

1B

It is hot. The sun is out, and I am very hot. I tell my son to play outside. He says it is too hot to play ball. It is too hot to ride bikes.

It is way too hot to play tag. He wants to be cool. He wants to swim, but the pool is not open yet. We have to wait till the pool opens before we can swim. I tell him to go sit under the tree. He says it is too hot to play, and it is hot under the tree. The grass is hot and makes him itchy. He comes in the house. The air is cool in there. Soon we can go to the pool. It is too hot to play.

1B

It is hot. The sun is out, and I am very hot. I tell my son to play 18
outside. He says it is too hot to play ball. It is too hot to ride bikes. 35
It is way too hot to play tag. He wants to be cool. He wants to swim, 52
but the pool is not open yet. We have to wait till the pool opens 67
before we can swim. I tell him to go sit under the tree. He says 82
it is too hot to play, and it is hot under the tree. The grass is hot 99
and makes him itchy. He comes in the house. The air is cool in 113
there. Soon we can go to the pool. It is too hot to play. 127

Word Count: 127
Flesch Kincaid:
Spache: 1.9

Grade Level – 1

Word Count 127

1.4

Name: _____ Date: _____

WCPM: _____ Errors/Min: _____ % Accuracy: _____

Flu Rating (4-16): _____ Comp (1-6): _____

2B

It is so cold today! I went for a walk with the dog, and it was freezing. When I went outside the air hurt my eyes. My eyes were filled with tears, but I was not crying. My ears hurt too. The cold air made them feel like ice cubes in the freezer. I could hear bells ringing that were not ringing. I did not wear gloves even though I should have. My fingers got so cold they felt hot. What a surprise to feel so cold that you begin to feel hot! My body was not cold. I had a big coat on that kept me warm like when I am snuggled up in bed. The dog was cold too. She kept pulling on her leash to go back to the house. Our walk was not very long. I don't like it when it is this cold. My dog does not like it either.

2B

It is so cold today! I went for a walk with the dog, and it was freezing.	17
When I went outside the air hurt my eyes. My eyes were filled with tears,	32
but I was not crying. My ears hurt too. The cold air made them feel like	48
ice cubes in the freezer. I could hear bells ringing that were not ringing.	62
I did not wear gloves even though I should have. My fingers got so	76
cold they felt hot. What a surprise to feel so cold that you begin to	91
feel hot! My body was not cold. I had a big coat on that kept me warm	108
like when I am snuggled up in bed. The dog was cold too. She kept	123
pulling on her leash to go back to the house. Our walk was not very	138
long. I don't like it when it is this cold. My dog does not like it either.	155

Word Count: 155
Flesch Kincaid: 2.3
Spache: 2.56

Name: _____ Date: _____

WCPM: _____ Errors/Min: _____ % Accuracy: _____

Flu Rating (4-16): _____ Comp (1-6): _____

3B

Blown around like a kite is how I felt when I was walking to the bus stop today. It was hard to walk in a straight line because the wind pushed me from here to there. It was like being a yo-yo on a string going back and forth. Each time I thought I was safe, another gust blew me off in another direction. I saw some children trying to play kick ball, but the ball kept blowing away. It was like a funny movie. I also saw a woman pushing two little girls on the swings. It was an easy job; the wind did most of the work.

I was glad when the bus came, but no one seemed happy on the bus. Many people combed or patted their hair. Others just looked exhausted. When I left the bus, I saw a man lose all his papers; the wind just blew them away. He looked so helpless. I tried to help him catch the papers, but it was hard. We did get all the pieces, but I think they were ruined. The wind seemed to help me arrive at my job. I was glad it was blowing on my back instead of at my face. What a windy day!

3B

Blown around like a kite is how I felt when I was walking to the bus 16
stop today. It was hard to walk in a straight line because the wind pushed 31
me from here to there. It was like being a yo-yo on a string going back and 48
forth. Each time I thought I was safe; another gust blew me off in another 63
direction. I saw some children trying to play kick ball, but the ball kept 77
blowing away. It was like a funny movie. I also saw a woman pushing two 92
little girls on the swings. It was an easy job; the wind did most of the work. 119

I was glad when the bus came, but no one seemed happy on the bus. 124
Many people combed or patted their hair. Others just looked exhausted. When I 137
left the bus, I saw a man lose all his papers; the wind just blew them away. 154
He looked so helpless. I tried to help him catch the papers, but it was hard. 170
We did get all the pieces, but I think they were ruined. The wind seemed to 186
help me arrive at my job. I was glad it was blowing on my back instead of at 204
my face. What a windy day! 210

