Progress Monitoring Probe 19

What Happened to Sky?

I can't recall a time when my sister, Rosa, wasn't in love	12
with birds. When Rosa was four, my parents bought a birdfeeder,	23
kitchen window. Rosa would watch her feathered friends for	44
hours, studying their behavior and then reporting on her	53
observations.	54
After much pleading from Rosa, my parents finally	62
surrendered and bought her a parakeet. Rosa was six at the time	74
and had become an expert on pet birds, and understood the	85
responsibilities of pet ownership. At a local pet store, Rosa	95
selected a light blue parakeet, which she named Sky, for obvious	106
reasons.	107
Every afternoon, for about half an hour, Rosa would let Sky	118
out of his cage to get his exercise. One day Sky was flitting	131
around the den and settling on his favorite perches in the room,	143
including on our dog Sam's head and the fireplace mantel. The	154
family was accustomed to this activity, so no one was	164
supervising Sky closely. The next thing we knew, though, Sky	174
had disappeared and it was hours before we found him.	184
At first, we suspected Sam, but Sky and the dog were good	196
friends. Rosa called Sky, who recognized his name and usually	206
came when called, but he didn't respond. We searched every	216
square inch of the den.	221
By bedtime, we'd looked everywhere throughout the house	229
and outside and were exhausted, so we all went to bed. I was	242
fairly certain that Rosa wasn't going to get any sleep that night	254
with her beloved bird missing, and I suspected that Sky had	265
vanished for good.	268

What Happened to Sky? (Continued)

Rosa later told us that she lay in her bed in the dark, alternately worrying and dozing. In the dark, she heard Sam pad into her room and approach the bed. Rosa extended her hand to pat Sam's head, but she felt something unusual, so she sat up and switched on the bedside light. There, atop Sam's head, perched Sky. We never did figure out where that rascal Sky had gone. Too	281 292 304 317 317 327 328 340
into her room and approach the bed. Rosa extended her hand to	304
pat Sam's head, but she felt something unusual, so she sat up and 317	317
switched on the bedside light. There, atop Sam's head, perched	327
Sky.	328
We never did figure out where that rascal Sky had gone. Too	340
bad Sam can't talk.	344

Total words:

-errors:

= words correct:

© 2007 Dynamic Measurement Group

What Happened to Sky?

I can't recall a time when my sister, Rosa, wasn't in love with birds. When Rosa was four, my parents bought a birdfeeder, filled it with birdseed, and suspended it from a tree outside the kitchen window. Rosa would watch her feathered friends for hours, studying their behavior and then reporting on her observations.

After much pleading from Rosa, my parents finally surrendered and bought her a parakeet. Rosa was six at the time and had become an expert on pet birds, and understood the responsibilities of pet ownership. At a local pet store, Rosa selected a light blue parakeet, which she named Sky, for obvious reasons.

Every afternoon, for about half an hour, Rosa would let Sky out of his cage to get his exercise. One day Sky was flitting around the den and settling on his favorite perches in the room, including on our dog Sam's head and the fireplace mantel. The family was accustomed to this activity, so no one was supervising Sky closely. The next thing we knew, though, Sky had disappeared and it was hours before we found him.

At first, we suspected Sam, but Sky and the dog were good friends. Rosa called Sky, who recognized his name and usually came when called, but he didn't respond. We searched every square inch of the den.

By bedtime, we'd looked everywhere throughout the house and outside and were exhausted, so we all went to bed. I was fairly certain that Rosa wasn't going to get any sleep that night with her beloved bird missing, and I suspected that Sky had vanished for good. Rosa later told us that she lay in her bed in the dark, alternately worrying and dozing. In the dark, she heard Sam pad into her room and approach the bed. Rosa extended her hand to pat Sam's head, but she felt something unusual, so she sat up and switched on the bedside light. There, atop Sam's head, perched Sky.

We never did figure out where that rascal Sky had gone. Too bad Sam can't talk.