Peabody
CBM Reading Passages
& Word Counts
Grade 6

READY...
Set...
READ!

Lynn S. Fuchs
Vanderbilt University

Copyright © 2017 by Vanderbilt University

6th Grade CBM Excerpt
Special Education

Dear Educator,

Thank you for your interest in CBM Reading Passages and Word Counts for 6th Grade developed at Vanderbilt University. We are pleased to offer you this excerpt of probes to review.

These pages from the CBM Reading Passages and Word Counts for 6th Grade manual are provided as a courtesy to allow you to preview a representative sampling of the CBM-Reading probes. This excerpt includes the following:

1. Introduction & Instructions
2. Reading Passages and Word Counts: Student Probes
   a. Probe 1
   b. Probe 15
   c. Probe 20
3. Reading Passages and Word Counts: Teacher’s Scoring Sheet
   a. Probe 1
   b. Probe 15
   c. Probe 20

Please take note that this excerpt is protected by Federal Law Title 17 of the United States Code. The reproduction, distribution, and display of any part of the contents of this material is prohibited.

If you have questions, email Lynn Davies at lynn.a.davies@vanderbilt.edu.

Thank you for your interest in Vanderbilt University’s CBM Reading Passages and Word Counts.

Lynn Davies
Program Manager
Vanderbilt University
110 Magnolia Circle, Suite 418
Nashville, TN 37203
Peabody CBM Reading Passages & Word Counts is defined as a literary work and as such the reproduction, distribution, and display of Peabody CBM Reading Passages & Word Counts material are protected by Federal Law, Title 17 of the United States Code. The reproduction, distribution, and display of any part of the contents of this manual is strictly limited to activities intended for use with students in a single classroom by the instructor for whom this manual was purchased. The legal penalties for violating any of the copyright owner’s exclusive rights granted by the Federal Copyright Act include, but are not limited to, a fine of up to $150,000 and imprisonment. The copyright owners of Peabody CBM Reading Passages & Word Counts reserve the right to pursue legal action for any known acts of copyright infringement.
Passage Reading Fluency (Fuchs, Hamlett, & Fuchs, 1990).*

CBM Passage Reading Fluency (PRF) is used to monitor students' overall progress in reading at grades 1-7. Some teachers prefer Maze Fluency beginning at Grade 4.

CBM PRF is administered individually. In general education classrooms, students take one PRF test each week. Special education students take two PRF tests each week. Each PRF test uses a different passage at the same grade level of equivalent difficulty. For higher-performing general education students, teachers might administer PRF tests (also referred to as "probes") on a monthly basis and have each student read three probes on each occasion.

For each CBM PRF reading probe, the student reads from a "student copy" that contains a grade-appropriate reading passage. The examiner scores the student on an "examiner copy." The examiner copy contains the same reading passage but has a cumulative count of the number of words for each line along the right side of the page. The numbers on the teacher copy allow for quick calculation of the total number of words a student reads in 1 minute.

Administration of CBM PRF is as follows:

**Examiner:** I want you to read this story to me. You'll have 1 minute to read. When I say 'begin,' start reading aloud at the top of the page. Do your best reading. If you have trouble with a word, I'll tell it to you. Do you have any questions? **Begin.** Trigger the timer for 1 minute.

The examiner marks each student error with a slash (/). At the end of 1 minute, the last word read is marked with a bracket (}). If a student skips an entire line of a reading passage, a straight line is drawn through the skipped line. When scoring CBM probes, the teacher identifies the count for the last word read in 1 minute and the total number of errors. The teacher then subtracts errors from the total number of words to calculate the student score.

There are a few scoring guidelines to follow when administering reading CBM probes. Repetitions (words said over again), self-corrections (words misread, but corrected within 3 seconds), insertions (words added to passage), and dialectical difference (variations in pronunciation that conform to local language norms) are all scored as correct. Mispronunciations, word substitutions, omitted words, hesitations (words not pronounced within 3 seconds), and reversals (two or more words transposed) are all scored as errors.

