

## Year One Mastery Evaluation, Week 36

This week's assignments are designed to evaluate the student's mastery of the Year One skills. Before moving to Year Two, the student should be able to copy a ten-word sentence without error, accurately answer questions about a passage approximately four to five paragraphs in length, and answer the question "What is one thing you remember about the passage?" with a complete sentence. Feel free to give some help, but if the student is frustrated by any of these assignments, spend some additional time working on copywork or narration before moving on to Year Two.

### DAY ONE: Copywork

Copy out the following sentences on first-grade lined paper, in neat print handwriting. Ask the student to copy them out in her own handwriting below your model. Remind the student that her copy should look exactly like the model, but do not give other specific suggestions.

The rain is falling all around,  
It falls on field and tree,  
It rains on the umbrellas here,  
And on the ships at sea.

—From *A Child's Garden of Verses*  
by Robert Louis Stevenson

If the student misspells more than one word and does not reproduce the punctuation and capitalization properly, spend a few more weeks on copywork before moving on to Year Two.

### DAY TWO: Narration Exercise

Tell the student that this excerpt is from the beginning of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, by L. Frank Baum. In this story, a little girl named Dorothy is picked up by a cyclone (a tornado) and taken to a magical country called Oz. Toto is Dorothy's little dog.

The student may need to be prompted for the answer to one of the questions that follow, but if she doesn't know the answers to two or three of the questions, she should practice listening on more passages of this length before going on to Year Two.

You may need to remind the student to answer in complete sentences, but you should not have to form the complete sentences for her. If so, she needs additional practice before going on to Year Two.

From the far north they heard a low wail of the wind, and Uncle Henry and Dorothy could see where the long grass bowed in waves before the coming storm. There now came a sharp whistling in the air from the south, and as they turned their eyes that way they saw ripples in the grass coming from that direction also.

Suddenly Uncle Henry stood up.

“There’s a cyclone coming, Em,” he called to his wife. “I’ll go look after the stock.” Then he ran toward the sheds where the cows and horses were kept.

Aunt Em dropped her work and came to the door. One glance told her of the danger close at hand.

“Quick, Dorothy!” she screamed. “Run for the cellar!”

Toto jumped out of Dorothy’s arms and hid under the bed, and the girl started to get him. Aunt Em, badly frightened, threw open the trap door in the floor and climbed down the ladder into the small, dark hole. Dorothy caught Toto at last and started to follow her aunt. When she was halfway across the room there came a great shriek from the wind, and the house shook so hard that she lost her footing and sat down suddenly upon the floor.

Then a strange thing happened.

The house whirled around two or three times and rose slowly through the air. Dorothy felt as if she were going up in a balloon.

The north and south winds met where the house stood, and made it the exact center of the cyclone. In the middle of a cyclone the air is generally still, but the great pressure of the wind on every side of the house raised it up higher and higher, until it was at the very top of the cyclone; and there it remained and was carried miles and miles away as easily as you could carry a feather.

—From *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*  
by L. Frank Baum

Ask the following questions:

**Instructor:** What are the names of Dorothy’s uncle and aunt?

**Student:** *They are named Uncle Henry and Aunt Em.*

**Instructor:** Dorothy and Uncle Henry saw and heard three things that warned them of the coming cyclone. Can you remember one of them?

**Student:** *They heard the wind wail OR They saw ripples in the grass OR They heard whistling in the air.*

**Instructor:** Where did Uncle Henry go, after he warned Aunt Em about the cyclone?

**Student:** *He ran to the sheds where the cows and horses were.*

**Instructor:** Where did Toto go?

**Student:** *Toto hid under the bed.*

**Instructor:** Where did Aunt Em go?

**Student:** *She went through the trap door in the floor.*

**Instructor:** What happened to Dorothy and the house?

**Student:** *They were carried up into the cyclone.*

Ask, “What is one thing you remember about the passage?” Remember to help the student answer in a complete sentence. Write the student’s answer down on first-grade lined paper as she watches.

**DAY THREE:** Copywork

Copy out the following sentences on first-grade lined paper, in neat print handwriting, for the student to copy. Remind the student that the copied sentences should look exactly like the original, but do not give any other specific reminders.

L. Frank Baum wrote stories about a little girl who lived in Kansas. Her name was Dorothy, and she went to the land of Oz.

