Maze
Administration Directions and Scoring Keys
Level 4 | Progress Monitoring

Roland H. Good III
Ruth A. Kaminski

with
Kelli Cummings, Chantal Dufour-Martel, Kathleen Petersen,
Kelly A. Powell-Smith, Stephanie Stollar, and Joshua Wallin

Dynamic Measurement Group, Inc.
Maze
L4 / Progress Monitoring

Directions: Make sure you have reviewed the scoring rules in the Acadience Assessment Manual and have them available. Say these specific directions to the students:

1. Before handing out the worksheets, say *I am going to give you a worksheet. When you get your worksheet, please write your name at the top and put your pencil down.* Hand out the Maze student worksheets. Make sure each student has the appropriate worksheet.

   When all of the students are ready, say *You are going to read a story with some missing words. For each missing word there will be a box with three words. Circle the word that makes the most sense in the story. Look at Practice 1.*

   *Listen. After playing in the dirt, Sam went* (pause) *home, summer, was* (pause) *to wash her hands. You should circle the word “home” because “home” makes the most sense in the story. Listen. After playing in the dirt, Sam went home to wash her hands.*

   *Now it is your turn. Read Practice 2 silently. When you come to a box, read all the words in the box and circle the word that makes the most sense in the story. When you are done, put your pencil down.*

   Allow up to 30 seconds for students to complete the example and put their pencils down. If necessary, after 30 seconds say *Put your pencil down.*

2. As soon as all students have their pencils down, say *Listen. On her way home, she* (pause) *chair, sleep, saw* (pause) *an ice cream truck. You should have circled “saw” because “saw” makes the most sense in the story. Listen. On her way home, she saw an ice cream truck.*

   *When I say “begin,” turn the page over and start reading the story silently. When you come to a box, read all the words in the box and circle the word that makes the most sense in the story. Ready? Begin.*

   Start your stopwatch after you say “begin.”

3. Monitor students to ensure they are reading and circling the words. Use the reminders as needed.

4. At the end of 3 minutes, stop your stopwatch and say *Stop. Put your pencil down.* Collect all of the Maze worksheet packets.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Timing</th>
<th>3 minutes. Start your stopwatch after you say “begin.”</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Reminders</td>
<td>If the student starts reading the passage out loud, say <em>Remember to read the story silently.</em> (Repeat as often as needed.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>If the student is not working on the task, say <em>Remember to circle the word in each box that makes the most sense in the story.</em> (Repeat as often as needed.)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>If the student asks you to provide a word for them or, in general, for help with the task, say <em>Just do your best.</em> (Repeat as often as needed.)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The Advice Column

If there was one thing Addie loved, it was giving advice. When her mother couldn't decide what to plant in the garden, Addie advised tomatoes, since they were tasty in sauces and salads. When her father worried the garage looked rundown, Addie advised him to paint it bright blue. To her teenage sister who was looking for a job, Addie suggested tutoring math, her best subject. Addie advised everyone she knew because she enjoyed helping solve problems.

In December, Addie's teacher made an announcement. “We are going to make a class newspaper,” Mr. Silva said. “Everyone will have an important role, such as interviewing interesting people about their lives, describing our classroom, or reporting on field trips and assemblies. We can even have an advice column. You can sign up after class for what you want to do.”

An advice column! Addie knew right away she wanted to write it, so eagerly asked Mr. Silva if she could be the advice columnist. He smiled and said, “That sounds great, Addie. I'll put a sign outside saying any student needing advice should write me a note.”
The next week, Mr. Silva gave Addie a thick stack of notes. “It looks like a lot of people want your advice,” he said.

Addie took them excitedly, but her enthusiasm faded as she started to read them. She didn't know who the notes were from, and she wasn't always sure how to best advise them. Addie realized it was much harder to give advice to people she didn't know and couldn't talk to. What if she gave the wrong advice? She asked Mr. Silva for help.

“I have an idea,” said Mr. Silva. “Why don't you ask your parents and older sister how they would handle the problems? They may have different perspectives.”

At dinner, Addie told her family about the students' questions, and asked what they would do in each situation. Together, they all talked over the different ideas. By the end of dinner, Addie knew Mr. Silva's idea had worked. She had really helpful answers for her column, and she also had another very important piece of advice to give her readers.
Two weeks later, Addie showed her family the finished newspaper. They all admired her column and agreed she had given very helpful advice, especially the note that appeared at the bottom of her column.

It said, “Remember: If you have a problem, a teacher or family member may have some great advice. Just ask them!”
Art Class

Every fall, the students prepared for the annual art fair. Not only was the art fair a great place for students to showcase their work, it also helped raise money for the school’s art and music programs. Unfortunately, Tomas wasn’t as excited about the upcoming event as his classmates.

Tomas didn’t dislike art, but he just didn’t think he could draw like the other students. Some of the other kids could create detailed paintings of mountain landscapes or fields of flowers, but not Tomas. He preferred to draw pictures of amazing and unusual characters using ideas that popped into his head, but he was always too timid to share them with his teacher or his classmates.