Numerals are counted as words and must be read correctly within the context of the passage. With hyphenated words, each morpheme separated by a hyphen(s) is counted as a word if it can stand alone on its own (e.g., Open-faced is scored as two words but re-enter is scored as one word). Abbreviations are counted as words and must be read correctly within the context of the sentence.
As teachers listen to students read, they can note the types of decoding errors that students make, the kinds of decoding strategies students use to decipher unknown words, how miscues reflect students' reliance on graphic, semantic, or syntactic language features, and how self-corrections, pacing, and scanning reveal strategies used in the reading process (Fuchs, Fuchs, Hosp, & Jenkins, 2001). Teachers can use these more qualitative descriptions of a student's reading performance to identify methods to strengthen the instructional program for each student. More information about noting student decoding errors is covered under "Step 7: How to Use the Database Qualitatively to Describe Student Strengths and Weaknesses."

If a student skips several connected words or an entire line of the reading probe, the omission is calculated as 1 error. If this happens, every word but 1 of the words is subtracted from the total number of words attempted in 1 minute.

* Fuchs, L.S., Hamlett, C.L., & Fuchs, D. (1990). Monitoring Basic Skills Progress: Basic Reading [software]. Austin, TX: Pro-Ed. This software automatically administers and scores the maze and graphs, analyzes, and manages the PRF data.
Denise and her parents go to the river almost every weekend when the weather is warm. Her parents are expert kayakers, but this is only Denise's second summer paddling a kayak. Her parents have decided Denise is ready for some "big water" and are taking her to the Ocoee River.

Denise is a little nervous as she takes her boat off the car at the put-in. She dresses for the river by putting on a spray jacket over her bathing suit. The water is very cold, and the waterproof jacket helps keep her warm. She pulls her spray skirt around her waist. This makes a waterproof seal when she sits in the cockpit of the boat and pulls the skirt tightly around the rim of cockpit of the boat. After putting on her life jacket and helmet, she pulls her boat to the edge of the water and sits in it with her legs stretched out in front of her. She holds her paddle as someone slides her into the water.

Although she is a little anxious, she remembers to keep paddling smoothly. As she and her family approach the first big rapid, her mother suggests they get out of the boats and walk down the river to look at the rapid. This is called "scouting" a rapid. Paddlers watch the patterns of the water and currents and decide which is the safest way to paddle without flipping over.

They get back into their kayaks. Denise and her father sit in the calm waters of an eddy and watch as her mother runs the rapids. Denise's heart is pounding as she watches her father paddle his way through the rapid. It is her turn. Her parents are sitting in an eddy at the end of the rapid waiting for her to paddle her boat into the fast-moving white water.
She takes a few strokes and turns downstream. As soon as she enters the current, her speed picks up. The first wave of icy wild water rises over the boat and sprays her in the face. "Well, I've made it this far," she coaches herself. "It's not as scary as I thought."

Suddenly, an unexpected wave strikes the side of her boat. The next thing she knows, she is upside-down in the freezing water. After a short panic, she remembers her training and practice. "I've got to roll." She positions her paddle in the water and flips herself upright. Feeling confident after her successful roll, she moves her paddle precisely through the water and runs the rest of the rapid.
Maria is my best friend in the entire world, so whom else would I pick to go with me to Cathy’s Coiffures to witness my first professional haircut? For each of my twelve years, my mother has insisted that I get my hair cut by her cousin Madeline. Even though Madeline calls herself a stylist, she actually had only attended beauty school for about three weeks. She practices a lot by dyeing her own hair about twice a week. As a result of her experiments, her hair has the texture of steel wool. Every time I am due for a cut, my mother and I have an enormous argument.

"I'm sure Madeline can make your hair look like the girl's in the picture," she said, referring to the picture I had torn out of a fashion magazine. It featured a gorgeous model with soft, blond waves of hair blowing about her face.

"She can't even cut my bangs straight! How do you expect her to be able to give me this cut and perm?"

Finally my mother agreed to let me spend my birthday money at a salon. I could only afford Cathy’s. All the grandmothers go there to have their hair "blued." It was better than Madeline's was, though. Maria was excited to come along. She, too, had worn bangs and a pony tail her entire life.

We waited in the lobby for about twenty minutes, reading women's magazines and painting our nails with the sample bottles. Finally, my hairstylist appeared. She introduced herself as Francine and took us back to the shampoo chairs. Francine had hair that looked like white cotton candy, and I remember thinking she looked a little like Madeline.
I showed Francine the picture and told her how I wanted my hair styled. She began to trim my hair, and I began to notice large chunks of hair falling to the floor.

