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Text	Within each section, identify at least one text choice. Explain the effect it creates and how that addresses a tension or leverage created by the rhetorical situation.
I have never been able to get a kite in the air. Lithe, active people get kites in the air, and if I am present, and if they are kind, they let me hold the string. I love the feeling of a kite, but I've never been able to fly one. They won't go up. I run as fast as I can, but the kite drags behind me like the broken muffler of a car.	

When I turned fifty, I made up my mind that I was going to fly a kite. I went to the kite store and bought a purple and scarlet parafoil. The clerk in the kite store assured me that all I needed was a wind; small children, he promised me, could fly this kite. I cross-examined him, flattening him against the cash register. “You really think,” I said sternly, “that I can get this kite in the air?” “Lady,” he said to me, “you’re gonna come back here; you’re gonna be screaming at me because I didn’t let you buy two of ’em.” I liked his panache. I believed him. But he was wrong, because I couldn’t get the kite up. I tried—twice. Bystanders averted their eyes in pity.	
Two years later, I won the Newbery Medal. I decided to go to the ocean to write my speech. The ocean, I believed, would help. So I packed my suitcase: fountain pens, ink, thesaurus, wrist splints.... At the last moment, I tossed in the kite. After all, my life had changed. I was living in a world where anything was possible	•
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Using the information given, discuss potential concerns, leverages, and purposes before reading the passage. Fill this out after you have read the full passage. You will need to infer these things.	Tensions: Leverages: Overcoming obstacles and being recognized for this achievement Schlitz's purpose: To uplift spirits of other authors, to let them know that writing can be unpredictable and frustrating at times, yet still worth the effort and time it takes to pursue.

Text	Within each section, identify at least one text choice. Explain the effect it creates and how that addresses a tension or leverage created by the rhetorical situation.
I have never been able to get a kite in the air. Lithe, active people get kites in the air, and if I am present,	• Comparison between types of struggles to illustrate the perseverance a person

and if they are kind, they let me hold the string. I love the feeling of a kite, but I've never been able to fly one. They won't go up. I run as fast as I can, but the kite drags behind me like the broken muffler of a car. When I turned fifty, I made up my mind that I was going to fly a kite. I went to the kite store and bought a purple and scarlet parafoil. The clerk in the kite store assured me that all I needed was a wind; small children, he promised me, could fly this kite. I cross-examined him, flattening him against the cash register. "You really think," I said sternly, "that I can get this kite in the air?" "Lady," he said to me, "you're gonna come back here; you're gonna be screaming at me because I didn't let you buy two of 'em." I liked his panache. I believed him. But he was wrong, because I couldn't get the kite up. I tried—twice. Bystanders averted their eyes in pity.	has to pursue a dream ● Internal struggle of not being able to accomplish a goal ● Physical struggle of not being able to fly a kite. ● Even when given advice by others, the writer is still unable to fly this kite ● Over time, this writer still has the determination to fly a kite. Seeks assurance to gain confidence in self. ● Being watched and scrutinized by other people. Feeling like a failure despite being proactive.
Two years later, I won the Newbery Medal. I decided to go to the ocean to write my speech. The ocean, I believed, would help. So I packed my suitcase: fountain pens, ink, thesaurus, wrist splints.... At the last moment, I tossed in the kite. After all, my life had changed. I was living in a world where anything was possible	● Analogy of winning a medal to flying a kite ● Writing is a process, with trial and error, but she is rewarded over time ● Therefore, flying a kite will happen because she is inspired by her ability to become a successful writer ● "I was living in a world where anything was possible"
I worked on Monday. On Tuesday, I awoke to the keening of the wind. I hurried through breakfast and headed for the shore with the kite. It was chilly, a gray morning. The ocean was greenish and savage, with the waves breathing hoarsely against the shore. Even the seagulls looked cold. I took the kite out of my pocket. As I unfolded it, the ribbons of the tail began to flutter. I could feel the kite straining to be free. I let go of her, and she soared into the air. Once she was aloft, she ceased to be a kite and became a creature: a nylon falcon, willful and capricious. It was a miracle. She rose above my head. I gave her a little more string, and she lashed her tail like a tiger. She pirouetted, and I unwound the string. I was flying a kite. I stumbled along the shore, bemused, enchanted, disbelieving. She was smaller than a postage	● Personifies kite "straining to be free", "soared into the air", "ceased to be a kite, & became a creature"....."willful & capricious" Becomes free! Seen as a "miracle"