Word Count: 210
Flesch-Kincaid: 3.3
Spache: 3.05

Name:

Reading Level	Word Count 210
---------------	----------------

Date: _____

WCPM: _____ Errors/Min: _____ % Accuracy: _____

Flu Rating (4-16): _____ Comp (1-6): _____

4B

Today is a dark, dreary, and rainy day. It has been raining ever since I woke up. It rained all day at work. It rained the whole way home on the bus. It rained the entire walk home from the bus stop, and it is still raining even now. Outside there is a rippling layer of water that covers the ground. It is like the whole world has turned into a baby swimming pool that only comes up to your ankles. There are leaves covering all the lawns and streets. They have been ripped from their branches by rain drops that have been endlessly falling, taking with them everything in their path. The leaves just lay on the ground and they seem to be wondering what they did to deserve this; it wasn't their time to fall yet. Cars drive by with their headlights on, even though it is not night time. They seem to be confused. The sun has disappeared, and I'm not sure it will ever return. Silently I sit by my window, waiting for the rain to stop. I hope to be freed soon from my indoor prison. Winter is coming; every day before the cold arrives needs to be spent enjoying the outdoors. Today is a dark, dreary, and rainy day. It has been raining ever since I woke up.

4B

Today is a dark, dreary, and rainy day. It has been raining ever since I 15
woke up. It rained all day at work. It rained the whole way home on the 31
bus. It rained the entire walk home from the bus stop, and it is still 46
raining even now. Outside there is a rippling layer of water that covers 59
the ground. It is like the whole world has turned into a baby swimming 73
pool that only comes up to your ankles. There are leaves covering all 86
the lawns and streets. They have been ripped from their branches by rain 99
drops that have been endlessly falling, taking with them everything in their 111
path. The leaves just lay on the ground and they seem to be wondering 125
what they did to deserve this; it wasn't their time to fall yet. Cars drive by 141
with their headlights on, even though it is not night time. They seem to be 156
confused. The sun has disappeared, and I'm not sure it will ever return. 169
Silently I sit by my window, waiting for the rain to stop. I hope to be freed 186
soon from my indoor prison. Winter is coming; every day before the cold 199
arrives needs to be spent enjoying the outdoors. Today is a dark, dreary, 212
and rainy day. It has been raining ever since I woke up. 224

Word Count: 224

Flesch Kincaid: 4.7

Dale Chall: 4

Reading Level	Word Count 224
---------------	----------------

Name: _____

_____ Date: _____

WCPM: _____ Errors/Min: _____ % Accuracy: _____

Flu Rating (4-16): _____ Comp (1-6): _____

5B

Lightening crashes, thunder booms, and the earth shakes with the power of the storm. This storm is holding us captive in the lobby of the grocery store. Looking out the huge glass windows we see an angry sky, a sky that seems to be daring us to come outside and make a mad dash for our car. Through the pelting rains we see our brave little mini-van. It is just waiting for us to fill her trunk with the week's food and her seats with our bodies. Another brilliant flash of lightening illuminates the sky. All of us prisoners of the storm gasp together and change our minds about risking the run. Babies cry and toddlers whimper. Even my son, a brave fifth grader, moves closer to me as if to keep me safe.

I am getting restless; I need to get home. The ice cream is melting. The crowd at the front of the store is getting bigger. Every now and then a young man darts out into the weather. We all watch as he gets beaten by the rains and struggles to make it into his car. Then we all watch as he drives away, freed from the stuffy store that we are trapped in.

I decide to make that courageous run. I tell my children to hold hands and not to move. They watch in amazement as I run into the rain. I run like an Olympic athlete and reach the car in no time at all. The children watch as our brave little mini-van drives to the door. Grocery bags in hand, the children make their dangerous trip. We have beaten the storm. I feel like I have saved the day.

Lightening crashes, thunder booms, and the earth shakes with the power of the storm. This storm is holding us captive in the lobby of the grocery store. Looking out the huge glass windows we see an angry sky, a sky that seems to be daring us to come outside and make a mad dash for our car. Through the pelting rains we see our brave little mini-van. It is just waiting for us to fill her trunk with the week's food and her seats with our bodies. Another brilliant flash of lightening illuminates the sky. All of us prisoners of the storm gasp together and change our minds about risking the run. Babies cry and toddlers whimper. Even my son, a brave fifth grader, moves closer to me as if to keep me safe.

I am getting restless; I need to get home. The ice cream is melting. The crowd at the front of the store is getting bigger. Every now and then a young man darts out into the weather. We all watch as he gets beaten by the rains and struggles to make it into his car. Then we all watch as he drives away, freed from the stuffy store that we are trapped in.

