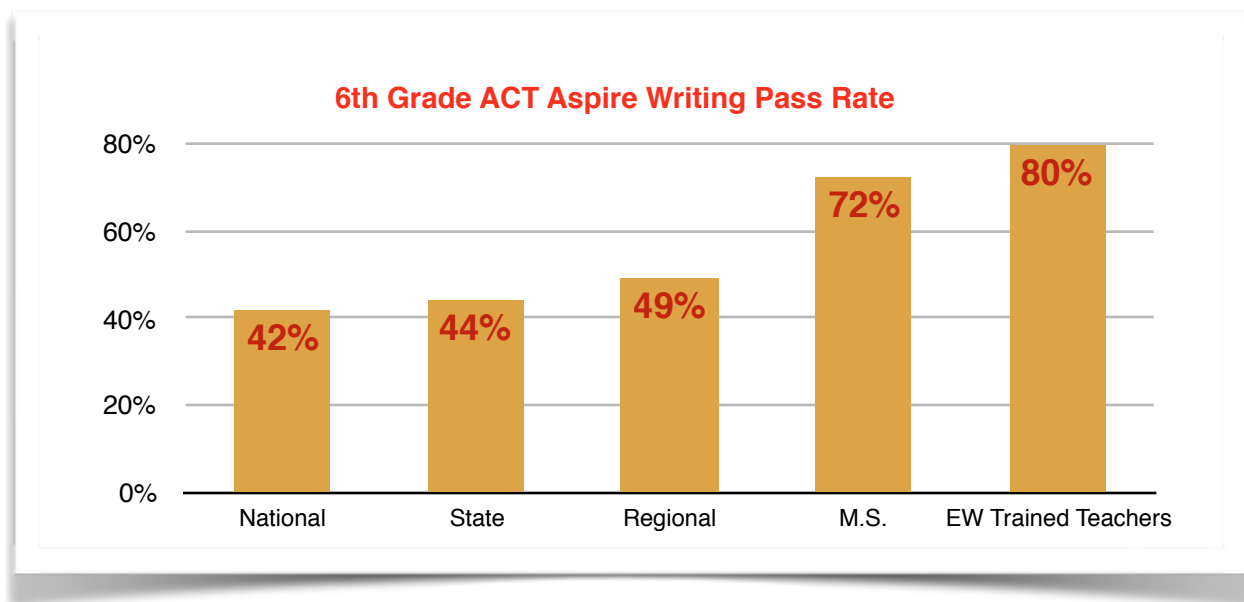


***“As you can see, as the two teachers who attended the narrative workshop, we had significantly higher scores.”***

Grade 6 Teacher

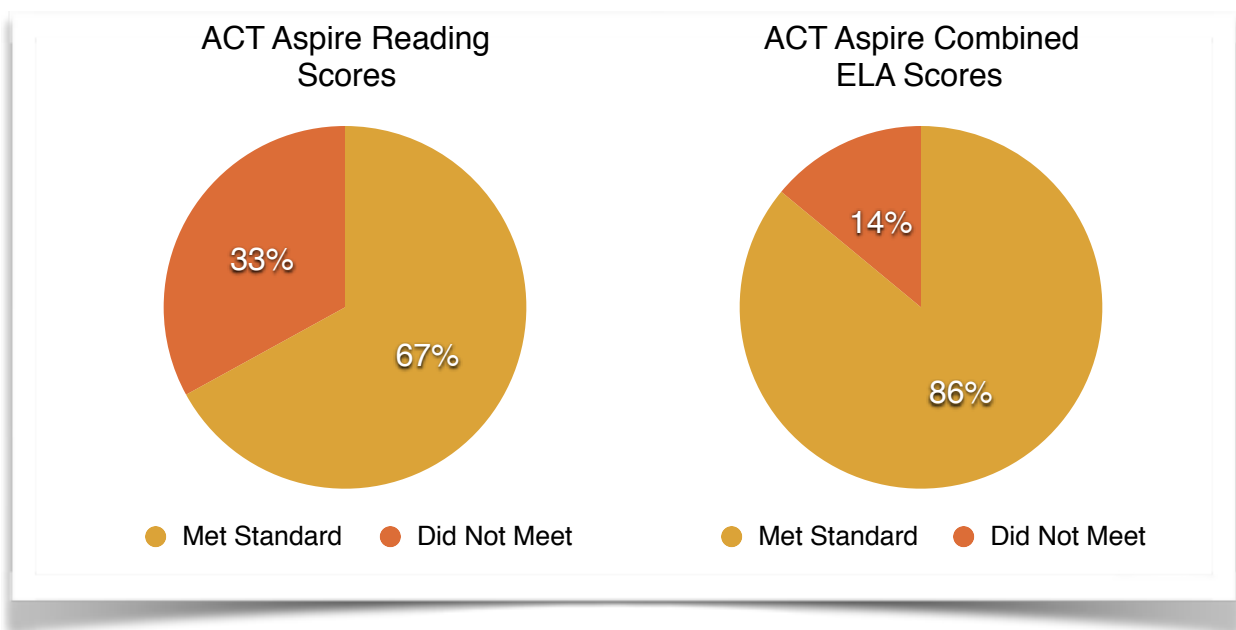
In February 2016, two teachers from Springdale, Arkansas traveled to Denton, Texas to attend an Empowering Writers Narrative workshop. After 8 weeks of instruction, their students took the ACT Aspire Reading and Writing Assessment. Here are the results.