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I am not built for speed. But I clumped over the sand as fast as I could, trying to catch the uncoiling reel. A tuft of dune-grass snagged it, buying me time. I snatched the spool and yanked the string. The kite began to recover. She went on rising until there was no more thread. I flew her for an hour before I brought her in. By now I was feeling superstitious about her, and I thought it would be good luck if I could lure her to my glove like a falcon. It was a bit like Tessa,1 come to think of it—I wanted to catch her before she hit the ground. And I did. I pulled her within three feet of me, leaped skyward, and plucked her out of the air.	• The writing process still remains a struggle, as shown in the imagery of struggling along the sand dunes. • Feelings of uncertainty about accomplishing a goal.."I was feeling supersititous about her"...
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I am not built for speed. But I clumped over the sand as fast as I could, trying to catch the uncoiling reel. A tuft of dune-grass snagged it, buying me time. I snatched the spool and yanked the string. The kite began to recover. She went on rising until there was no more thread. I flew her for an hour before I brought her in. By now I was feeling superstitious about her, and I thought it would be good luck if I could lure her to my glove like a falcon. It was a bit like Tessa,1 come to think of it—I wanted to catch her before she hit the ground. And I did. I pulled her within three feet of me, leaped skyward, and plucked her out of the air.	•
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Concerns	Description of the rhetorical situation, including things revealed in the passage.
Using the information given, discuss potential concerns, leverages, and purposes before reading the passage. Fill this out after you have read the full passage. You will need to infer these things.	Tensions: Leverages: Schlitz's purpose:

Text	Within each section, identify at least one text choice. Explain the effect it creates and how that addresses a tension or leverage created by the rhetorical situation.
I have never been able to get a kite in the air. Lithe, active people get kites in the air, and if I am present, and if they are kind, they let me hold the string. I love the feeling of a kite, but I've never been able to fly one. They won't go up. I run as fast as I can, but the kite drags behind me like the broken muffler of a car. When I turned fifty, I made up my mind that I was going to fly a kite. I went to the kite store and bought a purple	•

and scarlet parafoil. The clerk in the kite store assured me that all I needed was a wind; small children, he promised me, could fly this kite. I cross-examined him, flattening him against the cash register. “You really think,” I said sternly, “that I can get this kite in the air?” “Lady,” he said to me, “you’re gonna come back here; you’re gonna be screaming at me because I didn’t let you buy two of ’em.” I liked his panache. I believed him. But he was wrong, because I couldn’t get the kite up. I tried—twice. Bystanders averted their eyes in pity.	
Two years later, I won the Newbery Medal. I decided to go to the ocean to write my speech. The ocean, I believed, would help. So I packed my suitcase: fountain pens, ink, thesaurus, wrist splints.... At the last moment, I tossed in the kite. After all, my life had changed. I was living in a world where anything was possible	●
I worked on Monday. On Tuesday, I awoke to the keening of the wind. I hurried through breakfast and headed for the shore with the kite. It was chilly, a gray morning. The ocean was greenish and savage, with the waves breathing hoarsely against the shore. Even the seagulls looked cold. I took the kite out of my pocket. As I unfolded it, the ribbons of the tail began to flutter. I could feel the kite straining to be free. I let go of her, and she soared into the air. Once she was aloft, she ceased to be a kite and became a creature: a nylon falcon, willful and capricious. It was a miracle. She rose above my head. I gave her a little more string, and she lashed her tail like a tiger. She pirouetted, and I unwound the string. I was flying a kite. I stumbled along the shore, bemused, enchanted, disbelieving. She was smaller than a postage stamp—a motley speck in a furrowed sky.	●
My hand was cold. I fumbled in my pocket for a glove, and all at once I dropped the spool. It was then that I made a discovery—quite an obvious one, really, but to me it was startling and wondrous. As the spool of string rolled over the sand, the kite faltered and plummeted. Without me, she couldn’t soar. She needed the tension of my hand on the string.	●