While his friends were busy getting ready for the art fair, Tomas just sat around and doodled. He was sure the people in charge wouldn’t choose any of his artwork to sell, but he enjoyed sketching pictures of his classmates. His pictures weren’t like the portraits he had studied in his art book. He drew pictures of his friends wearing magic capes or X-ray vision.
goggles, or **sometimes** he would draw them with enormous **wings** or with their heads sitting atop the **body** of a hulking creature. These silly **drawings** reminded Tomas of the illustrations in his **comic** books.

One afternoon Tomas was in the **middle** of drawing a picture of his **friend** Juan dressed up in an astronaut **outfit** when his teacher, Mr. Carl, walked by. He **asked** Tomas what he was working on. Tomas **was** embarrassed, but before he could hide the **drawing**, Mr. Carl had picked up the **portrait**.

Mr. Carl smiled as he studied the **picture**. “This is fantastic work! Do you **think** you could make one of me?”

Tomas **was** shocked. “You want me to make one of you?” he asked. “I guess I **can** try.”

Tomas spent the rest of the **hour** drawing a picture of Mr. Carl in a **pirate** outfit with a
patch over his **eye** and a parrot on his shoulder. The **whole** class loved it.

After class was over, Mr. Carl **asked** Tomas to stay for a minute. He **told** Tomas that the artwork he had **created** was very original and well drawn.

“**So**,” it looks like you'll be joining us at the **art** fair,” said Mr. Carl.

“What do you **mean**?” Tomas asked, confused.

Mr. Carl told Tomas he **would** be working his own portrait booth. He **said**, “I can see the sign for your **booth** already! It will say, Have you **ever** felt like a superhero? Get drawn **one** now for only five dollars!”
A Sigh of Relief

Stepping off the bus, I caught my first glimpse of Camp Bear Creek. I inhaled and felt a rush of excitement for my first week at camp. I knew that I would have a wonderful time. That is, as long as I didn't get too lonely thinking about my favorite dog, Patterson.

A teenager came over to greet us. “Hey, girls, I'm Dolores. I'm one of the counselors here at Bear Creek. Line up behind me if your name tag is green, and I'll take you to our cabin.” I looked down at the tag I was wearing, which had arrived in the mail two weeks earlier. It was green, so I scrambled into the line forming near Dolores.

A few minutes later, Dolores was leading twelve of us through the forest to a small cabin with a large porch. When we arrived, she showed us the bunk beds where we would sleep.

There were also lockers where we could store our belongings. Then she told us that we had twenty minutes to unpack our things and put the freshly laundered sheets on our bunks.
I introduced myself to the girl who would be sleeping below my bunk. I helped her secure the sheets on her bed and she told me that her name was Eloise. This was also her first year at camp. I showed her a picture of Patterson and told her all about my pet. After we had finished preparing our sleeping arrangements, we took the trail back to the main campground to meet the other campers. When we got there, I was surprised to see about sixty other campers. We were told to take our places on several benches, which formed a large circle. A few minutes later, the camp director began speaking from the center of the circle. She welcomed us and told us all about the activities available at camp. I couldn't wait to try horseback riding, canoeing, and swimming in the river. While the camp director was speaking to us, a large dog suddenly ran up to her. My mouth dropped open. The dog looked like Patterson, except it was brown instead of black. Without stopping, the camp director reached into her pocket, took out a ball, and threw it.
the dog bounded after the ball, she explained that the dog's name was Juniper. Juniper loved it when the campers played with her.

I breathed a sigh of relief to realize that I already had two friends.
A Kite Festival

“Look at this,” Dad said, pointing to an ad in the newspaper. Nora took the paper and read the ad for an upcoming kite festival. Just last week, Nora and her dad had visited a museum where there was an exhibit about kite-making. Nora had been so interested in the kites that she bought a kite-making book. All week she had been working on making her own kite. As Nora read the ad details, her eyes grew wide with excitement. It was expected that more than 1,000 kites would fly at the festival. There would even be a special event for children. Nora and Dad decided that they would attend.

Nora called the number printed in the ad and got more information as well as the rules for the children’s event. According to the festival rules, all children had to make their own kites, so every day after school, Nora continued working on her kite. She went out every day to practice flying her kite and see how well it worked. She continued to refine it and practice her technique until finally she was happy with the results. She had designed and constructed a colorful...
and attractive kite that flew well, and she knew the best techniques for flying it. Nora felt ready for the upcoming challenge.

On the day of the kite festival, Nora and her dad arrived at the site in time for the impressive opening ceremonies. The master kite-maker contest began just after the opening ceremonies. Nora and Dad watched the masters make and fly their kites with expert skill. At noon, it was time to start the children's event, so Nora took her kite to the registration table for children under eleven and signed up. She made her way to the field and awaited the judge's signal. She gently threw her kite in the air and felt the wind take hold, soaring the kite up into the sky. It had to fly for one minute to qualify. It flew for that long and more! Nora beamed at her kite and felt very proud.

