



Dynamic Indicators of Basic Early Literacy Skills

8th 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
melted snowball, but she had never built a snow cup or an igloo. Yet Lucie
talked cousin story. She liked to ask people who'd seen snow all
no other the idea of snow. She liked to deny visit
about for unless what snow felt like and what you could had were do with it.

One morning after she they who had asked him many questions about
men snow that, her dad said, "Okay sweetheart, enough about either toward
get ready and for late school," so she hopped up from any so the breakfast table

and got her backpack.

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

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
down
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



enough to have made her
it's
your mother such a worrier.

On the afternoon
blanket
variety of the big snowstorm, as her animals
friends
police begged her to do

it, Samantha did
had
was made a split-second decision and thrown everyone
herself
whoever down

on the hard-packed ice and food
plastic
snow. She'd gone hurtling down the hill after
because
rarely

Max and Evelyn. They were all cheering
doubting
groaning and laughing.

But about a third in
of
to the way from the bottom, she'd fled
looked
rushed over

to see a shocking sight because
except
through the front window of Mrs. Forsyth's house
locker
phone.

There was her mother, at that always
tiny
very instant sipping from a cup of coffee
dinner
snow

and looking straight out the window Samantha.

Now, as her mom approached, Samantha lost
sat
tossed her smile, but inside her

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.”