If the student misspells more than one word and does not reproduce the punctuation and capitalization properly, spend a few more weeks on copywork before moving on to Year Two.

**DAY FOUR:** Narration Exercise and Copywork

Tell the student that, after Dorothy landed in the land of Oz, she found herself in the land of the Munchkins, peaceful farmers who wore blue. She left the Munchkins to go to the city of Oz, because she thought that the wizard who lived there might be able to help her get back to Kansas.

The student may need to be prompted for the answer to one of the questions that follow, but if she doesn't know the answers to two or three of the questions, she should practice listening on more passages of this length before going on to Year Two.

You may need to remind the student to answer in complete sentences, but you should not have to form the complete sentences for her. If so, she needs additional practice before going on to Year Two.

She bade her friends good-bye, and again started along the road of yellow brick. When she had gone several miles she thought she would stop to rest, and so climbed to the top of the fence beside the road and sat down. There was a great cornfield beyond the fence, and not far away she saw a Scarecrow, placed high on a pole to keep the birds from the ripe corn.

Dorothy leaned her chin upon her hand and gazed thoughtfully at the Scarecrow. Its head was a small sack stuffed with straw, with eyes, nose, and mouth painted on it to represent a face.

An old, pointed blue hat, that had belonged to some Munchkin, was perched on his head, and the rest of the figure was a blue suit of clothes, worn and faded, which had also been stuffed with straw. On the feet were some old boots with blue

tops, such as every man wore in this country, and the figure was raised above the stalks of corn by means of the pole stuck up its back.

While Dorothy was looking earnestly into the queer, painted face of the Scarecrow, she was surprised to see one of the eyes slowly wink at her. She thought she must have been mistaken at first, for none of the scarecrows in Kansas ever wink; but presently the figure nodded its head to her in a friendly way. Then she climbed down from the fence and walked up to it, while Toto ran around the pole and barked.

“Good day,” said the Scarecrow, in a rather husky voice.

“Did you speak?” asked the girl, in wonder.

“Certainly,” answered the Scarecrow. “How do you do?”

“I’m pretty well, thank you,” replied Dorothy politely.

“How do you do?”

“I’m not feeling well,” said the Scarecrow, with a smile, “for it is very tedious being perched up here night and day to scare away crows.”

—From *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*  
by L. Frank Baum

Ask the following questions:

**Instructor:** What kind of road did Dorothy follow?

**Student:** *She followed a road of yellow brick.*

**Instructor:** What did she see when she sat on the fence beside the road?

**Student:** *She saw a Scarecrow.*

**Instructor:** Why was the Scarecrow in the field?

**Student:** *He was there to scare the crows away from the crops.*

**Instructor:** What color was the Scarecrow wearing?

**Student:** *He was wearing blue.*

**Instructor:** How did Dorothy know that the Scarecrow was alive?

**Student:** *He winked at her.*

**Instructor:** Was the Scarecrow content to be on his pole?

**Student:** *No; he was bored with scaring crows.*

Ask, “What is one thing you remember about the passage?” Remember to help the student answer in a complete sentence. Write the student’s answer down on first-grade lined paper as she watches.

Place this written answer in front of the student. Ask her to copy the sentence in pencil on the line below the model.

## Year Two Mastery Evaluation, Week 36

Before moving to Year Three, the student should be able to take one long (12 to 15 words) or two short sentences from dictation, after two repetitions. He should also be able to answer questions about a passage of five to six paragraphs, and then to summarize the passage in a two- to three-sentence narration. Finally, he should be able to take a sentence of his own narration down as a dictation exercise.

Use the following assignments to evaluate the student's mastery of these skills; you may do these over several days or all at once, depending on the student's maturity.

If the student still struggles with narration or dictation, spend a few more weeks on these skills before moving on.

### NARRATION EVALUATION

This passage is from the novel *Peter Pan*, by J. M. Barrie. Peter Pan has come to visit the three Darling children, Wendy, John, and the youngest child, Michael, while their parents and their nurse, Nana, are at a dinner party next door. Peter Pan wants the three children to come back to Neverland with him. He tells them that they can fly to Neverland if they just have wonderful thoughts—but even while they are thinking wonderful thoughts, they can't get off the ground.

Of course Peter had been trifling with them, for no one can fly unless the fairy dust has been blown on him. Fortunately, as we have mentioned, one of his hands was messy with it, and he blew some on each of them, with the most superb results.