I am not built for speed. But I clumped over the sand as fast as I could, trying to catch the uncoiling reel. A tuft of dune-grass snagged it, buying me time. I snatched the spool and yanked the string. The kite began to recover. She went on rising until there was no more thread. I flew her for an hour before I brought her in. By now I was feeling superstitious about her, and I thought it would be good luck if I could lure her to my glove like a falcon. It was a bit like Tessa,1 come to think of it—I wanted to catch her before she hit the ground. And I did. I pulled her within three feet of me, leaped skyward, and plucked her out of the air.	•
Why am I telling you this? Oh, because this story makes sense. First of all, the thrill of getting the kite in the air—of doing what could not be done—was like winning the Newbery. Unclouded joy, soaring disbelief. I was holding the wind in my hands. And also, because flying a kite is a bit like being a writer. Most of the time, the words aren't right, and the prose drags on the ground. We don't know how to get the kite into the air. Flying defies gravity. If there are rules and laws that govern this flight, we don't know what they are. We only know that we have to go to the shore with the kite in our hands, in case the wind is there. When the wind comes—those are the extraordinary, the surreal times. They are worth all the other times.	
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Concerns	Description of the rhetorical situation, including things revealed in the passage.
Using the information given, discuss potential concerns, leverages, and purposes before reading the passage. Fill this out after you have read the full passage. You will need to infer these things.	Tensions: struggles of being a writer, but mitigated by success as shown through not only the publication but the prestigious award Leverages: not sure what this means actually Schlitz's purpose: an acceptance speech, but one that probably should try to sound humble and grateful so it's less braggy.

Text	Within each section, identify at least one text choice. Explain the effect it creates and how that addresses a tension or leverage created by the rhetorical situation.
I have never been able to get a kite in the air. Lithe, active people get kites in the air, and if I am present, and if they are kind, they let me hold the string. I love the feeling of a kite, but I've never been able to fly one.	• kite as an extended metaphor • repeated failures - failed writing • repetition of word "kite' and simple sentences "When I was fifty…" -

They won't go up. I run as fast as I can, but the kite drags behind me like the broken muffler of a car. When I turned fifty, I made up my mind that I was going to fly a kite. I went to the kite store and bought a purple and scarlet parafoil. The clerk in the kite store assured me that all I needed was a wind; small children, he promised me, could fly this kite. I cross-examined him, flattening him against the cash register. "You really think," I said sternly, "that I can get this kite in the air?" "Lady," he said to me, "you're gonna come back here; you're gonna be screaming at me because I didn't let you buy two of 'em." I liked his panache. I believed him. But he was wrong, because I couldn't get the kite up. I tried—twice. Bystanders averted their eyes in pity.	anecdote ● dialogue ● written in the tone one might assume for a children's book writer. ●
Two years later, I won the Newbery Medal. I decided to go to the ocean to write my speech. The ocean, I believed, would help. So I packed my suitcase: fountain pens, ink, thesaurus, wrist splints.... At the last moment, I tossed in the kite. After all, my life had changed. I was living in a world where anything was possible	● foreshadowing - "two years later, to ocean to write speech" - this is the speech ● kite continued extended metaphor - but now one of possibility because success in one aspect can prove success is possible in another aspect.
I worked on Monday. On Tuesday, I awoke to the keening of the wind. I hurried through breakfast and headed for the shore with the kite. It was chilly, a gray morning. The ocean was greenish and savage, with the waves breathing hoarsely against the shore. Even the seagulls looked cold. I took the kite out of my pocket. As I unfolded it, the ribbons of the tail began to flutter. I could feel the kite straining to be free. I let go of her, and she soared into the air. Once she was aloft, she ceased to be a kite and became a creature: a nylon falcon, willful and capricious. It was a miracle. She rose above my head. I gave her a little more string, and she lashed her tail like a tiger. She pirouetted, and I unwound the string. I was flying a kite. I stumbled along the shore, bemused, enchanted, disbelieving. She was smaller than a postage stamp—a motley speck in a furrowed sky.	● personification of kite- metaphor of the amazing feelings of success. rich imagery, lexical field of wonder ● Helps convey the power this moment has on the speaker
My hand was cold. I fumbled in my pocket for a glove, and all at once I dropped the spool. It was then that I made a discovery—quite an obvious one, really, but to	● the realization that it depended on her - thus the metaphor and kite's success is intrinsically about her - a sense of