Next, Nora and her dad watched in amazement as master kite fliers showed off their tricks and kite moves in the Hot Tricks Showdown. Nora gasped as the kites executed daring
and amazing maneuvers. The day ended with a contest in which the winner was the last kite still flying in the air. What a show it was!
A Play About Texas

The lights went out on stage for just a moment. Then all the actors came out to take a bow, and I leapt to my feet and clapped loudly. I glanced at my mother, father, and brother, and saw that they were also cheering eagerly. We had just watched “Texas, A Musical Romance of Panhandle History,” a play shown in an outdoor amphitheater during the summer months.

On the way to the parking lot after the play, I was dancing to the music that was still playing in my head. We drove back to our cabin, talking excitedly about the play. “My favorite part was seeing the canyons at night,” my father said. “It's neat to be able to sit under the stars and watch a play.”

“I liked eating dinner beforehand,” said Mom, “and watching you kids scramble around on those rocks.” Before we went to the play, we had eaten dinner near the entrance to the theater. The cookout dinner was served on picnic tables overlooking the colorful layers of the canyon. After dinner, we entered the outdoor theater and were welcomed by men and women.
dressed in boots and western clothing. One man tipped his cowboy hat to me and said, “Howdy, partner.” Before these helpers guided us to our seats, they explained that water is the only drink allowed in the theater. They also said that the theater was equipped with a sound system for visitors who are hearing impaired. My mother was excited to learn about this because my grandmother planned to see the play in a few weeks.

“Remember how the horseback riders came out as the play started?” my brother asked. I could picture the scene in my mind. Two riders, one carrying a Texas flag and another carrying an American flag, ran along the top of the canyon at sunset. The crowd went wild and then the play began.

The play was about a relationship between a farmer and a rancher. As the story unfolded, different actors came onstage wearing colorful costumes. They sang and danced to music performed by a live band. I don't think I moved a muscle the whole time.
“I thought the special effects were fantastic,” I added. In one part of the play, a thunderstorm swept across the stage with flashing lights and lots of noise. When a sudden bolt of lightning struck a tree on the side of the canyon, everyone in the audience jumped. The warm summer breeze blowing against my skin made me wonder for a moment if a real storm had come.

My father stopped the car next to the cabin. “Who wants to go again next summer?” he asked.
A Long Journey

In the fall, Monarch butterflies are born in the northern part of the United States. When the temperature drops, the butterflies know it is time to begin the journey south to Mexico, where not only is it warmer, but there are more plants on which to feed. Most Monarch butterflies live only four or five weeks, but once a year a special generation is born that will live seven to eight months. For comparison, this would be as if every so often people were born who lived over five hundred years!

These long-lived butterflies will leave their birthplace, flying a route they seem to know, though it is the first time they have made the journey. They fly about fifty miles each day, making stops as they go to get nectar from flowers. This gives them the energy they need to keep flying. They face many dangers as they fly south, including flying through bad weather and coming in contact with predators. Still, they keep going.

After about two months, the butterflies come to rest on a mountaintop in Mexico.
teeming with millions of butterflies. Somehow they all make it to one of twelve remote mountains. New generations of butterflies arrive there year after year. Even scientists are not sure how they know the way.

The butterflies hibernate on the mountain for about four months in huge groups on tree trunks. When it gets warmer in February, the butterflies wake. Soon, they begin their trip back to the North. During the trip, the female butterflies stop to lay eggs. In about one month, the babies hatched from these eggs will head north, too. These new butterflies, unlike their elderly parents, will only live four to five weeks. This will not be enough time for them to finish such a long journey. Their children and grandchildren will finish it for them, each generation only living for a month and flying as far as they can before it is time for their offspring to take over.

Kids and adults are helping scientists learn more about this mysterious butterfly.
migration. A program called Journey North asks for your help. When you see a Monarch, report it to the group. Journey North uses the information to map the butterflies' progress as they travel to their winter and summer homes. You can track the butterflies' progress online and be a part of their exciting migration.
### Going to the Museum

Talking with people about dinosaur bones, colorful rocks, and giant insects is all in a day's work for Mr. Martin. He's a guide at the Museum of Natural History. It's a job that combines his love of science and people.

It's a good thing Mr. Martin likes people, as the museum has hundreds of visitors every day. Many look at the exhibits on their own, but others choose to take a guided tour. These people really learn more from their visit because Mr. Martin explains each exhibit and answers their questions. He has a talent for grabbing their attention and helping them learn.

Mr. Martin says that each group of people is different. He doesn't just give memorized speeches. When he takes a group of people on a tour, he asks himself what they need to know about each exhibit. For example, a group of first graders will have different questions than a group of adults.

Sometimes there are one or two people in a group who are bored. Mr. Martin sees
Mr. Martin sees them as a challenge. He knows that there is something to interest everyone in this museum. He tries hard to help them find it.

