



Dynamic Indicators of Basic Early Literacy Skills 8th Edition

Benchmark

Grade 4

Student Materials

End of Year

Sunset at the Beach

The sun was setting now. The whole beach was empty except for a few seagulls. It was low tide and waves were rolling in slowly and breaking in long curves of surf.

Tommy and Linda and their parents had retired to their tent after a wonderful afternoon of swimming and eating sandwiches and drinking lemonade on the beach. It had been hot that day, and they were all tired.

They would go out on the beach again tomorrow. Their father had already promised to help the two children build a sand castle the next day. But that was tomorrow. Right now, they sat by their campfire and watched as the sun sank into the sea.

As waves rushed up the beach they made a hissing sound on the hard, cold, wet sand. Then the waves hissed again as they withdrew, leaving trails of small bubbles behind. One after another the bubbles popped.

It got colder as the sun sank, coloring the sea red. Some of the gulls were crying cree cree cree! Tommy shivered, grateful for the fire's heat. Linda shivered, too, but more because the seagulls sounded so sad in the quickly darkening evening. She was glad for the fire's light.

Two small gulls with black heads and speckled bodies walked up and down nervously at the tide line where the waves were foaming and hissing. Another gull stood still and silent, just looking out at the thin evening clouds and the darkening sea. It reminded Linda of herself.