

Appendices

Appendix A: R-CBM (Winter) Results

Grade	No. Students	Fluent		Not Fluent	
		No.	%	No.	%
4	36	32	89%	4	11%
5	45	32	71%	13	29%
Total	81	64	79%	17	21%

Note: Fluency is 25th percentile or greater.

Appendix B: Teacher Fluency Survey

Question	Respondents				
	A	B	C	D	Mean
1: 4th and 5th grade students struggle with reading fluency.	5	5	5	3	4.5
2: Reading fluency impacts subjects beyond ELA.	5	5	5	4	4.8
3: Teaching strategies can influence a student's reading fluency.	5	5	5	4	4.8
4: Grade level text or passages cannot be read by students with ease.	4	4	4	2	3.5
5: Reading fluency can be changed through instruction.	5	5	5	4	4.8
6: In general, students prefer to have text read to them instead of reading it to themselves.	2	3	5	2	3.0
7: Teachers do not have sufficient time to read with students one-on-one to help their fluency.	5	5	5	5	5.0
8: Students enjoy reading texts for pleasure.	4	4	2	4	3.5
9: Students do not have sufficient fluency necessary for TNReady testing.	3	4	5	4	4.0
10: Students exhibit frustration when reading.	2	4	5	3	3.5

Appendix C: R-CBM Passages

As soon as the temperature drops, people start getting excited up in Nome, Alaska. They never go to bed at night without peeking out their windows first. They want to see what the weather is doing. If a light snow is falling, they know that by morning the roads will be dangerous. That's where the sled dogs come into play.

Sled dogs are fun, peppy, medium-sized dogs. Their colors are different, but they all have thick, downy coats of fur. The dogs' tails curl up when they are excited.

There's nothing a sled dog loves more than the cold, fierce winds of winter. Even though most owners build shelters for their sled dogs, the dogs prefer to sleep outside. They tuck their noses into their tails. They snuggle their bodies deep in the snow.

Sled dogs are playful, intelligent, and very vocal. They do not bark. Instead, they howl like wolves. It's not uncommon for a pack of sled dogs to have a group howl at sunset and sunrise.

A person who owns sled dogs can be sure that their sleep will be disturbed on the mornings after a deep snow has fallen. The dogs will be up on the roofs of their doghouses, welcoming the snow with their long yowls of anticipation. "Wake up, wake up, WAKE UP!" They seem to be howling. "We want to play in the snow!"

The two most important things in a sled dog's life are running and pulling. Quite simply, that is what they are born to do.

A sled dog will like nothing better than to trot in front of a person on skis or a sled filled with supplies. They've been known to race with their owners on bikes or rollerblades. Pulling is a good way for them to get exercise and stay in shape all summer long. It's also great for the dogs' owners.

Together the dog and person team can romp and play in many ways during the snowless months. Nothing beats the thrill, however, of winter's return and a dog sled run through the snow.

Charlie Clark had been a mailman for thirty years. He was used to delivering mail in all types of weather. He'd delivered letters on delightful days, and he'd delivered letters on dreadful days.

Charlie was proud of his work and happy with his job. Never, in all his years as a mailman, had Charlie ever had a problem with a mailbox. Other mailmen complained about mailboxes on their routes, but not Charlie.

He didn't have any worries until one day when he noticed there was a new box on his route. The mailbox was nailed to a branch of a dead tree. It was battered, dented, and badly rusted. The flag at its side was crooked and bent.

Charlie felt bad about it. "People should treat their mailboxes with more respect," he muttered as he dug through his bag.

He had letters addressed to the box, so he pulled it open and set them inside. He was about to pull his hand out when the box bit him. It had a grip on his hand and wouldn't let go.

Charlie looked up and down the street for someone to help him, but there was no one in sight. He wrestled with the box for an hour, until the box spit out his hand.

The next day he had more letters addressed to that box. With the letters in his hand, he stopped in front of it. He waited for something to happen, but the box was quiet today.

Charlie quickly slipped the letters inside and almost got his hand out before the box latched onto him again.

