## **Progress Monitoring Probe 18**

## A Winter Day on the Farm

Turning away from the window's light, Sam pulled the	9
covers up rightly around his shoulders. He hated to mink about	2
leaving the warmth of his bed to do chores. Sighing in	31
resignation, he forced his feet onto the cold floor and scrambled	42
for his clothes.	45
Sam had recently moved with his family to a farm on the	57
prairie. He missed all his friends from town. Each weekday, they	68
had gathered in the one-room schoolhouse, where they learned	78
about math and science and faraway places. Things were	87
different now. Town was hours away, and as for school, Sam's	98
mother taught him his lessons each day.	105
Sam bundled up in warm clothes and set out to do his chores.	118
He walked across the yard toward the barn. The north wind	129
howled and gray clouds seemed to hug the earth. Sam struggled	140
to open the barn door, because the wind was pushing so hard	152
against it. Inside, Bessie the cow was chewing on what was left	164
of last night's hay. Sam filled her feed tray and then began	176
milking. Soon his pail was filled with fresh, foamy milk. He	187
covered the pail and picked up the egg basket. In the chicken	199
shed he found ten speckled hen eggs. He rewarded the chickens	210
with an extra handful of feed, which he scattered on the floor for	223
them to eat.	226
Leaving the barn with his pail and basket, Sam was greeted	237
by large, wet snowflakes that were quickly covering the barnyard	247
in a blanket of white. He hurried to the house and took the milk	261
and eggs into the kitchen.	266
"Isn't the snow beautiful, Sam?" asked Mother. "Let's eat	275
breakfast, and then we'll find your old sled. Your lessons can	286

## A Winter Day on the Farm (Continued)

the table and hungrily began to fill his plate.	weather or the loneliness of farm life. He pulled his chair up to	Suddenly, Sam did not feel quite so bad about the cold	she added.	their children want to come over and help us build a snowman," 3	wait a while! Dad has gone over to the Anderson's farm to see if
347	338	325	314	312	300

Total words: \_\_\_\_ - errors: \_\_\_ = words correct: \_\_

Notes:

## A Winter Day on the Farm

Turning away from the window's light, Sam pulled the covers up tightly around his shoulders. He hated to think about leaving the warmth of his bed to do chores. Sighing in resignation, he forced his feet onto the cold floor and scrambled for his clothes.

Sam had recently moved with his family to a farm on the prairie. He missed all his friends from town. Each weekday, they had gathered in the one-room schoolhouse, where they learned about math and science and faraway places. Things were different now. Town was hours away, and as for school, Sam's mother taught him his lessons each day.

Sam bundled up in warm clothes and set out to do his chores. He walked across the yard toward the barn. The north wind howled and gray clouds seemed to hug the earth. Sam struggled to open the barn door, because the wind was pushing so hard against it. Inside, Bessie the cow was chewing on what was left of last night's hay. Sam filled her feed tray and then began milking. Soon his pail was filled with fresh, foamy milk. He covered the pail and picked up the egg basket. In the chicken shed he found ten speckled hen eggs. He rewarded the chickens with an extra handful of feed, which he scattered on the floor for them to eat.

Leaving the barn with his pail and basket, Sam was greeted by large, wet snowflakes that were quickly covering the barnyard in a blanket of white. He hurried to the house and took the milk and eggs into the kitchen.

"Isn't the snow beautiful, Sam?" asked Mother. "Let's eat breakfast, and then we'll find your old sled. Your lessons can wait a while! Dad has gone over to the Anderson's farm to see if their children want to come over and help us build a snowman," she added.

Suddenly, Sam did not feel quite so bad about the cold weather or the loneliness of farm life. He pulled his chair up to the table and hungrily began to fill his plate.