me it was startling and wondrous. As the spool of string rolled over the sand, the kite faltered and plummeted. Without me, she couldn't soar. She needed the tension of my hand on the string.	pastoral care?
I am not built for speed. But I clumped over the sand as fast as I could, trying to catch the uncoiling reel. A tuft of dune-grass snagged it, buying me time. I snatched the spool and yanked the string. The kite began to recover. She went on rising until there was no more thread. I flew her for an hour before I brought her in. By now I was feeling superstitious about her, and I thought it would be good luck if I could lure her to my glove like a falcon. It was a bit like Tessa,1 come to think of it—I wanted to catch her before she hit the ground. And I did. I pulled her within three feet of me, leaped skyward, and plucked her out of the air.	● the idea of "catching" before the failure - again the pastoral understanding that it's success depended on her.
Why am I telling you this? Oh, because this story makes sense. First of all, the thrill of getting the kite in the air—of doing what could not be done—was like winning the Newbery. Unclouded joy, soaring disbelief. I was holding the wind in my hands. And also, because flying a kite is a bit like being a writer. Most of the time, the words aren't right, and the prose drags on the ground. We don't know how to get the kite into the air. Flying defies gravity. If there are rules and laws that govern this flight, we don't know what they are. We only know that we have to go to the shore with the kite in our hands, in case the wind is there. When the wind comes—those are the extraordinary, the surreal times. They are worth all the other times.	- breaks the fourth wall with the hypophora, brings to declarative statement that "flying a kite is a bit like being a writer" - completing the extended metaphor an dmaking it clear to the audience that the kite is creation. - Metaphor of ocean adn wind - that creation is difficult and arbitrary, but when creativity comes, know how to harness its power in creating something. Overall story book tone fits in with her ethos as a children's storybook writer (where all stories are metaphors for some deeper moral or message). a bit meta that she does so here. Undermines audience's expectations for an acceptance award speech - manages to avoid the banalities of the thank yous and the I cannot believe this or the comments on the difficulties of the process and the gratefulness.
Any notable rhetorical choice or choices diffused across the text as a whole	
● extended metaphor and anecdote ● rich imagery ● storybook book	

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Concerns	Description of the rhetorical situation, including things revealed in the passage.
Using the information given, discuss potential concerns, leverages, and purposes before reading the passage. Fill this out after you have read the full passage. You will need to infer these things.	Tensions: The struggle and beauty of being a writer. Leverages: Schlitz's purpose: To show the difficulty of being a writer and the beauty of it when it pays off.

Text	Within each section, identify at least one text choice. Explain the effect it creates and how that addresses a tension or leverage created by the rhetorical situation.
I have never been able to get a kite in the air. Lithe, active people get kites in the air, and if I am present, and if they are kind, they let me hold the string. I love the feeling of a kite, but I've never been able to fly one. They won't go up. I run as fast as I can, but the kite drags behind me like the broken muffler of a car.	• Struggle of flying a kite – hardship of career of being a writer. • Turning 50 years old is significant and being able to have more courage and boldness in life.

When I turned fifty, I made up my mind that I was going to fly a kite. I went to the kite store and bought a purple and scarlet parafoil. The clerk in the kite store assured me that all I needed was a wind; small children, he promised me, could fly this kite. I cross-examined him, flattening him against the cash register. “You really think,” I said sternly, “that I can get this kite in the air?” “Lady,” he said to me, “you’re gonna come back here; you’re gonna be screaming at me because I didn’t let you buy two of ’em.” I liked his panache. I believed him. But he was wrong, because I couldn’t get the kite up. I tried—twice. Bystanders averted their eyes in pity.	
Two years later, I won the Newbery Medal. I decided to go to the ocean to write my speech. The ocean, I believed, would help. So I packed my suitcase: fountain pens, ink, thesaurus, wrist splints.... At the last moment, I tossed in the kite. After all, my life had changed. I was living in a world where anything was possible	● Winning the Newbery Medal gave her confidence to do something she had previously failed. – comparing all her failed writing attempts and then her success.
I worked on Monday. On Tuesday, I awoke to the keening of the wind. I hurried through breakfast and headed for the shore with the kite. It was chilly, a gray morning. The ocean was greenish and savage, with the waves breathing hoarsely against the shore. Even the seagulls looked cold. I took the kite out of my pocket. As I unfolded it, the ribbons of the tail began to flutter. I could feel the kite straining to be free. I let go of her, and she soared into the air. Once she was aloft, she ceased to be a kite and became a creature: a nylon falcon, willful and capricious. It was a miracle. She rose above my head. I gave her a little more string, and she lashed her tail like a tiger. She pirouetted, and I unwound the string. I was flying a kite. I stumbled along the shore, bemused, enchanted, disbelieving. She was smaller than a postage stamp—a motley speck in a furrowed sky.	● The feelings she felt while flying the kite are the same ones she felt winning the medal.
My hand was cold. I fumbled in my pocket for a glove, and all at once I dropped the spool. It was then that I made a discovery—quite an obvious one, really, but to me it was startling and wondrous. As the spool of string rolled over the sand, the kite faltered and plummeted.	●