This time Charlie and the mailbox had a fierce battle. Charlie hit and kicked the box, but still the box wouldn't let go. Finally, Charlie was out of breath, and he had to stop. He rested his head on the mailbox.

Suddenly, he had an idea. "There, there," he told the mailbox, patting it gently. "Why don't you let me go so I can deliver the rest of my mail?"

The mailbox began to purr and let him go nicely.

It was difficult moving to a new house. When I was eight, we left our old neighborhood and moved to a new one. We packed my dresser, my bunk bed, my computer, and my scooter. In every room of the house, boxes were piled high like building blocks.

The house felt still. I walked from room to room trying to remember what each one used to be like. As I walked through the living room, I noticed orange scribble marks on the wallpaper. My younger brother made those marks when we used to play art museum. Entering my bedroom, I noticed a large scratch on the hardwood floor. That was where my puppy, Clyde, and I used to play fetch with his toy kitten. Wandering down the hallway, I noticed pencil marks near the bathroom door. That was where my father used to measure me to see how tall I had grown each birthday. I already began to miss the wallpaper on the walls and the light fixtures on the ceilings.

"This has always been my house," I thought. "I don't want to leave." There had to be some way I could keep my house.

Looking out my bedroom window, I noticed the tree house Dad and I constructed years before. I hurried to the backyard, climbed up to my tree house, and decided not to go unless my tree house went too. I would keep the tree house to myself, and then I would be happy.

Just then my neighbor Logan arrived to say goodbye. "I wish you could stay, but I know you'll have even more fun at your new house," he said sadly.

Suddenly, I began to think of someone beside myself. I thought about my house, my yard, and my neighbors. I would miss everything, but I was going to get a new house, a new yard, and new neighbors. Logan, though, was just losing a friend. I realized then that Logan needed the tree house more than I did.

"Goodbye, Logan. Take care of the tree house," I said. "It's all yours."

The smile on Logan's face made me feel much better.

The fox wasn't wise like the owl, thrifty like the squirrel, hard working like the beaver, or determined like the robin. The fox was sly and secretive.

She slept most of the days away in her den with her kits curled around her. She went out to hunt only on nights when the moon was hidden by clouds. Not many of the other animals saw her during the day or met up with her at night.

"I know that nasty fox is stealing hens from the henhouse," the squirrel told the owl one afternoon as they sat on a branch and gossiped.

"That's why she doesn't show her red nose around here during the day. That thieving fox makes me angry."

The owl didn't say anything. She thought about the rabbit she'd caught that morning and held her tongue. What would the squirrel have to say about her after she'd heard that she ate rabbits for breakfast?

That evening at sunset as the fox slipped out of her den, her fur was a fiery red in the light of the setting sun and her eyes were black and clever. She was just about to slip under the farmer's fence when she heard someone snicker at her from a tree branch above.

It was the robin. "Good evening, fox," she said. "Where are you off to this fine night? There was a ruckus at the farm yesterday morning. I heard it when I flew over in search of worms. It seems some creature has been sneaking into the henhouse and stealing hens. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?"

The fox ignored the rude robin and slipped under the fence, but instead of heading toward the farm as she did most nights, she cut down to the river.

Beaver was working on his dam, and he watched with awe as the fox caught three fish in a row and tossed them on the shore. He'd always known the fox was as smart as she was sly.

Leo went to the forest every day to gather firewood. He would collect the wood, tie it into small bundles, and carry the bundles home each day. He would pack his lunch and stay in the forest until sunset. At noon he would have his lunch, and at noon a bird would visit him. It was white with ash-colored wings and was larger than a dove but smaller than an eagle. Leo always shared a morsel of his food with the bird. Leo called it Jayto and would talk to it from time to time.

One very hot summer day, Leo began to eat his lunch and Jayto arrived right on time. Leo gave him some of his lunch, and the bird eagerly pecked at it. It was so hot, Leo decided to take a nap. As he lay down, the bird began to peck and caw at him. The bird was able to convince Leo to follow him. Jayto kept flying small distances waiting for Leo to catch up. Finally they came upon a broken stone wall.