"You're only going to cut a little off, right?" I asked nervously. Maria had a horrible look on her face.

"I know what I'm doing, honey," she said with a little impatience in her voice.

After sitting for over an hour with the awful-smelling permanent chemicals on my hair, I was eager to see the results. I watched as she blew my hair dry. Boy, was it curly! I figured it would calm down once it dried completely, but it didn't! I looked like a French poodle! It was terrible! I had paid $35 to look like I'd been electrocuted.

I just wanted to get home and try to wash the chemicals out before anyone saw me. Maria was trying to be nice, but she knew it looked ghastly, too.

It has taken five months for that permanent to grow out of my hair. I'm supposed to go to Madeline's tomorrow for a trim. Maybe I'll grow my hair out instead.
Clay Morgan was one of the best soccer players the East YMCA Little League team had. He worked out with the coach regularly and sometimes even after practice. Clay had tried to play sports all of his life but had never achieved any real fame. Then he tried out for the soccer team. He and the coach knew at once that Clay could be a star athlete if he really applied himself. Clay made a promise to himself and his teammates that he would try his best to win for the team.

"Clay, run with the ball and keep your eye on it! Get it in there for the Hawks," shouted Mr. Morgan. Clay skirted the traffic jam created by the team players until he reached the opposing goalie. Then he booted the ball into the net with all of his might! "Another point for the Hawks, thanks to Clay Morgan," announced the sportscaster into the microphone. The fans were going wild and Clay jumped up into the air, kicked his heels together, and let out a victory cry.

The game started up again. The Hawks tried to kick the ball in Clay's direction as often as they could. He was their fastest runner and they knew that Clay would lead them to another victory. Suddenly, Clay had the ball and also a clear path to the goal line. Everyone on the sidelines was cheering for Clay to race as fast as he could when he abruptly collided with a member of the opposite team!

Clay and the other boy butted heads together like two rams, then bounced in opposite directions and lay on the ground. The other player sat up, shook his head as if he were trying to clear bats out of it, and then stood up. "Ohhhh, my head hurts soooo bad," moaned Clay. When he tried to sit up, blood rushed from his nose and he fainted.

"Clay, let me help you up and we will take you to the hospital. I think you may have broken your nose," said Mr. Morgan. It appeared
that he had made a good guess as to Clay's injury because the doctor in the emergency room confirmed that the nose was broken, and he set it with bandages. Clay was so depressed when the doctor said that he could not play soccer for the rest of the season. Then Mr. Morgan cheered him by saying, "If you cannot play, then you will be the ugliest cheerleader on the sidelines that the Hawks have ever had!"
Denise and her parents go to the river almost every weekend when the weather is warm. Her parents are expert kayakers, but this is only Denise's second summer paddling a kayak. Her parents have decided Denise is ready for some "big water" and are taking her to the Ocoee River.

Denise is a little nervous as she takes her boat off the car at the put-in. She dresses for the river by putting on a spray jacket over her bathing suit. The water is very cold, and the waterproof jacket helps keep her warm. She pulls her spray skirt around her waist. This makes a waterproof seal when she sits in the cockpit of the boat and pulls the skirt tightly around the rim of cockpit of the boat. After putting on her life jacket and helmet, she pulls her boat to the edge of the water and sits in it with her legs stretched out in front of her. She holds her paddle as someone slides her into the water.

Although she is a little anxious, she remembers to keep paddling smoothly. As she and her family approach the first big rapid, her mother suggests they get out of the boats and walk down the river to look at the rapid. This is called "scouting" a rapid. Paddlers watch the patterns of the water and currents and decide which is the safest way to paddle without flipping over.

They get back into their kayaks. Denise and her father sit in the calm waters of an eddy and watch as her mother runs the rapids. Denise's heart is pounding as she watches her father paddle his way through the rapid. It is her turn. Her parents are sitting in an eddy at the end of the rapid waiting for her to paddle her boat into the fast-moving white water.
She takes a few strokes and turns downstream. As soon as she enters the current, her speed picks up. The first wave of icy wild water rises over the boat and sprays her in the face. "Well, I've made it this far," she coaches herself. "It's not as scary as I thought."

