This reading level assessment is to assess the reading level for The Good and the Beautiful Book List. There is a different document to assess the language arts course levels.

This assessment is a rough guide. Some children read more slowly, especially when reading aloud, but still enjoy higher level books. Use your best judgment.

Children are usually fine to occasionally read books that are one level higher than their reading levels. We also suggest letting children read good and beautiful books below their reading levels (while also reading books on their levels), as all the books in our library and on our book list are high-quality and worthwhile. To improve reading skills, it is also suggested that children read books one or two levels higher than their regular reading level with a parent or teacher on a regular basis, with the parent or teacher helping child sound out unknown words.

Instructions:
Start at the level you think your child might be. If the child passes the level, do the assessment for the next level. Keep going up until the child do not pass a level. Choose the highest level the child can pass.

BEGINNER BOOKS

- Beginner Books Level A
  Children are ready for Beginner Books Level A when they have mastered all the letters and their sounds are ready to read simple two and three-letter words.
  
  Perfect for children that have just completed The Good and the Beautiful Level K Primer language arts course.

- Beginner Books Level B
  Children are ready for Beginner Books Level B when they have started reading simple two and three-letter words and are ready to introduce the phonograms EE and AR.

  Perfect for children that have just completed The Good and the Beautiful Level K Primer language arts course and Beginner Books Box A.
## LEVEL 1

### Level 1 A

The child is ready for Level 1 A if he or she can read most of these words without help. If the child misses three or more words, he or she should start on a lower level.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>do</th>
<th>so</th>
<th>was</th>
<th>two</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>bent</td>
<td>dash</td>
<td>chin</td>
<td>thick</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>sheep</td>
<td>part</td>
<td>played</td>
<td>stopping</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>day</td>
<td>cry</td>
<td>fall</td>
<td>flag</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>does</td>
<td>they</td>
<td>there</td>
<td>what</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>are</td>
<td>want</td>
<td>come</td>
<td>our</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>boy</td>
<td>are</td>
<td>some</td>
<td>who</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Level 1 B

The child is ready for Level 1 A if he or she can read all the words on the Level 1 chart above without help and most of the words on this chart below without help. If the child misses three or more words on the chart below, he or she should start on a lower level.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>oh</th>
<th>off</th>
<th>how</th>
<th>eight</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>too</td>
<td>small</td>
<td>read</td>
<td>over</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>under</td>
<td>now</td>
<td>saw</td>
<td>put</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>food</td>
<td>good</td>
<td>peach</td>
<td>now</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>plow</td>
<td>baby</td>
<td>shout</td>
<td>lovely</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>whale</td>
<td>funny</td>
<td>write</td>
<td>wrap</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>lawn</td>
<td>cause</td>
<td>cloud</td>
<td>beach</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
“Yes. A couple of nights, before it got dark, we hurried and explored the forest and found your tree houses. Katy said, ‘Oh if I was to have a tree house, I would have a flower shop tree house.’ She was so excited about it, Dad decided to build it for her. He had to do it at night, though, after she fell asleep. He built it as close to yours as he could, while still being on our land. He thought we could eventually build a whole town of tree houses. He’s a carpenter, you know. He’s done with his job now, and he works from home building furniture in the old barn behind our house.”

“Well!” said Ella with a long sigh. “That explains a lot.
Breathless, he arrived just in time for the bell.

The news spread like wildfire. Notes telling the exciting details were wadded into tiny balls and passed about the classroom.

“Nibs has been taken back to the woods.”

The howls of Rip, protesting Nib’s removal, came seeping through the windows at regular intervals. All ears were trained in that direction, while questioning eyes glanced from schoolbooks to Jim and back again. Jim twisted and squirmed in his seat, keeping his eyes glued to his lessons, hoping to get by the ordeal of the long, dragging afternoon session without being kept in.

“Everybody in the village loved Nibs! They did not want him to be taken away.”

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A breakfast of oatmeal with bread and milk and some fresh-pulled clover was left in a pail. Even a lump of rock salt had been borrowed from the widow’s cow pasture for Nibs to lick when he got lonesome.
Mama was eager for adventure. Without hesitation, she took the mysterious letter and quickly turned it over. Ernie wondered if she would tear it open right away or wait to get a knife—the way she usually did.

Mining camps like Skillet Gulch bothered her so much. The houses were sprawly and dirty, and the hills around were spoiled by all the mining and digging. Mama had not wanted to come west in the first place. She ached for their farm in Michigan where father would plough neat rows of barley and soybeans.