"Now just wiggle your shoulders this way," he said, "and let go."

They were all on their beds, and gallant Michael let go first. He did not quite mean to let go, but he did it, and immediately he was borne across the room.

"I flew!" he screamed while still in mid-air.

John let go and met Wendy near the bathroom.

"Oh, lovely!"

"Oh, ripping!"

"Look at me!"

"Look at me!"

“Look at me!”

They were not nearly so elegant as Peter, they could not help kicking a little, but their heads were bobbing against the ceiling, and there is almost nothing so delicious as that. Peter gave Wendy a hand at first, but had to desist, Tink was so indignant.

Up and down they went, and round and round. Heavenly was Wendy’s word.

“I say,” cried John, “why shouldn’t we all go out?”

Of course it was to this that Peter had been luring them.

Michael was ready: he wanted to see how long it took him to do a billion miles. But Wendy hesitated.

“Mermaids!” said Peter again.

“Oo!”

“And there are pirates.”

“Pirates,” cried John, seizing his Sunday hat, “let us go at once.”

It was just at this moment that Mr. and Mrs. Darling hurried with Nana out of 27. They ran into the middle of the street to look up at the nursery window; and, yes, it was still shut, but the room was ablaze with light, and most heart-gripping sight of all, they could see in shadow on the curtain three little figures in night attire circling round and round, not on the floor but in the air.

Not three figures, four!

In a tremble they opened the street door. Mr. Darling would have rushed upstairs, but Mrs. Darling signed him to go softly. She even tried to make her heart go softly.

Will they reach the nursery in time? If so, how delightful for them, and we shall all breathe a sigh of relief, but there will be no story. On the other hand, if they are not in time, I solemnly promise that it will all come right in the end.

They would have reached the nursery in time had it not been that the little stars were watching them. Once again the stars blew the window open, and that smallest star of all called

out:

“*Cave*, Peter!” [“Beware” in Latin]

Then Peter knew that there was not a moment to lose.

“Come,” he cried imperiously, and soared out at once into the night, followed by John and Michael and Wendy.

Mr. and Mrs. Darling and Nana rushed into the nursery too late.

The birds were flown.

—From *Peter Pan*  
by J. M. Barrie

Ask the student the following questions. Remember that he should respond in complete sentences; you may remind him of this, but you shouldn't have to form the complete sentences for him.

**Instructor:** What else, besides wonderful thoughts, did the children need in order to fly?

**Student:** *They needed fairy dust.*

**Instructor:** Where did Peter get his fairy dust?

**Student:** *It was on his hand.*

**Instructor:** After fairy dust was blown on them, what did the children have to do to fly?

**Student:** *They had to wiggle their shoulders.*

**Instructor:** What were the two things that Peter promised them they would see in Neverland?

**Student:** *There would be mermaids and pirates.*

**Instructor:** What did Mr. and Mrs. Darling see when they looked up at the nursery window?

**Student:** *They saw four figures flying in the air.*

**Instructor:** Who warned Peter that it was time to go?

**Student:** *A little star called to him.*

**Instructor:** What did Peter do at once?

**Student:** *He called the children and flew out into the night.*

**Instructor:** Did Mr. and Mrs. Darling reach the nursery in time?

**Student:** *No, the children were already gone.*

Now ask the student, “What happened in this passage?” The narration should resemble one of the following:

“Peter Pan blew fairy dust on the children so that they could fly. They all flew out of the window to Neverland before their parents could come back.”

“The children thought wonderful thoughts, had fairy dust blown on them, and wiggled their shoulders. Then they could fly. They flew out of the window with Peter Pan.”

“The children were getting ready to fly to Neverland when their parents came home. A star warned Peter, and he led them out of the window before their parents could reach the nursery.”

“Peter Pan taught the children to fly and promised them that they would see mermaids and pirates. All four of them flew out of the window before their parents could get to them.”

Write the student’s narration down, but do not allow him to watch. Then dictate one of the sentences back to the student. Help him with any difficult spelling, and indicate unusual punctuation with your voice.

#### DICTATION EVALUATION

Tell the student that these two dictation selections come from Chapter 9 of *Peter Pan*, “The Never Bird.” Peter Pan is trapped on a rock by the rising tide, but a bird who has her nest on the rock pushes the nest out for him to use as a raft. She is afraid that he will crush her eggs, but instead he puts her eggs into a top hat.