Suddenly, an unexpected wave strikes the side of her boat. The next thing she knows, she is upside-down in the freezing water. After a short panic, she remembers her training and practice. "I've got to roll." She positions her paddle in the water and flips herself upright. Feeling confident after her successful roll, she moves her paddle precisely through the water and runs the rest of the rapid.
Maria is my best friend in the entire world, so whom else would I pick to go with me to Cathy’s Coiffures to witness my first professional haircut? For each of my twelve years, my mother has insisted that I get my hair cut by her cousin Madeline. Even though Madeline calls herself a stylist, she actually had only attended beauty school for about three weeks. She practices a lot by dyeing her own hair about twice a week. As a result of her experiments, her hair has the texture of steel wool. Every time I am due for a cut, my mother and I have an enormous argument.

"I'm sure Madeline can make your hair look like the girl's in the picture," she said, referring to the picture I had torn out of a fashion magazine. It featured a gorgeous model with soft, blond waves of hair blowing about her face.

"She can't even cut my bangs straight! How do you expect her to be able to give me this cut and perm?"

Finally my mother agreed to let me spend my birthday money at a salon. I could only afford Cathy’s. All the grandmothers go there to have their hair "blued." It was better than Madeline's was, though. Maria was excited to come along. She, too, had worn bangs and a pony tail her entire life.

We waited in the lobby for about twenty minutes, reading women's magazines and painting our nails with the sample bottles. Finally, my hairstylist appeared. She introduced herself as Francine and took us back to the shampoo chairs. Francine had hair that looked like white cotton candy, and I remember thinking she looked a little like Madeline.
I showed Francine the picture and told her how I wanted my hair styled. She began to trim my hair, and I began to notice large chunks of hair falling to the floor.

"You're only going to cut a little off, right?" I asked nervously. Maria had a horrible look on her face.

"I know what I'm doing, honey," she said with a little impatience in her voice.

After sitting for over an hour with the awful-smelling permanent chemicals on my hair, I was eager to see the results. I watched as she blew my hair dry. Boy, was it curly! I figured it would calm down once it dried completely, but it didn't! I looked like a French poodle! It was terrible! I had paid $35 to look like I'd been electrocuted.

I just wanted to get home and try to wash the chemicals out before anyone saw me. Maria was trying to be nice, but she knew it looked ghastly, too.

It has taken five months for that permanent to grow out of my hair. I'm supposed to go to Madeline's tomorrow for a trim. Maybe I'll grow my hair out instead.
Clay Morgan was one of the best soccer players the East YMCA Little League team had. He worked out with the coach regularly and sometimes even after practice. Clay had tried to play sports all of his life but had never achieved any real fame. Then he tried out for the soccer team. He and the coach knew at once that Clay could be a star athlete if he really applied himself. Clay made a promise to himself and his teammates that he would try his best to win for the team.

"Clay, run with the ball and keep your eye on it! Get it in there for the Hawks," shouted Mr. Morgan. Clay skirted the traffic jam created by the team players until he reached the opposing goalie. Then he booted the ball into the net with all of his might! "Another point for the Hawks, thanks to Clay Morgan," announced the sportscaster into the microphone. The fans were going wild and Clay jumped up into the air, kicked his heels together, and let out a victory cry.

The game started up again. The Hawks tried to kick the ball in Clay's direction as often as they could. He was their fastest runner and they knew that Clay would lead them to another victory. Suddenly, Clay had the ball and also a clear path to the goal line. Everyone on the sidelines was cheering for Clay to race as fast as he could when he abruptly collided with a member of the opposite team!

Clay and the other boy butted heads together like two rams, then bounced in opposite directions and lay on the ground. The other player sat up, shook his head as if he were trying to clear bats out of it, and then stood up. "Ohhhh, my head hurts soooo bad," moaned Clay. When he tried to sit up, blood rushed from his nose and he fainted.

"Clay, let me help you up and we will take you to the hospital. I think you may have broken your nose," said Mr. Morgan. It appeared
that he had made a good guess as to Clay's injury because the doctor in
the emergency room confirmed that the nose was broken, and he set it
with bandages. Clay was so depressed when the doctor said that he
could not play soccer for the rest of the season. Then Mr. Morgan
cheered him by saying, "If you cannot play, then you will be the ugliest
cheerleader on the sidelines that the Hawks have ever had!"