**Sample Constructed Responses - Grade 4**

**(From SBAC Practice Tests 2014 – Grade 4)**

**Coyote Tries to Steal the Honey**

At the beginning of the long days of summer, Coyote had seen Bear slowly walk up to a lonely tree that sat in an open field. The branches of this tree remained bare throughout the warm months. When the sun was high it cast shadows in the shapes of strange insects upon the grass. It was here the bees kept their treasure. They kept it buried in the base of this old hollow tree.

Coyote wore a smile as wide as the sky, for he knew what he had to do to have a taste of the bees’ sweet honey. He knew that Bear was able to simply take the honey from the base of the tree. The bees made angry noises, but that did not seem to bother Bear one bit. They swarmed around his big dark body as he sat and ate. When he was finished he shook them off, got up, and walked away. Coyote thought about this all summer. If he could just make a suit that looked like Bear’s, he would be able to dip his paw into the base of the tree and out would come sweet golden honey.

It took Coyote all morning to make the suit. He gathered large pieces of bark from the trees to make the arms and legs. He found thin vines to tie the different pieces of the suit together. Then he shredded smaller pieces of bark against a rock and mixed these with dried pine needles so it looked like fur.

Right before he went to visit the bees’ lonely tree he covered the solid parts of the suit in mud and added the fur. He put it on and walked into the open field. The parts hung loosely on his body. The sun was high in the sky. The shadows danced. Coyote could not see what he looked like, but he imagined his shadow matched that of Bear on the day he took the honey.

As he neared the hollow tree he heard a growing hum. He made a similar noise and he saw one or two bees land on his bear suit. As he drew closer there was more and more buzzing around him. Coyote could tell that the bees were not happy. He did not care one bit. He wanted a taste of the honey so badly.

It wasn’t until he attempted to put his paw down into the tree’s belly that he felt the first sting. It felt like when he had gotten stuck by the thorn bush while he tried to bury his nose in the sweet-smelling flowers. As his paw sank deeper into the tree and the buzz grew louder, Coyote began to feel more and more sharp pains. He yelped and drew his paw away, but the buzzing and pain just grew.

All thoughts of honey faded, and he fled. He was nothing more than a howling spot of darkness moving quickly across the field. A trail of angry bees followed him. The bear suit fell away as he ran. He made his way to the river and dove in. The bees had long stopped chasing him. The cool water soothed his stings, but Coyote knew for then and forever that honey was not for him.

**2589**

**What conclusion can be drawn about the author’s point of view? Support your answer with details from the passage.**

**Type your answer in this box.**

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**2680**

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