The museum is home to thousands of items. Mr. Martin seems to know something about each one. When the museum gets a new item or makes a new exhibit, he spends time learning as much as he can about it. That way, he'll be ready for any questions a visitor might ask. He says he's learned a lot since he started working at the museum.

Mr. Martin loves his job because he gets to see so many interesting things. For example, the museum has a big exhibit of insects from around the world. He is amazed by how many sizes and shapes of insects there are. There are tiny green flies and giant beetles with horns!

The mineral room is also fun, with its many different kinds of rocks. However, Mr. Martin's favorite part of the museum is the prehistoric animal room. It holds dinosaur skeletons and models of other animals that have disappeared from the Earth, such as...
various tiny horses and giant cats. Mr. Martin loves to show people these strange animals.

Mr. Martin says that sometimes he gets tired and his feet hurt. But when he answers a question and sees someone get excited about learning something new, he finds it is all worth it.
The Grocery Store

Everyone needs food, and many of us buy our food at the local grocery store. Often, we take these stores for granted, but running a grocery store requires a lot of skill and cooperation. The employees in a grocery store all work as a team. Each person does his or her job to make sure that we get the best food possible.

Grocery stores have a variety of sections. For example, if you want to buy fresh fruits and vegetables, you go to the produce section. It takes many different people to keep this section running well. There are stockers that make sure that the fruits and vegetables are fresh and neatly stacked. These workers are supervised by produce managers who are in charge of ordering the right amounts of all the different types of produce.

At any given time in the bakery, all kinds of activities are going on. Someone might be putting the icing on a birthday cake. Another worker could be adding nuts to the cake mix or checking the oven to see if the bread is ready. All the while, clerks are taking care of...
customers who want to buy the bakery's products.

In the meat department, butchers make sure customers have their favorite cuts of meat, fish, or poultry. They cut and wrap their products and then put them in icy cold cases.

People can choose among these products or ask for something special. Butchers keep soap and water handy to wash surfaces and tools as they work. It's important to keep this department squeaky clean! Like other departments, the meat department has a manager who assigns jobs to all those who work there.

The produce section isn't the only area that needs stockers. In fact, stockers are needed all over the store. Their job is to line up all of the products neatly on shelves or in cases. In some stores, they also keep track of how many of each item are sold. They tell their managers which items have been selling well. The managers then order more of those items.

After customers finish shopping, they are ready to ring up their purchases. It's time to
check out! Cashiers run each **item** with a product code through the **scanner**. They weigh fruits and vegetables and **type** in the correct code for each **one**. After all the items are totaled, the **customer** pays and is handed a bag **full** of groceries. The groceries are put into the **bag** by a bagger. Baggers also help **people** carry their groceries to the car.

**Clearly**, it takes a lot of people to **run** a grocery store. Shopping is the **easy** part!
It seemed like we had been driving across northern Kansas forever. After spending a week with my grandparents in Missouri, my family was returning home to Colorado. We planned to camp overnight at Prairie Dog State Park near Norton, Kansas. My grandfather had raved about this park, explaining that it had historical places, unusual native wildlife, and a place to swim. The place to swim sounded great.

The road we were traveling along had been as straight as an arrow all the way. I don't think Mom had to turn the steering wheel except in the towns and once to avoid running over a turtle. On either side of the road, as far as the eye could see, crops of corn and wheat grew in well-tended fields.

We finally arrived in Norton, where we turned and headed for the Prairie Dog State Park.

“There's the entrance to the park, Kerry. I can see the prairie dog statue Gramps told us about,” Mom said.
I thought that the statue looked like a big, fat squirrel. I wondered aloud why they called it a prairie dog instead of a prairie squirrel. Mom promised I'd learn the answer to that question during our visit.

After we settled into the park and pitched our tent, I got to go swimming in the delightfully chilly lake. It felt wonderful after the long day of driving.

In the morning we were up early, and after breakfast we headed for the park's main attraction. We walked along the road and then up a hill in front of the prairie dog town. As we neared the top of the hill, we heard a racket that sounded like a dozen little poodles barking.

“That's why they're called prairie dogs,” Mom said. “The prairie dogs warn each other of danger with that yappy little bark. Then they all dive into their burrows and hide until the possibility of danger is past. If we hide ourselves behind the crest of the hill, they'll come out in a while.”
We made ourselves comfortable and waited. Sitting on the grass, we could just see over the top of the hill. After about ten minutes, one prairie dog stuck its head up. Then there was another and another, and soon there were dozens of them, sitting up on their back legs and looking around. The youngsters started coming out of their burrows, and they scurried up to the big prairie dogs and gave them little kisses. They were just as cute as could be. I loved watching the prairie dogs that day. They made the vacation very memorable for me.
Lava Tree State Park

Think of white sand beaches, a blue ocean, tall palm trees and rushing waterfalls. These are things most people imagine when they think of Hawaii.

