

Examiner script	Reminders	
Please read this (point to passage) out loud.	Start timer	When student says first word.
If you get stuck, I will tell you the word, so you can keep reading. When I say 'Stop' I may ask you to tell me about what you read, so do your best reading.	Prompts	Student hesitates: wait 3 seconds; give correct word; mark the missed word as incorrect.
Start here (point to first word of first paragraph of passage). Ready? Begin.	Discontinue	Student does not get any words correct within the first line: discontinue ORF.

To Be a Poet

One summer morning, I woke before ~~day~~ dawn and set out for Paris. ^{3+ seconds} (11)

I was only fifteen years old, but I was going to ~~wake~~ walk all the way to (26)

^{3+ seconds} Paris to become a ~~pot~~ poet. I shut the door behind me without a sound, (41)

so as not to wake Mother. (48)

I ~~stick~~ stuck my hands in my pockets and walked ~~omit~~ along fast, (59)

^{3+ seconds} stumbling a little on the loose round stones. The sun ~~omit~~ blazed out, (71)

and the summer wheat gave off a ^{3+ seconds} dizzying smell. I took my hands (84)

out of my pockets and swung] my arms to walk faster. (95)

Once, I passed a small inn with an open door, but I didn't go (109)

inside. I just drank some cold water from the old well outside. Ah, (122)

I thought, that's good! (126)

I passed no one else on the dusty white road but a man in (140)

green overalls leading a tired horse, and a group of shy schoolgirls. (152)

The man greeted me by touching his cap as we passed. The (164)

schoolgirls all blushed and ran off laughing into a field. (174)

In the blue evening I was still walking, under a sky of (186)

winking stars. I was so tired I might have been dreaming. Am I (199)

me? Am I really a poet? Will they love me in Paris more than they (214)

did at home? (217)

Total words read 90 Total errors 10 Total words correct 80

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Clara’s Secret Life

Clara was just four years old when she started her secret life. (12)

That day she had just learned how to write her name and a few other words. With her tongue sticking out of the side of her mouth, she wrote carefully in crayon. "Clara loves ..." (26)

She sat back and thought hard. What does Clara love? A cloud was floating by outside the window. She bent over her paper and wrote "a cloud." Clara loves a cloud. (39)

She folded up the piece of paper and stuck it into a hole in an oak tree. As she walked by the tree the next morning, she saw a brown squirrel run out of the same hole. The squirrel was holding a slip of folded paper in its mouth! It jumped to a high branch and with a crackling of its claws vanished. (46)

Clara stood there in the cold wind with her mouth open. Her secret was out! But what would that silly brown squirrel do with the fact that she, Clara, loved a cloud? Would that squirrel deliver her message to the white cloud that had passed the window yesterday? But how would the squirrel find the right cloud? And how would the cloud read her crazy crayon writing? (57)

Clara began to skip as she thought about the possibilities. (69)

What if she and the cloud she loved became pen pals? She would be the only little girl in the world with a cloud for a friend. (77)

(92)

(106)

(119)

(133)

(140)

(152)

(164)

(176)

(187)

(198)

(207)

(217)

(230)

(244)

Total words read 105 Total errors 29 Total words correct 76