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The chemistry teacher picked up a bundle by the trough. It was carefully wrapped in pink flannel. “It’s our most valuable belonging,” she smiled, as she opened the package. “I haven’t used it once since we came to Colorado Territory.”

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The nature scene was beautiful. Over in the meadow of orchids, on one of the boughs perched a black and white magpie with shining feathers. His cawing echoed in the hills.
He glanced up at the mantel, analyzing the binoculars, which was a unique type of brilliant, neon green.

Thoughtfully, he picked it up, dusting it on his woolen shirt. He looked at the table where Pa and the young man sat having a discussion about the weather outside.

Pa was saying, “Looks like we’re holed in for good, and we’re liable to get another severe blizzard on top of this exceptional one if the forecast is accurate. We usually do this time of year. We should take caution.”

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Grinning broadly, Frank watched with genuine joy as the dog jumped up to lick Lucinda’s face with affection.

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He was anxious to get there. At a distance, Ralph could now see a gorgeous stream of white spray splashing down the rough, treacherous slopes, a billowing white curve of roaring foam. He had never seen anything quite as wonderful as this water spilling down the mountainside like a raging typhoon. It had cut a gorge through the tranquil valley below.
LEVEL 7 OR LEVEL 8

The child is ready for Level 7 if he or she can read the passage below in 2.5 minutes or less with four or less incorrect words. The child is ready for Level 8 if he or she can read the passage below in two minutes or less with three or less incorrect words.

I still have confused recollections of that illness. I especially remember the tenderness with which my mother tried to soothe me in my waling hours of fret and pain, and the agony and bewilderment with which I awoke after a tossing half sleep, and turned my eyes, so dry and hot, to the wall away from the once-loved light, which came to me dim and yet more dim each day. But, except for these fleeting memories, if, indeed, they be memories, it all seems very unreal, like a nightmare. Gradually I got used to the silence and darkness that surrounded me and forgot that it had ever been different, until she came—my teacher—who was to set my spirit free. But during the first nineteen months of my life I had caught glimpses of broad, green fields, a luminous sky, trees and flowers which the darkness that followed could not wholly blot out.

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Meanwhile, the desire to express myself grew. The few signs I used became less and less adequate, and my failures to make myself understood were invariably followed by outbursts of passion. I felt as if invisible hands were holding me, and I made frantic efforts to free myself. I struggled—not that struggling helped matters, but the spirit of resistance was strong within me; I generally broke down in tears and physical exhaustion. If my mother happened to be near, I crept into her arms, too miserable even to remember the cause of the tempest. After awhile, the need of some means of communication became so urgent that these outbursts occurred daily, sometimes hourly.
LEVEL 9, 10, 11, OR 12

The child is ready for Level 9 if he or she can read the passage below in two minutes or less with four or less incorrect words. The child is ready for Level 10 if he or she can read the passage below in 90 seconds or less with three or less incorrect words, and is used to the challenging, slower-paced style of good and beautiful literature. The child is ready for levels 11 and 12 if he or she can read the passage below in 90 seconds or less with two or less incorrect words, and is used to very challenging, slower-paced style of good and beautiful literature.

Note: Levels 9 and below do not contain romance, other than mild, brief references to romantic relationships. Levels 10 and above may contain major themes of romance while staying with The Good and the Beautiful standards of promoting moral, wholesome behavior.

There was the “cat-hole,” –a contrivance which almost every mansion or cabin in Virginia possessed during the period. This square opening was provided for the purpose of letting the cat pass in and out of the house at will. In the case of our particular cabin, I could never understand the necessity for this ineffectual convenience, since there were many other places in the cabin that would have accommodated the cats.

There was almost no request that would not have been complied with. When he was a guest at my home in Alabama, and was so badly paralyzed that he had to be wheeled about in an invalid’s chair, I recall that one of the General’s former students had occasion to push his chair up a long hill that taxed his strength to the paramount degree. When the top of the hill was reached, the former pupil, with a glow of exhilaration and ecstasy on his face, exclaimed, “I am so glad that I have been permitted to do something that was real hard for the General before he dies!”

While I was a student at Hampton, the dormitories became so crowded that it was impossible to find room for all who wanted to be admitted. In order to help remedy the difficulty, the General conceived the ingenious plan of putting up tents to be used as rooms.