint	vard
durk	chust	parb	sment	gude
nilk	thulk	drut	prost	bish
slust	skong	shount	drid	mult
spead	yept	stoon	heep	cround
theam	preat	thram	spult	whift
wrid	droul	stoach	rait	casp
snept	crelt	spift	sween	shooth
racky	twack	chaspy	fleed	thilky
stesky	prinky	greal	wreat	spasp

did	going	point	over	time
an	made	her	end	year
last	but	place	many	him
get	thing	he	people	too
lucky	sand	rest	everyone	along
travel	short	measure	pocket	speech
pack	keeping	wrong	crime	market
beach	radio	children	voice	hidden
saw	board	riding	families	alive
hot	important	small	motion	during
clothing	distance	honey	sum	evil
heavy	meaning	study	message	post
badly	model	smoke	daily	addition
grand	hung	spoke	joy	attend
having	army	quiet	seed	darkness
wet	check	trust	minute	hill
hotel	fast	missing	raw	machine
return	mother	king	pull	bowl
mind	plant	mixture	actor	football
idea	sweet	desk	avenue	match
theater	baby	truck	strange	keep
wave	split	join	crowd	bird
meat	smile	joke	chair	wire
proud	coat	iron	grip	terrible
ill	hang	star	shoulder	sister
funny	hurt	nine	mistake	cream

Church Pears

The church on our street has a big parking lot. On a patch of grass at one end is a pear tree. The church lot and its tree are our playground.

Most days there are no cars in the lot. On those days, my brother and I ride our bikes around and around. But our favorite thing is to climb the church pear tree. We have climbed that tree a hundred times.

In the summer we help ourselves to the green pears. They never taste like the sliced pears that come in a can or the ones our mother buys at the store. They always taste sour. My brother spits on his pears. Then he wipes them on his shirt before taking a bite. I just eat mine as is.

We used to bring the green pears home, but we don't anymore. The last time we brought some home Mom threw them in the garbage. Mom says the pears are sprayed with bug poison, and if we eat them we'll get sick. But we have eaten plenty and never gotten a tummy ache.

We never eat the pears we find on the ground. Once I picked one up and found it covered with tiny ants. Sometimes we throw the fallen pears in high arcs across the lot, trying to see who can throw the furthest.