You may do these selections in two different sessions, if necessary. Be sure to use your voice to indicate the period in the first selection.

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Peter put the eggs into this hat and set it on the lagoon. It floated beautifully.

At the same moment the bird fluttered down upon the hat and once more sat snugly on her eggs.

—From *Peter Pan*  
by J. M. Barrie

## Year Three Mastery Evaluation, Week 36

By this point, the student should be able to read a passage independently, sum it up in two or three sentences, write down the first sentence of her own narration, and take dictation exercises of around 20 words after three repetitions.

If the student struggles with this week’s assignments, plan on spending a few more weeks practicing her “trouble spots” before moving on.

### NARRATION EVALUATION

Give the following passage to the student to read independently

#### ● begin reading

*This book was first published in 1944. It is the story of the animals who live on a deserted farm called the Hill. One of these animals is Little Georgie, a young rabbit who lives with his family beneath the Hill. In this excerpt, Little Georgie is hopping past a neighbor’s house, not really paying attention, when the neighbor’s dog, the Old Hound, surprises him and begins to chase him.*

*You should know that “Porkey” is the name of Georgie’s friend the woodchuck, an animal also called a “groundhog” in some parts of the country.*

Instinctively Little Georgie made several wide springs that carried him temporarily out of harm’s way. He paused a fraction of a second to tighten the knapsack strap and then set off at a good steady pace. “Don’t waste speed on a plodder” was Father’s rule. He tried a few checks and doubles and circlings, although he knew they were pretty useless. The great fields were too bare, and the Old Hound knew all the tricks. No matter how he turned and

dodged, the Old Hound was always there, coming along at his heavy gallop. He looked for Woodchuck burrows, but there were none in sight. “Well, I guess I’ll have to run it out,” said Little Georgie.

He pulled the knapsack strap tighter, laced back his ears, put his stomach to the ground, and RAN. And *how* he ran!

The warm sun had loosened his muscles; the air was invigorating; Little Georgie’s leaps grew longer and longer. Never had he felt so young and strong. His legs were like coiled springs of steel that released themselves of their own accord. He was hardly conscious of any effort, only of his hind feet pounding the ground, and each time they hit, those wonderful springs released and shot him through the air. He sailed over fences and stone walls as though they were mole runs. Why, this was almost like flying! Now he understood what Zip the Swallow had been driving at when he tried to describe what it was like. He glanced back at the Old Hound, far behind now, but still coming along at his plodding gallop. He was old and must be tiring, while he, Little Georgie, felt stronger and more vigorous at every leap. Why didn’t the old fool give up and go home?

And then, as he shot over the brow of a slight rise, he suddenly knew. *He had forgotten Deadman’s Brook!* There

it lay before him, broad and deep, curving out in a great silvery loop. He, the son of Father, gentleman hunter from the Bluegrass, had been driven into a trap, a trap that even Porkey should have been able to avoid! Whether he turned to right or left the loop of the creek hemmed him in and the Old Hound could easily cut him off. There was nothing for it but to jump!

This sickening realization had not reduced his speed; now he redoubled it. The slope helped, and his soaring leaps became prodigious. The wind whistled through his laced-back ears. Still he kept his head, as Father would have wished him to. He picked a spot where the bank was high and firm; he spaced his jumps so they would come out exactly right.

The take-off was perfect. He put every ounce of leg muscle into that final kick and sailed out into space. Below him he could see the cream-puff clouds mirrored in the dark water, he could see the pebbles on the bottom and the silver flash of frightened minnows dashing away from his flying shadow. Then, with a breath-taking thump, he landed, turned seven somersaults, and came up sitting in a clump of soft lush grass.

He froze, motionless except for heaving sides, and watched the Old Hound come thundering down the slope, slide to a stop and, after eyeing the water

disgustedly, take his way slowly homeward, his dripping tongue almost dragging the ground.

—From *Rabbit Hill*  
by Robert Lawson

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**stop reading** —■

Now ask the student to summarize the passage in three sentences. His answer should resemble one of the following:

“Little Georgie ran away from the Old Hound, so fast that it felt like flying. But when he came over a hill, he saw Deadman’s Brook in front of him. He leaped all the way over the brook, and the Old Hound gave up and went slowly home.”

