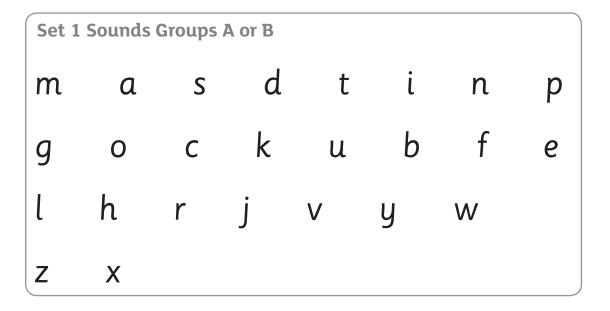


## **Assessment 2**

To assess children using Assessment 2, follow the guidance on pp.68–69 of the *Reading Leader Handbook*.



**Set 1 Sounds Group C** 

Oral blending: r-e-d f-u-n f-a-t j-o-g j-e-t

Ditty Group (Photocopy Masters 1–10)

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**Green Group** 



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**Pink Group** 



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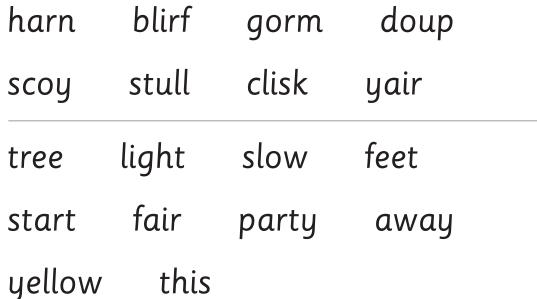


| Orange ( | Orange Group |     |            |           |     |  |  |  |  |  |  |
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**Yellow Group** 





### **Blue Group**

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Robin Hood met John Little on a bridge.

Robin said, "Let me get past, will you?"

"I will not," grunted John.

"Then I will shoot an arrow at your chest!"

Robin took an arrow from his belt.

John shook his head. "I have only a stick in my hand," he said. "I don't mind having a contest, but you must put that arrow back and find a strong stick. Then I will set upon you, and I will win!"

So Robin cut himself a big stick. He swung it at John Little, and then sprang at him, hitting John with his stick.

John gasped, and whacked Robin with all his strength. Robin fell off the bridge and into the brook!

Both men began to grin. John stood on the bridge and Robin stood up to his neck in the brook.

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### **Grey Group**

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The King of Hamelin had a problem with rats. A stranger offered to help. "I am the Pied Piper. I hope you will let me help you."

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The King rose from his throne, grand in his crimson robes. He said, "If you can get rid of those rats, I will pay you five bags of gold."

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The stranger nodded and strode out, playing his pipe. Sweet notes filled the air and, noses twitching, the rats – all the rats - came out of their holes and followed him.

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They followed him across the meadow and into the river!

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The next day, when the Pied Piper went to collect the five bags of gold, things did not go as he expected...

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The Pied Piper spoke slowly. "You chose the wrong man to quarrel with. You stole from me and so I will steal from you. I will steal your children!"

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## Literacy and Language Group

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invisible celebration enormous these largest behaviour measure because

The Planet Wob was a boring place. Nothing smelled tasty and nothing tasted of anything. Turnip fields stretched as far as the eye could see.

Gala was fed up with eating turnips. Every night she looked up at the Planet Um, hanging in the streaky sky. Everyone said there were chocolate mines on Um.

One evening, Gala was lying in a turnip field with her friend, Frag. The Planet Um was glowing a silky, milky brown.

Gala's mouth watered. "Let's go there," she said.

"It could be dangerous," said Frag.

"It could be delicious," replied Gala.

"There could be scary things," said Frag.

"Nothing scares me," replied Gala.

As usual, Gala got her way. The two friends borrowed a spaceship from Rent a Rocket. They packed sky baskets, lunar bags and cosmic jars. Gala planned to harvest every last speck of chocolate.

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