Now think about red, hot lava. That image doesn't fit some people's idea of what Hawaii is like, but a visitor to Hawaii cannot go far without seeing the importance of volcanoes to this island state. When you are in Hawaii, you are around volcanic activity. The people who live there are used to it and, in fact, they know how important volcanoes are to their lives.

You see, without volcanoes, the islands would never have been formed.

One reminder of the islands' history with volcanoes is Lava Tree State Park. This park is located near a high mountain on the Big Island of Hawaii. The park area used to be a forest, but two hundred years ago a volcano erupted and sent a river of lava through the many trees that were there. A stand of lava trees resulted from that event. Today, the trees are a popular tourist attraction.
Here is how the lava trees were formed. The plants and trees that grew beneath the volcano formed a kind of rain forest. The plants were dense, and the air was always humid and muggy. When the hot lava first reached the trees, it met cool, wet bark, which caused the lava to cool and form a mold in the shape of each tree. The hotter lava then flowed into this mold and filled the area left empty by the burned tree. Slowly, the cooling lava drained from each mold, leaving a hard and rocklike shell. This shell was a perfect model of the tree. Many of these shells stood together after the event. They showed how the forest looked before it was destroyed by the lava flow.

Over time, the forest has grown back. The dense tropical foliage that existed before has been replaced by new growth. The lava trees, now covered in moss, remain amid the trees and plants of the forest, blending in with the vegetation. Tourists can see the natural beauty of the original forest. They can also see the rocky remains of the destroyed forest.
Guided tours through the park happen every day. Tour guides let visitors get up close to the lava trees and visitors are even allowed to view the inside of selected trees. There is also a short hiking trail that tourists can take to see some of the best sights the park has to offer.
The Restaurant

It was a busy Saturday evening at Giuseppina's, the best restaurant in town. Waiters in white shirts and blue ties rushed about carrying heavy trays of delicious food. Tamiqua and her parents sat at a little table in the corner, waiting for their dinner. From where they sat, Tamiqua could see the chefs in the kitchen. They were rolling out dough, chopping vegetables, and removing dishes from a huge oven. Tamiqua's tummy growled as she thought of the spaghetti with meatballs. It was her favorite dish and she ordered it every time her family came to eat here.

“Why don't you try something different tonight?” her dad asked. Tamiqua frowned and shook her head. She thought to herself, why should she when she knew the spaghetti was tasty?

Her mom enjoyed trying new foods, though, and every time the family went to Giuseppina's, her mom would order the chef's latest dish. This dish was always new, and usually included special recipes that the chef had gained from her travels. Tamiqua didn't know why Mom wanted to eat something she had never had before when she didn't know if she would like it.
At last, the waiter arrived with their food and set the plates down on the table. Mom and Dad picked up their forks, but when Tamiqua looked at her plate, she saw noodles covered with a white sauce with many strange objects in it. “This isn't spaghetti and meatballs!” she cried.

“Oh dear, we made the wrong food for you!” the waiter said.

Just then, the restaurant manager came by and saw Tamiqua's sad face, so she asked what the trouble was. When the waiter told her about the mistake, the manager looked serious and promised to bring the right dish out as soon as possible.

Before the manager returned to the kitchen, Dad asked the waiter to explain the dish they had brought out. He told them that it was noodles with chicken and spinach in a creamy cheese sauce. Dad looked hopefully at Tamiqua, but she frowned and wrinkled her nose.

“Tamiqua, those are all things that you like, you've just never had them all in one dish,” Mom said. Dad asked her to try a bite.
Tamiqua sighed, but she went ahead and picked up her fork and cut a tiny bite. She put it in her mouth. To her surprise, it was good. She took another bite. Yum! The cheesy sauce tasted delicious with the chicken and vegetables. Tamiqua smiled at the waiter and manager.

She said, “Tell the cook I have a new favorite dish!”
My Memories of the State Park

Some of my best childhood memories are of the many relaxing days I spent camping and picnicking with my family at Big Oak Tree State Park. Whenever I smell sunscreen lotion, I remember my mother dabbing it on my cheeks while I looked up at the trees in the park.

Once, she told me how it came to be called the park of champions. She explained that the nickname comes from the many tall trees living in this wonderful Missouri park.

I'm grown now, and I live in another state, but I take my children to visit Big Oak Tree State Park. We go whenever we can all take a vacation. When I recently looked up information about the park, I learned that my mother was right. Seven trees in the park are state champions. Two of these trees are also national champions. This means that the trees are the biggest of their species, based on many characteristics including the height of the tree, how far their branches spread out, and the size of their trunks. Of course, the trees on the list change as the trees age and die.
My youngest son Todd loves wildlife, so a trip to Big Oak Tree State Park is always a treat for him. He often takes a sketchpad and drawing pencils to record his observations of animals. On our last visit, he drew a picture of a deer, a turtle, and a lizard. When we left the park, he picked up some information about its history. He read that bald eagles can be spotted in the park in the winter. He added an eagle to his drawings on the way home.