“The Old Hound was chasing Little Georgie, and Little Georgie could not find anywhere to hide. He wondered why the Old Hound didn’t give up, until he came to Deadman’s Brook. He had to jump over it, even though he was frightened.”

“Little George was running away from the Old Hound when he saw a stream in front of him. It was so wide that he didn’t think he could jump across it. But he leaped as hard as he could, sailed across, and landed safely on the other side.”

Write the narration down, but do not allow the student to watch. Then read him the first sentence of the narration **ONLY ONCE**. Tell the student to repeat the sentence to himself, and then to say it out loud to himself as he writes it down.

#### **DICTATION EVALUATION**

Tell the student that, before Georgie sets off on his journey, his father wants to make sure that he knows how to cross over a bridge safely. He asks Georgie, “What do you do when you come to a bridge?” This is Georgie’s response (from *Rabbit Hill*, p. 37):

“I hide well,” answered Georgie, “and wait a good

long time. I look all around for dogs. I look up the road for cars and down the road for cars.”

## Year Four Mastery Evaluation, Week 36

By this point, the student should be able to read a passage independently, sum it up in three or four sentences, write those sentences down (with some assistance if necessary), and take dictation exercises of around 25 to 30 words after three to four repetitions.

If the student struggles with any of these skills in the evaluation that follows, plan on spending a few more weeks on either dictation or narration in order to provide extra practice.

### NARRATION EVALUATION

Give the following passage to the student to read independently.

#### ● begin reading

*This book, which was first published in 1877, tells the story of a beautiful horse who begins life as a carefree colt. Later, Black Beauty is sold and goes through many adventures and difficulties.*

*These are the first two chapters of Black Beauty. After you read each chapter, summarize it in two to three sentences, and write those sentences down. Be sure to indent the first line of each summary.*

*You may look back at the story while you are working on your summary.*

### CHAPTER ONE: MY EARLY HOME

The first place that I can well remember was a large pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water-lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge on one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a

gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside; at the top of the meadow was a grove of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

While I was young I lived upon my mother's milk, as I could not eat grass. In the daytime I ran by her side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold we had a nice warm shed near the grove.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass my mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I was; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run with them, and had great fun; we used to gallop all together round and round the field as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day, when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said:

“I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts, and of course they have not learned manners. You have been well-bred and well-born; your father has a great name in these parts, and your

grandfather won the cup two years at the Newmarket races; your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me kick or bite. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways; do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick even in play.”

I have never forgotten my mother’s advice; I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her. Her name was Duchess, but he often called her Pet.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words; he spoke as kindly to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate she would neigh with joy, and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, “Well, old Pet, and how is your little Beauty?” Then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites. My mother always took him to the town on a market day in a light gig.

There was a plowboy, Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted he would have what he called fun

with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game, and did not know that the master was in the next field; but he was there, watching what was going on; over the hedge he jumped in a snap, and catching Dick by the arm, he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with the pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

“Bad boy!” he said, “bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last. There—take your money and go home; I shall not want you on my farm again.” So we never saw Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master, so we were well off.

## **CHAPTER TWO: THE HUNT**

Before I was two years old a circumstance happened which I have never forgotten. It was early in the spring; there had been a little frost in the night, and a light mist still hung over the woods and meadows. I and the other colts were feeding at the lower part of the field when we heard, quite in the distance, what sounded like the cry of dogs. The oldest of the colts raised his head, pricked his ears, and said, “There are the hounds!” and immediately

cantered off, followed by the rest of us to the upper part of the field, where we could look over the hedge and see several fields beyond. My mother and an old riding horse of our master's were also standing near, and seemed to know all about it.

“They have found a hare,” said my mother, “and if they come this way we shall see the hunt.”

And soon the dogs were all tearing down the field of young wheat next to ours. I never heard such a noise as they made. They did not bark, nor howl, nor whine, but kept on a “yo! yo, o, o! yo! yo, o, o!” at the top of their voices. After them came a number of men on horseback, some of them in green coats, all galloping as fast as they could. The old horse snorted and looked eagerly after them, and we young colts wanted to be galloping with them, but they were soon away into the fields lower down; here it seemed as if they had come to a stand; the dogs left off barking, and ran about every way with their noses to the ground.

“They have lost the scent,” said the old horse; “perhaps the hare will get off.”

“What hare?” I said.