I decide to make that courageous run. I tell my children to hold hands and not to move. They watch in amazement as I run into the rain. I run like an Olympic athlete and reach the car in no time at all. The children watch as our brave little mini-van drives to the door. Grocery bags in hand, the children make their dangerous trip. We have beaten the storm. I feel like I have saved the day.

Word Count: 285
 Dale Chall: 5-6
 Flesch Kincaid: 5.2

Name:

Reading Level	Word Count 286
---------------	----------------

_____ Date: _____

WCPM: _____ Errors/Min: _____ % Accuracy: _____

Flu Rating (4-16): _____ Comp (1-6): _____

6B

The air was crisp and clear after last night's rain. It was one of those fall days that you wait for. Everything was perfect. The leaves that still clung to the trees were a kaleidoscope of colors: red, yellow, orange, brown, and green. The fallen leaves littered the street like remnants of a party that had gone on the night before.

Stepping out of my warm house for my early morning walk was like stepping into a memory of days that had gone before. The cool air met me. I took a deep breath, drawing in the lovely scents of the season. The crispness of this air is what makes this type of day so special.

I thought of backyard football, leaf piles, and warm coats and hats as I crunched down the leaf-covered sidewalk. I had a small start of excitement and anticipation as I thought of the warm turkey and gravy I would eat at next week's Thanksgiving feast. A few birds called to me from the trees. Squirrels darted out of my path as they hunted for those final nuts to keep them fat and full over the winter. The few cars that ventured down this street drove slowly, aware that wet leaves are a deceptive hazard. The cars seemed to be showing their own form of respect for this special morning. It was the type of fall day you dream of, the type that you remember for the rest of your life.

6B

The air was crisp and clear after last night's rain. It was one of 14
those fall days that you wait for. Everything was perfect. The leaves 26
that still clung to the trees were a kaleidoscope of colors: red, yellow, 39
orange, brown, and green. The fallen leaves littered the street like 50
remnants of a party that had gone on the night before. 61

Stepping out of my warm house for my early morning walk was 73
like stepping into a memory of days that had gone before. The cool 86
air met me. I took a deep breath, drawing in the lovely scents of the 101
season. The crispness of this air is what makes this type of day so special. 116

I thought of backyard football, leaf piles, and warm coats and 127
hats as I crunched down the leaf-covered sidewalk. I had a small start of 142
excitement and anticipation as I thought of the warm turkey and gravy I 154
would eat at next week's Thanksgiving feast. A few birds called to me 167
from the trees. Squirrels darted out of my path as they hunted for those 181
final nuts to keep them fat and full over the winter. The few cars that 196
ventured down this street drove slowly, aware that wet leaves are a 208
deceptive hazard. The cars seemed to be showing their own form of 220
respect for this special morning. It was the type of fall day you dream 234
of, the type that you remember for the rest of your life. 246

Word Count: 246

Dale Chall: 5-6

Flesch Kincaid: 6.0

Reading Level	Word Count 246
---------------	----------------

Name: _____

_____ Date: _____

WCPM: _____ Errors/Min: _____ % Accuracy: _____

Flu Rating (4-16): _____ Comp (1-6): _____

7B

The word “freezing” cannot sufficiently explain the biting cold that encompasses my body at this very moment. My bones are frigid, stiff, and sore; my inner being is so frozen and dark that no warmth at all remains in my body. Were you to take my temperature right now, it would register 32 degrees or below.

The wait for the bus has seemed interminable and intolerable. I stand out here alone, forlorn and solitary, waiting for the vehicle that represents relief and safety. The air around me seems to crackle like ice breaking apart with each breath I inhale. The condensation coming from my mouth is like the vapor from a locomotive. It hangs in the air like a speech bubble from a cartoon character. My thoughts, muddled by the intense cold, somehow arrive at the idea to stomp my feet to help sensation return. As each foot meets the pavement, a wave of pain travels up my leg like lightning. Although it hurts, I am relieved by the pain, as it means my legs still have the capacity to feel!

I twist around to look at my house, and there, inside the steamy window, is my roommate watching me. She seems surreal as she waves gaily to me; she is dressed only in her pajamas and looks completely comfortable. Is it possible that she cannot be experiencing this torturous cold, that she has escaped this? I turn away, not wanting her to see that I am jealous of her comfort. Off in the distance, I see a metallic glint. Is it possible that I will survive this frozen ordeal? Yes, the bus has arrived, I’m on my way to work, and I am saved for another day.