Leo had once heard that a rich businessman used to live here long ago. One day he left for a foreign country and never returned. His wife lived alone for a long time, and it was said that she buried her jewelry box and that a strange bird stood guard over it attacking anyone that got near.

Was it possible that Jayto was this bird? Suddenly the bird flew from the wall to the ground and started pecking. Leo helped the bird, and sure enough, they uncovered a jewelry box. It was filled with gold, diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones.

Leo decided not to go back to town for fear that his treasure would be taken from him. With Jayto on his shoulder, he traveled to a large city far away. He became a rich man and built a beautiful mansion. The mansion had a large garden filled with ponds and flowers. Jayto had all the mangoes that he could eat, and Leo lived a long and happy life.

It's like a jungle in my grandmother's house because she has so many plants. Even though she has enough plants out in her front yard, she still insists on having more. There are rows of tulips near her house, big clumps of ferns, and hedges of roses in the back. There are also pots of houseplants inside.

She brings as many of her outdoor plants inside as she can for the winter.

"I don't want the poor dears to freeze," she tells me, as I stare in awe at her rooms filled with greenery. "Besides," she likes to say, "a house full of plants is much cozier than a house without. And mark my words, there's more magic in a house filled with plants."

"Okay, Grandma," I say because I don't want to argue with her.

One night I slept in a sleeping bag on the floor of my grandma's front parlor. The front parlor by far has the most plants in the house. My two older brothers call it the jungle room because we can no longer see the wallpaper. All we see when we walk in the door are leaves and colorful flowers. It actually smells quite nice.

I was secretly excited to be camping out there because it would almost be like sleeping in a real forest minus the hard ground. Grandma made a fire in the fireplace that night so I could roast marshmallows and read books. I read until around midnight. At about that time, the fire went out and my aching eyes dropped shut. I closed my book and laid my head on the pillow.

It was then that I heard the rustling and the whispers.

"Hey," a tiny voice called out in the darkness, "do you think they're all asleep yet?"

"Be quiet," another one hissed. "We've got one right in the room with us."

I heard more rustling of leaves and whispers, more hissing and scolding, and then I saw them. Gnomes, I guess, is what they're called. They were short and skinny with pointed ears and glowing green eyes.

They thought I was asleep, so they didn't bother me much.

Appendix D: Lesson 1 Rubric

Name: _____

Traits of Reading Fluency					
	Select if the pass read was a good or poor example of reading fluency.		What specific trait do you think think the reader was displaying?		
1	Good	Poor	Accuracy	Rate	Prosody
2	Good	Poor	Accuracy	Rate	Prosody
3	Good	Poor	Accuracy	Rate	Prosody
4	Good	Poor	Accuracy	Rate	Prosody
5	Good	Poor	Accuracy	Rate	Prosody
6	Good	Poor	Accuracy	Rate	Prosody
7	Good	Poor	Accuracy	Rate	Prosody
8	Good	Poor	Accuracy	Rate	Prosody
9	Good	Poor	Accuracy	Rate	Prosody
10	Good	Poor	Accuracy	Rate	Prosody
11	Good	Poor	Accuracy	Rate	Prosody
12	Good	Poor	Accuracy	Rate	Prosody

Appendix E: Lesson 2 Rubric

Name: _____

Explain how each element helps to create a fluent reading experience. Complete a well-written and complete essay using proper grammar and writing conventions.				
0	1	2	3	4
Accuracy: Essay does not address this trait	Accuracy: Essay identifies this trait with discussion or description	Accuracy: Essay identifies this trait with minimal discussion or description	Accuracy: Essay identifies this trait with some discussion or description	Accuracy: Essay identifies this trait with full discussion or description
Rate: Essay does not address this trait	Rate: Essay identifies this trait with discussion or description	Rate: Essay identifies this trait with minimal discussion or description	Rate: Essay identifies this trait with some discussion or description	Rate: Essay identifies this trait with full discussion or description
Prosody: Essay does not address this trait	Prosody: Essay identifies this trait with discussion or description	Prosody: Essay identifies this trait with minimal discussion or description	Prosody: Essay identifies this trait with some discussion or description	Prosody: Essay identifies this trait with full discussion or description