“Oh! I don't know what hare; likely enough it may be one of our own hares out of the woods; any hare they can find will do for the dogs and men to run after;” and

before long the dogs began their “yo! yo, o, o!” again, and back they came altogether at full speed, making straight for our meadow at the part where the high bank and hedge overhang the brook.

“Now we shall see the hare,” said my mother; and just then a hare wild with fright rushed by and made for the woods. On came the dogs; they burst over the bank, leaped the stream, and came dashing across the field followed by the huntsmen. Six or eight men leaped their horses clean over, close upon the dogs. The hare tried to get through the fence; it was too thick, and she turned sharp round to make for the road, but it was too late; the dogs were upon her with their wild cries; we heard one shriek, and that was the end of her. One of the huntsmen rode up and whipped off the dogs, who would soon have torn her to pieces. He held her up by the leg torn and bleeding, and all the gentlemen seemed well pleased.

As for me, I was so astonished that I did not at first see what was going on by the brook; but when I did look there was a sad sight; two fine horses were down, one was struggling in the stream, and the other was groaning on the grass. One of the riders was getting out of the water covered with mud, the other lay quite still.

“His neck is broke,” said my mother.

“And serve him right, too,” said one of the colts.

I thought the same, but my mother did not join with us.

“Well, no,” she said, “you must not say that; but though I am an old horse, and have seen and heard a great deal, I never yet could make out why men are so fond of this sport; they often hurt themselves, often spoil good horses, and tear up the fields, and all for a hare or a fox, or a stag, that they could get more easily some other way; but we are only horses, and don’t know.”

While my mother was saying this we stood and looked on. Many of the riders had gone to the young man; but my master, who had been watching what was going on, was the first to raise him. His head fell back and his arms hung down, and every one looked very serious. There was no noise now; even the dogs were quiet, and seemed to know that something was wrong. They carried him to our master’s house. I heard afterward that it was young George Gordon, the squire’s only son, a fine, tall young man, and the pride of his family.

There was now riding off in all directions to the doctor’s, to the farrier’s, and no doubt to Squire Gordon’s, to let him know about his son. When Mr. Bond, the farrier, came to look at the black horse that lay groaning on the grass, he felt him all over, and shook his head; one of his legs was broken. Then some one ran to our master’s

house and came back with a gun; presently there was a loud bang and a dreadful shriek, and then all was still; the black horse moved no more.

My mother seemed much troubled; she said she had known that horse for years, and that his name was “Rob Roy”; he was a good horse, and there was no vice in him. She never would go to that part of the field afterward.

Not many days after we heard the church-bell tolling for a long time, and looking over the gate we saw a long, strange black coach that was covered with black cloth and was drawn by black horses; after that came another and another and another, and all were black, while the bell kept tolling, tolling. They were carrying young Gordon to the churchyard to bury him. He would never ride again. What they did with Rob Roy I never knew; but ’twas all for one little hare.

—From *Black Beauty: The Autobiography of a Horse*  
by Anna Sewell

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**stop reading** —■

The student’s final set of summaries should resemble one of the following. Remember, it is perfectly fine for you to help with spelling and punctuation.

“Black Beauty first lived in a large meadow with his mother and six other colts. His master was a kind, good man who protected his horses from being chased or frightened.”

“When he was young, he saw men on horseback, going out hunting. They were chasing a hare, when two of the horses fell. One of the riders was killed.”

“When Black Beauty was little, he lived with his mother, who taught him not to kick and bite. He had plenty of playmates, and his master was kind to him.”

“One day, he saw dogs and hunters out chasing a hare. The hare was killed, but during the hunt, one of the hunters was also killed. He was buried in a churchyard near the field.”

#### DICTATION EVALUATION

Tell the student that the following paragraph comes from Chapter Four, “Birtwick Park,” in which Black Beauty goes to his new home. You will read the selection three times, and you will prompt the student one more time if necessary.

Remind the student that quotation marks go around dialogue, and that the ending punctuation marks go *inside* the closing quotation marks.

Be sure to indicate commas with a pause and periods with a longer pause. Use a different voice for the words of dialogue, and indicate the questions by your tone.

When I had eaten my corn I looked round. In the stall next to mine stood a little fat gray pony, with a thick mane and tail, a very pretty head, and a pert little nose. I put my head up to the iron rails at the top of my box, and said, “How do you do? What is your name?”