*“Last year was my first year to teach 6th grade ELA. I was very worried about teaching writing because I had never been taught how to write myself during my own education. One of the teachers at our school had found the Narrative Writing Diamond online, so we were teaching that as best we could in the fall. It wasn’t until Trina and I attended the Empowering Writers Narrative Writing workshop in February that I learned how to teach it skill by skill. I was learning right along with my students.*

*“On the weekends, I would practice what I was teaching. I actually started enjoying writing for the first time in my life, and I was so excited to share my stories with my students. The lessons were so fun and engaging, and the students gained confidence in their writing skills (just like I did!) When I finally got to see the results of the ACT Aspire test, I was literally in tears. **Some of my lowest achieving students scored above the 90 percentile in writing!**”*

Grade 6 Teacher



*"I was able to achieve an 88% pass rate on the English part of ACT Aspire, 80% on writing (21% scored in "Exceeding" category compared to the state average of 1%), and 67% on reading. This gave me an overall pass rate of 86% combined ELA score.*

*"In my district, we have a very high ELL population as well as a high rate of poverty. My middle school, is considered the "affluent" school at 50% free and reduced lunch and about 40% ELL. To achieve these results is very encouraging! I tracked my students' progress last spring with a spreadsheet, and they grew with every assignment.*

*"I am attaching a couple of pictures of 2 long-term ELL students' writing that I tracked. You can see such a difference in just 8 weeks. EW strategies complement the Gradual Release of Responsibility Model of instruction and also the Constructing Meaning model of language development adopted by our district."*

**Grade 6 Teacher**

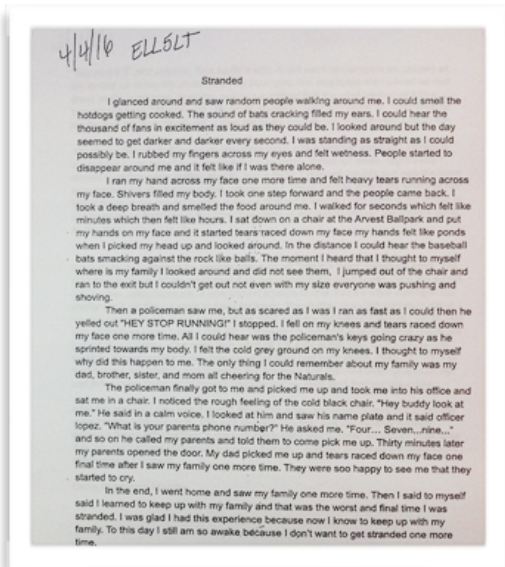
## Before and After Student Samples

### Student #1 in February

2/11/6  
My family surrounded me. I looked around and saw my dad and my brother playing soccer. I thought I would make it all the way for the first time five, four, three and two I thought. I saw my cousin Jose come up to me and hooked his hands onto my legs and yanked me right off of those monkey bars. I felt my wrist hit the metal piece of the monkey bars. All I could hear was beeeeeeeeeep. I couldn't believe that I had broken my wrist at seven years old. It had been the first bone I have been broken in the family and that was the last. I knew it was all over when I went home with a cast around the my arm. In the end, I realized that I should never trust my cousin while I am on the monkey bars. If I had to do it all over again I would get off the monkey bars with my cousin comes. My life is different now because I know that it will never happen again.

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## Student #1 in April



### Stranded

*I glanced around and saw random people walking around me. I could smell the hotdogs getting cooked. The sound of bats cracking filled my ears. I could hear the thousand of fans in excitement as loud as they could be. I looked around but the day seemed to get darker and darker every second. I was standing as straight as I could possibly be. I rubbed my fingers across my eyes and felt wetness. People started to disappear around me and it felt like if I was alone.*

*I ran my hand across my face one more time and felt heavy tears running across my face. Shivers filled my body. I took one step forward and the people came back. I took a deep breath and smelled the food around me. I walked for seconds which felt like minutes which then felt like hours. I sat down on a chair at the Arvest Ballpark and put my hands on my face and it stated tears raced down my face my hands felt like ponds when I picked my head up and looked around. In the distance I could hear the baseball bats smacking against the rock like balls. The moment I heard that I thought to myself where is my family I looked around and did not see them. I jumped out of the chair and ran to the exit but I couldn't get out not even with my size everyone was pushing and shoving.*

*Then a policeman saw me, but as scared as I was I ran as fast as I could then he yelled out "HEY STOP RUNNING!" I stopped, I fell on my kneed and tears raced down my face one more time. All I could hear was the policeman's keys going crazy as he sprinted towards my body. I felt the cold grey ground on my knees. I thought to myself why did this happen to me. The only thing I could remember about my family was my dad, brother, sister, and mom all cheering for the Nationals.*

