



Dynamic Indicators of Basic Early Literacy Skills

8th Edition

Maze Benchmark

Grade 3

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: _____

Brush Hogging

My name is Sarah, and I live on Riggerts Farm Road in Stovepipe,
Vermont. My favorite after-school activity is taking care
plant
read of my
chickens, Molly, Dolly, and Wally. Her
My
Your second favorite activity is
brush hogging he
our
them field.

A brush hog is like a
in
of tractor crossed with a
lawn mower. At
It
The has windows and a seat. You've
got
heard
wrote to climb up to sit on a
it
so. It makes a
lot of noise and
or
than it shakes and rattles and belches
music
power
smoke. It's fun to ride in, and even
nice
tall more fun to drive.

People with land
paper
soup use a brush hog to clear as
for
the vegetation
from their fields. If you don't
hadn't
isn't brush hog every week, the weeds
and
since
yet saplings grow fast and tall. Before their
us
you know it, you'll

Keep going



have an entire engine
forest
ladder growing in your back yard.

After she'll
they'd
you're done brush hogging the field looks asleep
clean
hungry.

You can now plow it and plant
shout
view good things to grow and eat.

So
Who
You have the tingling satisfied feeling of a
it
on job well done.

Sometimes brush hogging makes
pushes
sends you very hungry. You just want

now
to
when go inside and make yourself a number
sandwich
tractor and drink some cold

water.

The hats
meals
rules of our house are, when you play
sing
turn ten, you can

start brush hogging about
until
with Mom or Dad. You have to sit
try
walk

on their laps, and you have at
to
up buckle in with a harness. You

can
look
say put your hands on the steering dirt
map
wheel, but you can't touch

anything else. If
On
The key to the brush hog is

boring
hidden
wooden in a secret place in the concert
house
store.

Keep going



You can see some interesting parts as nature while
 you are brush hogging. but
of
Large day last week, I was brush hogging
One jumping
Strong running
 with Dad when a fast, brown animal ran in front of
lake
road
 us, across how field and into the woods. It got so
our made
with was
 quick I barely had time as see it. We decided to stop
by
to
and get out of the brush hog at follow it. Dad
but to
than up
 showed me how also track its prints. The animal ran down the
to often
well since
 muddy hiking trail all the last to the dock by the lake.
out
way
Its tracks went to the edge and disappeared. A ripple on the
Me examined
You hesitated
 water showed always it had made a splash.
unless
where
 “Congratulations,” rode Dad, pointing to something swimming
said
took
 in but distance. “You just tracked your first baby moose!”
it
the



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Practice Passage

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The Secret Desert

My family lives in a two-story house on a dead-end street with a little forest where it ends. The trees there are all evergreen ground trees water. They grow so close together you've come got made to turn sideways to get through. It So To is always cool and dark in my one the forest.

One day, I left my bike purse room lying on its side and walked from into whole the evergreens. My feet made no pain sound taste on the thick carpet of brown fur pine tower needles. It was so still, I could helped was hear my own breath and even my so up heart beating.

Finally, I came out down no of the cool and dark forest into any ever the hot sun. I saw then that him I so was standing on the edge of a it to big hollow. As far as I could finally never see

Keep going



there was nothing but sand. Half
It was a desert!
Out

I took off but
my with sweatshirt and tied it around my bike
head
wood,

like a turban, to keep off few
the up blazing sun. I walked out into

as
its the sand. As I walked, I looked around
tired when for camels and palm

trees, but I
no who only saw tire tracks.

The tracks did
used were big. It looked like they'd been

heard
made went by trucks. Then there were some engines
springs tracks that were so deep

they looked like
such while they'd been made by a bulldozer. But
For Some what

were trucks and a bulldozer coming
doing having in a desert?

I walked for any
the what seemed like a long time, but many
there when

seemed to be no end to ever
so this desert. I was very hot and

boring
thirsty useful. I decided to turn around and feel
go mind back to the

cool evergreen forest. Also
Other When I reached the shade of the

Keep going



hat pine sand trees, I was a little dizzy. I No One sat down for a
 few minutes and in till the coolness. Then I walked all any such the way
 through the forest, got on its my some bike, and rode slowly home.
 That amount night where at supper I asked my dad about over whole the
 desert. I told him about best his the tire and bulldozer tracks I'd seen
 as for out in the middle. He said that any this which place was called
 a "Sand-Pit." Trucks drank forgot used to go there to dig out and how if haul
 away tons of sand. Builders sat tasted used the sand to make cement to
 build clean turn houses on. He also said that far our thus house foundation
 had probably used cement called made was with sand from the Sand-Pit.
 "Oh?" him I us murmured. But I wasn't really paying
 attention respects weather . My dad always had interesting things of so to say
 about just about everything. I simply felt disappointed that not only was

Keep going



my secret desert not a secret, it wasn't even a real desert.



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On the Trail

The last time I visited my cousins out West, we went on a trail ride. A trail ride is when you ride
skate horses on a trail.
toss
I'd been also
next pony rides before, so I wasn't hungry
popular about
on worried
riding a horse.

We got for
him at dawn and had a big breakfast
up football
weather
before going out to ride. When his
my got to the barn, the horses
we
lived already saddled and waiting. They stamped mine
said people
were their
hooves and neighed at us as far
its walked over to them. I could
we
bake my heart beating. It was exciting so
feel to be
melt us
setting out on such a big
pink adventure. I still didn't feel afraid,
slimy
but my mouth got a little dry also
the from the excitement.
with never
The horses we were going
sleeping to ride had been chosen for my
staying she
us

Keep going



. One of my cousins got a **either former pretty** gray horse named
 Dove, and the **inner other single** cousin got a shiny dark brown **goat horse truck** called
 Bill. Mine was called Freckles, **around because nearby** she had rusty brown spots all
mind over same her white coat. Freckles had a **green oval tired** look that reminded
 me of my **frisbee grandma pickles** on a hot day. Our trail **church guide train** called
 Freckles a veteran, which I **chose figured washed** meant she was old. I didn't
know list mark why they'd chosen this horse for **as ever me** to ride, but I
 didn't mind. **Here So We** were all in a good mood **praising starting tasting** out
 on the trail. The sunlight **came owed was** hot, but the air was cool
and how was tasted sweet.

Riding Freckles felt like **being putting skating** on a boat and a slow-motion
movie see-saw whistle at the same time. Very slow-motion! **All Two Way** the horses
 walked in a line **along direct super** the trail. Freckles and I came **last round simple**.

Keep going



Slowly we got further and further **behind** the others. The guide turned **maybe** around **and** **much** called to Freckles. I tried to **encourage** her by **picture** **swallow** flapping my legs against **her** **no** **under** sides, but she would not be **booked** **frowned** **rushed**. She took her time putting one **bike** **hoof** **nail** in front of the other until **few** **the** **we** reached a turn in the trail.

Least **Some** **Then**, she suddenly lifted her head and **flashed** **spent** **started** to trot. The guide shouted at **and** **her** **than**, but Freckles didn't stop. She ran **alike** **float** **past** all the other horses. I was **bouncing** **judging** **skating** up and down in the saddle. **A** **I** **Us** was afraid I would fall off! **All** **Both** **Why**

I could think of to do **ran** **sat** **was** to let go of the reins **and** **free** **into** hold tightly onto the saddle with **both** **guilty** **other** hands!

My cousins couldn't help laughing **at** **it** **so** how funny I looked.

Freckles ran **all** **each** **such** the way back to the barn **and** **dark** **how** stopped

Keep going



next to her stall. I guess she wasn't so worn-out after all!