My daughter loves to hike as much as my son loves to draw. She always asks to go on one of the trails in the park. Her favorite trail is called the Bottomland Trail. This short trail begins and ends in the picnic area. Sometimes we all take a hike together and then eat our favorite picnic lunch—ham sandwiches, potato salad, and lemonade. The last time we took this hike, we heard a strange honking sound. We looked up to see a flock of geese coming in for a landing near the trail. We were surprised to see how large these birds are. My daughter couldn't stop talking about the sight.
I guess my favorite part of going to Big Oak Tree State Park is building more memories. Whenever we go there, I take sunscreen for my children. When I dab it on their cheeks, I always remind them that the park is called the park of champions. Maybe some day, they'll do the same with their children.
Musical Dunes

When you think of famous singers, you probably think of a musical artist or band. Have you ever thought of a sand dune as a singer? It may sound strange, but several famous sand dunes are responsible for creating many unique songs.

Over thirty sand dunes around the world create these “dune tunes.” Observers describe the sound as a loud roar, low thrumming, or even a funny squeak. Some people even compare the sound to a barking dog! Scientists think they know how these sounds are made.

When grains of sand crash together, a very small sound is made. The sand grains in a musical dune all collide against each other to create a sound wave that vibrates. This creates a type of song. In order for the sand to sing, the grains must be round, contain a mineral called silica, and be fairly dry. Then, the only thing needed to create the sound is a force to move the sand. This can be the wind or people sliding down the dune. The songs can last up to several minutes. Tours bring people to the dunes and show them how to slide down in order to
create the maximum amount of sound.

Some of the most beautiful songs created by dunes can be found in the deserts of Oman. Scientists say the sand there makes a very pure tone. You can find other singing dunes around the world. There are singing dunes in places such as Wales, the United States, and China. The most famous musical dune in China is called the Mingsha Sand Dune. Today, it is a popular tourist attraction and many people climb the dune and slide down to hear it sing. On days when the wind makes the dune's song especially loud, people can hear the sound miles away.

Another popular singing dune is on the island of Kauai. It's called Barking Sand Beach and is one of the biggest beaches in the U.S. state of Hawaii. The beach stretches fifteen miles with huge sand dunes measuring over one hundred feet. Legend says that the sound comes from nine dogs barking at their owner when they were stuck in the sand during a bad storm. Visitors rub their bare feet against the sand to hear it "bark."
The next time you think about famous singers, remember the famous singing sand dunes and their very unusual songs.
The Clown College

At most schools, students get in trouble for clowning around. That is certainly not the case at Clown College. For thirty years, Clown College has been teaching future clowns important skills for a career in the circus. Can you imagine such a thing? People actually go to school to learn how to goof around correctly in size fifty shoes!

To the people who run a circus, this training is no joke. They look to Clown College when they want to hire professionals who can safely entertain a crowd. The Clown College was founded in the late nineteen sixties. Its mission was simple. The founders wanted to create a place where young people could go to learn the craft of clowning. They looked all over the country for the best and brightest among those who wanted to be clowns. They went from city to city holding auditions. Every year, only thirty students were accepted into the program. The competition didn't end there, though. Only the very best of those thirty would get to go on the road with the circus. For some unlucky students, all those pies in the face turned out...
to be for nothing.

Education continued for the lucky students who were chosen to go on the road. They learned to walk on stilts and apply just the right amount of make-up. By the end of their training, they knew everything about clowning, from polka dots to miming. Many of the students believed they had found their dream job. Where else, for example, would a boss say, “Today we're going to see how many of you we can fit into this tiny car.”

As the trained clowns moved forward with their careers, the people who ran the circus began to notice something. Turnover among employees started to go way down. Instead of quitting, clowns were actually staying with and enjoying their jobs. What did this mean for the circus? First, the longer people stayed with the circus, the more polished their skills became. Experienced clowns are better in most situations than clowns with less experience. The second thing is perhaps the most important. A clown’s job is to make people laugh. Clearly, a clown who is happy
has an easier time making the audience laugh.

The number of professional clowns continues to grow. In fact, there are over four hundred expertly trained clowns in the world today. All this is thanks to Clown College, which provides a place where students are encouraged to goof off.
Cooking Together

Each day, the twins looked forward to the wonderful dinner their grandmother had prepared. On this day, however, things were different. Wearing a cast on her arm, Gran met the boys at the door.

She told them that she hurt her hand that morning and the doctor insisted that she wear a cast for a while. The doctor also told her that she should avoid using her hand for the next week or so. This left her wondering what to do about cooking dinner that night.

“Oh, Gran, we are so sorry you hurt yourself,” said Jack. “Don’t you worry a bit about the cooking, though. John and I have always wanted to learn to cook. This is the perfect opportunity for you to teach us. You just sit right there in that comfortable chair and give us some pointers.”

Because spaghetti was one of their favorite meals, the boys decided to give it a shot. Gran said she thought that spaghetti was a great choice for two chefs in training. She asked them...
if they had a particular recipe in mind. Because the boys were new to cooking, they did not. So with Gran’s advice, they decided to use the Internet to find some creative recipes. Gran said that she used it often when she couldn’t think of what to make with the ingredients she had on hand.