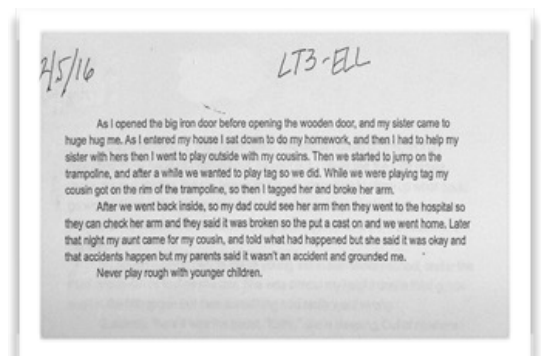
*The policeman finally got to me and picked me up and took me into his office and sat me in a chair. I noticed the rough feeling of the cold black chair. "Hey buddy look at me." He said in a calm voice. I looked at him and saw his name plate and it said office lopez. "What is your parents phone number?" he asked me. "Four...Seven...nine..." and so on he called my parents and told them to come pick me up. Thirty minutes later my parents opened the door. My dad picked me up and tears raced down my face one final time after I saw my family one more time. They were soo happy to see me that they started to cry.*

*In the end, I went home and saw my family one more time. Then I said to myself said I learned to keep up with my family and that was the worst and final time I was stranded. I was glad I had this experience because now I know to keep up with my family. To this day I still am so awake because I don't want to get stranded one more time.*

## Student #2 in February

*As I opened the big iron door before opening the wooden door, and my sister came to huge hug me. As I entered my house I sat down to do my homework and then I had to help my sister with hers then I went to play outside with my cousins. Then we started to jump on the trampoline, and after a while we wanted to play tag so we did. While we were playing tag my cousin got on the rim of the trampoline, so then I tagged her and broke her arm.*

*After we went back inside, so my dad could see her arm then they went to the hospital so they can check her arm and they said it was broken so the put a cast on and we went home. Later that night my aunt came for my cousin, and told what had happened but she said it was okay and that accidents happen but my parents said it wasn't an accident and grounded me.*



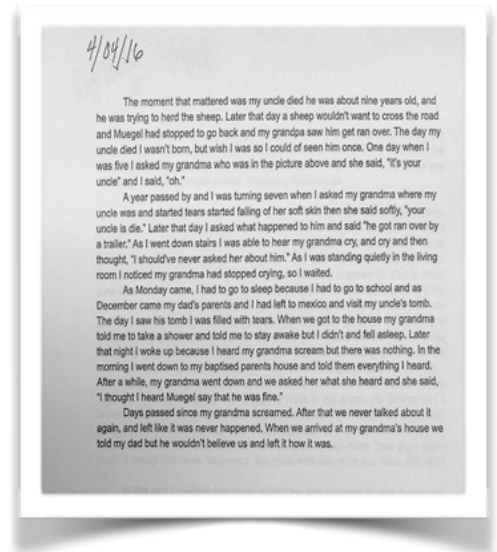
## Student #2 in April

*The moment that mattered was my uncle died he was about nine years old, and he was trying to herd the sheep. Later that day a sheep wouldn't want to cross the road and Muegel had stopped to go back and my grandpa saw him get ran over. The day my uncle died I wasn't born, but wish I was so I could of seen him once. One day when I was five I asked my grandma who was in the picture above and she said, "it's your uncle" and I said, "oh"*

*A year passed by and I was turning seven when I asked my grandma where my uncle was and started tears started falling of her soft skin then she said softly, "your uncle is die." Later that day I asked what happened to him and said "he got ran over by a trailer." As I went down stairs I was able to hear my grandma cry, and cry and then thought, "I should've never asked her about him." As I was standing quietly in the living room I noticed my grand ma had stopped crying, so I waited.*

*As Monday came, I had to go to sleep because I had to go to school and as December came my dad's parents and I had left to mexico and visit my uncles' tomb. The day I saw his tomb I was filled with tears. When we got to the house my grandma told me to take a shower and told me to stay awake but I didn't and fell asleep. Later that night I woke up because I heard my grandma scream but there was nothing. In the morning I went down to my baptised parents house and told them everything I heard. After a while, my grandma went down and we asked her what she heard and she said, "I thought I heard Muegel say that he was fine."*

*Days passed since my grandma screamed. After that we never talked about it again, and left like it was never happened. When we arrived at my grandma's house we told my dad but he wouldn't believe us and left it how it was.*



### About Empowering Writers

At Empowering Writers, we teach teachers how to improve student writing. Most teachers can tell a good piece of writing from a weak piece of writing, but few teachers have been taught how to identify the weak points and use specific strategies to move the writing from point A to point B.

For the past 20 years, Empowering Writers has transformed writing instruction for over 100,000 educators by providing the necessary knowledge and skills to teach writing.

[www.EmpoweringWriters.com](http://www.EmpoweringWriters.com)