7B

The word “freezing” cannot sufficiently explain the biting cold 9
that encompasses my body at this very moment. My bones are frigid, stiff, 22
and sore; my inner being is so frozen and dark that no warmth at all 37
remains in my body. Were you to take my temperature right now, it 50
would register 32 degrees or below. 56

The wait for the bus has seemed interminable and intolerable. I 67
stand out here alone, forlorn and solitary, waiting for the vehicle that 79
represents relief and safety. The air around me seems to crackle like ice 92
breaking apart with each breath I inhale. The condensation coming from 103
my mouth is like the vapor from a locomotive. It hangs in the air like a 119
speech bubble from a cartoon character. My thoughts, muddled by the 130
intense cold, somehow arrive at the idea to stomp my feet to help sensation 144
return. As each foot meets the pavement, a wave of pain travels up my leg 159
like lightning. Although it hurts, I am relieved by the pain, as it means my 174
legs still have the capacity to feel! 181

I twist around to look at my house, and there, inside the steamy 194
window, is my roommate watching me. She seems surreal as she waves 206
gaily to me; she is dressed only in her pajamas and looks completely 219
comfortable. Is it possible that she cannot be experiencing this torturous 230
cold, that she has escaped this? I turn away, not wanting her to see that 245
I am jealous of her comfort. Off in the distance, I see a metallic glint. 260
Is it possible that I will survive this frozen ordeal? Yes, the bus has 274
arrived, I’m on my way to work, and I am saved for another day. 288

Word Count: 288

Dale Chall: 7-8

Flesch Kincaid: 7.5

Reading Level	Word Count 288
---------------	----------------

Name: _____

_____ Date: _____

WCPM: _____ Errors/Min: _____ % Accuracy: _____

Flu Rating (4-16): _____ Comp (1-6): _____

8B

The intense heat sears my back as I slowly cross the parking lot to enter the shopping mall. The black pavement, a sea of molten tar, seems to boil beneath my sneakers. It licks the soles of my shoes trying to melt them with its dark, fiery breath. The air has turned hazy, and everywhere I look seems blurred and watery. The sun, a bright circle, appears to be floating just inches from the top of my head. Its heat emanates in pulses, pushing through the thick atmosphere like waves pounding against my body.

Broadcast from every surrounding car are voices predicting the day's record high temperatures. These reporters, no doubt sitting in air-conditioned comfort, warn me to drink plenty of water, stay indoors, and take care of the elderly and my pets.

Each step is such an effort that I am in conflict as to whether to hurry to my destination or to stop right where I am. The double doors to the mall are within sight. They are calling to me, offering solace from this nightmare I am living. I use all my will and determination and force my legs to carry me through the last stretch of heated wind that is pushing me back. Finally, I enter through the doors of the mall and am greeted with a blast of frigid air that meets me like my family after years of separation. I know what awaits me outside, but for now I am encompassed within a cocoon of comfort and safety.

8B

The intense heat sears my back as I slowly cross the parking lot to 14
 enter the shopping mall. The black pavement, a sea of molten tar, seems 27
 to boil beneath my sneakers. It licks the soles of my shoes trying to melt 42
 them with its dark, fiery breath. The air has turned hazy, and everywhere 55
 I look seems blurred and watery. The sun, a bright circle, appears to be 69
 floating just inches from the top of my head. Its heat emanates in pulses, 83
 pushing through the thick atmosphere like waves pounding against my body. 94

Broadcast from every surrounding car are voices predicting the day's 104
 record high temperatures. These reporters, no doubt sitting in air-conditioned 114
 comfort, warn me to drink plenty of water, stay indoors, and take care of the 129
 elderly and my pets. 133

Each step is such an effort that I am in conflict as to whether to hurry 149
 to my destination or to stop right where I am. The double doors to the mall 165
 are within sight. They are calling to me, offering solace from this nightmare 178
 I am living. I use all my will and determination and force my legs to carry 194
 me through the last stretch of heated wind that is pushing me back. Finally, 208
 I enter through the doors of the mall and am greeted with a blast of frigid air 225
 that meets me like my family after years of separation. I know what awaits 239
 me outside, but for now I am encompassed within a cocoon of comfort and safety. 254

Word Count: 254

Dale Chall: 7-8

Flesch Kincaid:

Reading Level 8	Word Count 254
-----------------	----------------

8.4

Name: _____ Date: _____

WCPM: _____ Errors/Min: _____ % Accuracy: _____

Flu Rating (4-16): _____ Comp (1-6): _____