John sat down at the computer and was soon scrolling through spaghetti recipes. Jack looked through the cookbooks that Gran had in the kitchen. Soon the twins agreed on what type of spaghetti to make and assembled the necessary ingredients. While Gran watched, Jack browned the meat and John put the water on to boil for the pasta.

Gran told Jack that he might want to add a little garlic to the browned meat. And then she told John that if he put a little olive oil in the pot of water, the pasta wouldn’t stick together. Finally, she told the boys to add a can of diced tomatoes. She told them to stir it together with the browned meat until it was heated. Then she told them her secret. She said they should add some red pepper flakes and a pinch of cinnamon to give the sauce a special
Jack was just finishing making a salad when Mom arrived home from work. She was delighted to see the table set and a large pot of spaghetti steaming on the stove. The twins proudly served up plates of food for Mom, Gran, and themselves. Everyone agreed that the meal was delicious, and the boys concluded they had discovered a brand new hobby.
How to Coach a Basketball Team

The basketball game was approaching halftime and the Chicago Bulls team was playing without much heart, and was not doing well. The Bulls coach, Phil Jackson, sat and **watched** the action. He was not happy with his **team**, but did he scream and shout? Did he call a timeout and give the **players** a pep talk? Not at all, and in fact the coach did something that no **other** coach had done during a game. He pulled out a pair of clippers and **trimmed** his fingernails.

This is just an **example** of Jackson's one of a kind **coaching** style. If you happened to walk in on a **practice** session you might be surprised to see the players sitting and listening to a **story** rather than running up and down the **court**. Coach Jackson's practice activities are often focused **just** as much on mental preparation as on **physical** preparation.

He has been known to **tell** his players Native American legends, and sometimes he **teaches** them special methods for relaxing and **clearing** their minds. He is well known for **giving** some **books** to read to **improve** their playing skills. They are not **books** about basketball, however;
they are simply books that tell stories. Jackson hopes that the players will learn something about themselves by reading the books.

Books are not the only tools that this coach uses. He likes to show clips of movies to his players, too. One time, two of his players were angry at each other. The coach showed a movie about people who must learn to work together to face an opponent. Who was the opponent his players had to face? The other team! Jackson hoped that by watching this movie, his players would apply the lessons to their own lives. They had to learn that rather than fight with each other, they needed to overcome their differences to be a strong basketball team.

Jackson's unusual coaching style also appears on the court. During a game, he often appears calm and relaxed while the players run and jump and the fans yell and cheer. It almost seems like he is thinking of something else.

These methods are very different from those of other coaches. But they sure do work!
The **teams** that Jackson has coached win game after game. Maybe it's because these methods bring the players **together**. As Jackson once wrote, “The power of **We** is stronger than the power of **Me**.”
Ferocious monsters, dazzling magic, and fantastic worlds appear in many books for children. Others focus on a child's day or a real woman of the past. Some are simply silly stories that bring a smile to readers' faces. To help bring all these stories to life, many books for young children are picture books. They are filled with illustrations that tell the story through their art. Each year, some of the best picture books are given awards named after Randolph Caldecott. He was an English artist who was famous for the books he wrote for children. The Caldecott Medal was first given in 1938. The Newbery Award, another prize for children's books, had been given for the first time sixteen years before. Yet the Newbery went only to writers, and was usually for novels. The people who gave the Newbery wanted a way to honor picture books and their illustrators. Thus, they created the Caldecott Medal, which was for the artist of the best picture book of the year. The “Caldecott Honor” is given to the runners-up. Randolph Caldecott was born in 1846. When he was twenty-four, he began to work as an...
illustrator. Magazines would hire him to illustrate their stories. Other times, they would simply print some of his drawings by themselves. He became well known for his work. In 1877 he was asked to draw pictures for two children's books. The books were so successful that he put out two books a year for the next eight years. He chose or wrote all the stories in his books, but what they are most known for are their illustrations. They were often funny, and had a sense of movement that helped bring the stories to life.

On the front of the Caldecott medal is a running horse with a rider on its back. The man is only barely hanging on, and the horse is running past squawking geese and barking dogs. This funny and lively image is from one of Caldecott's books. It was these types of pictures that helped make his books so beloved and successful.

Today, the Caldecott Medal has been awarded to dozens of picture books. It helps people learn of great new books and gives recognition to talented artists. It is a wonderful way to...
honor a beloved illustrator of the past, as well as the artists who carry on his tradition today.
Just Give Me the Baton

The finals for the one-hundred-meter dash were about to begin, and one of the team's best runners was nowhere to be seen. The coach wondered where she could possibly be. This was the Olympics, after all, and Wilma Rudolph was the star of the team! He finally found her sound asleep in the warm-up tent. “This is probably one of the biggest moments in her life, and she goes to sleep,” Coach Temple thought in disbelief.

A few minutes later, Wilma exploded from the starting line like a rocket. Her arms pumped and her long legs moved gracefully around the track. She easily earned her gold medal in the race and also won the two-hundred-meter race that followed. Then it was time for the team relay. Wilma would be running along with three other runners. Each one would complete a portion of the race, and then hand a baton to the next runner.

As the anchor runner in the relay, Wilma would be the last member of the relay team to run. She wanted to win the gold medal for her team and for the United States more than anything.
“Just give me the **baton**,” she said, flashing a wide smile as the **runners** made their way to the track.

A few minutes later, the starting gun sounded and the **runners** took off. Waiting for her teammates to reach her, Wilma watched the first three **runners** sprinting around the track. She waited until the **third** runner had grabbed the baton and begun running toward her. To allow time to build up speed before taking the baton, Wilma started running before the runner reached her.

Wilma heard the sound of the runner’s feet behind her. She extended her hand to receive the baton. A low groan went up from the crowd when she fumbled and missed it. She tried again and got her hand firmly around it. **However**, as she gained speed, she realized that she had fallen back to third place.

Staying calm, Wilma went into action. Every muscle in her **body** strained to catch up. When she passed the first runner ahead of her, she saw that there was only a short **distance** left.
in the race. Then, with the **crowd** roaring, she swept over the finish **line**. She was four yards ahead of her **opponent**.

Wilma Rudolph cheered along with the **audience** and with her team. She had just become the first American woman to **win** three gold medals in the Olympic **games**.
A Special Camp

Have you ever been to a summer camp? Camps often have art and science activities and let you go outside to have fun. In some camps, you might get to read and talk about a lot of good books. There are also many camps where you can learn and play sports. One special sports camp is held every year at multiple sites across the United States. It is the people at this camp that make it special.

Camp Shriver was founded by Eunice Kennedy Shriver in 1962. Shriver's brother, John F. Kennedy, had recently become the thirty-fifth president of the United States. Their sister, Rosemary Kennedy, had an intellectual disability. Shriver knew children who had similar disabilities and wished there was a fun camp where these kids could get to play the same kinds of sports as kids who were not disabled. She founded Camp Shriver so all kids could have fun playing sports.

Today, Camp Shriver sites are in many states and offer many different sports. Every Camp
Shriver has at least four areas where sports can take place, such as tennis courts, pools to swim in, or grass fields. Some Camp Shriver sites are for young kids only, while some take all ages. Some of the camps are for kids with a certain type or level of disability, and others are less specific. All of the camps take kids with and without disabilities, who are paired up with a buddy for the duration of the camp. All the kids learn to play together and have a great time. Campers and counselors often make friends at Camp Shriver that they keep for the rest of their lives.

Some kids who attend Camp Shriver may find that they love a certain sport. They may go on to be in an event called the Special Olympics World Games. This event is a sports competition for athletes with intellectual disabilities. It is held every four years and has both summer and winter sports. Athletes from all over the world compete in divisions for their level abilities. Some events are for athletes with and without disabilities to work together.
Shriver's dream, that all people would have the same chances to play and compete in sports, has become a reality. With dozens of sites for her camp and a thriving world sports event for athletes with intellectual disabilities, the opportunities are endless.
Amusement Park Rides

Over one hundred years ago, people began building amusement parks. These parks had rides, attractions, and food stands. They were often built in or near large cities. Families could visit one of these parks and be entertained for a day. Each member of the family would find something to enjoy at the park.

For many people, the rides were the best part of the parks. The merry-go-round, or carousel, has always been a favorite ride for children. The brightly painted horses and fun music can make anyone smile. Did you know the first carousels were actually turned by real horses? The horses were tethered to the carousel and would walk in a circle around it. Later, carousels were powered by steam and eventually electricity.

For people who wanted more excitement, the Ferris wheel took them higher into the air than most amusement park goers would ever get by any other means. The Ferris wheel was invented for the Chicago World's Fair. The fair organizers wanted an attraction to rival the
Eiffel Tower, which was built for the previous World's Fair in Paris. When the Ferris wheel was complete, it was the largest single piece of forged steel in the world and had thirty-six wooden cars for passengers. Visitors at the fair loved the huge rotating wheel, and today the Ferris wheel remains a staple of amusement parks. For many people, riding with friends and family to the top of the Ferris wheel is one of the highlights of any trip to a fair. The Ferris wheel opened the door to other, more exciting rides. It wasn't long before people invented parts of what would become known as the roller coaster. The first roller coaster ever built was called The Cyclone. It was at a park called Coney Island in New York City. With this new type of ride, park visitors got to change directions and go high and fast in a flash. They loved the excitement caused by moving at such amazing speeds. From that time on, one of the main goals for any new amusement park was to have a higher, longer, and faster roller coaster.
Amusement parks are now found all over the world and have many types of rides and even themes. Today, these parks are places where visitors can imagine themselves in all sorts of exciting settings. They can learn about the past, about science, and about other countries. Or they can just have a great time enjoying the rides.