Without me, she couldn't soar. She needed the tension of my hand on the string.	
I am not built for speed. But I clumped over the sand as fast as I could, trying to catch the uncoiling reel. A tuft of dune-grass snagged it, buying me time. I snatched the spool and yanked the string. The kite began to recover. She went on rising until there was no more thread. I flew her for an hour before I brought her in. By now I was feeling superstitious about her, and I thought it would be good luck if I could lure her to my glove like a falcon. It was a bit like Tessa,1 come to think of it—I wanted to catch her before she hit the ground. And I did. I pulled her within three feet of me, leaped skyward, and plucked her out of the air.	•
Why am I telling you this? Oh, because this story makes sense. First of all, the thrill of getting the kite in the air—of doing what could not be done—was like winning the Newbery. Unclouded joy, soaring disbelief. I was holding the wind in my hands. And also, because flying a kite is a bit like being a writer. Most of the time, the words aren't right, and the prose drags on the ground. We don't know how to get the kite into the air. Flying defies gravity. If there are rules and laws that govern this flight, we don't know what they are. We only know that we have to go to the shore with the kite in our hands, in case the wind is there. When the wind comes—those are the extraordinary, the surreal times. They are worth all the other times.	
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Concerns	Description of the rhetorical situation, including things revealed in the passage.
Using the information given, discuss potential concerns, leverages, and purposes before reading the passage. Fill this out after you have read the full passage. You will need to infer these things.	Tensions: Leverages: Schlitz's purpose: Is to encourage others to keep trying in spite of failure because when the time is right and things fall in to place the reward is worth all the failures.

Text	Within each section, identify at least one text choice. Explain the effect it creates and how that addresses a tension or leverage created by the rhetorical situation.
I have never been able to get a kite in the air. Lithe, active people get kites in the air, and if I am present, and if they are kind, they let me hold the string. I love the feeling of a kite, but I've never been able to fly one. They won't go up. I run as fast as I can, but the kite drags behind me like the broken muffler of a car.	• Conflict between Schlitz and an inanimate object/kite • Internal Conflict between her and her ability to fly a kite

When I turned fifty, I made up my mind that I was going to fly a kite. I went to the kite store and bought a purple and scarlet parafoil. The clerk in the kite store assured me that all I needed was a wind; small children, he promised me, could fly this kite. I cross-examined him, flattening him against the cash register. “You really think,” I said sternly, “that I can get this kite in the air?” “Lady,” he said to me, “you’re gonna come back here; you’re gonna be screaming at me because I didn’t let you buy two of ’em.” I liked his panache. I believed him. But he was wrong, because I couldn’t get the kite up. I tried—twice. Bystanders averted their eyes in pity.	
Two years later, I won the Newbery Medal. I decided to go to the ocean to write my speech. The ocean, I believed, would help. So I packed my suitcase: fountain pens, ink, thesaurus, wrist splints.... At the last moment, I tossed in the kite. After all, my life had changed. I was living in a world where anything was possible	•
I worked on Monday. On Tuesday, I awoke to the keening of the wind. I hurried through breakfast and headed for the shore with the kite. It was chilly, a gray morning. The ocean was greenish and savage, with the waves breathing hoarsely against the shore. Even the seagulls looked cold. I took the kite out of my pocket. As I unfolded it, the ribbons of the tail began to flutter. I could feel the kite straining to be free. I let go of her, and she soared into the air. Once she was aloft, she ceased to be a kite and became a creature: a nylon falcon, willful and capricious. It was a miracle. She rose above my head. I gave her a little more string, and she lashed her tail like a tiger. She pirouetted, and I unwound the string. I was flying a kite. I stumbled along the shore, bemused, enchanted, disbelieving. She was smaller than a postage stamp—a motley speck in a furrowed sky.	• A shift in how she discusses the kite…from inanimate object to a living entity (female to be specific). • The kite is compared to a wild female falcon
My hand was cold. I fumbled in my pocket for a glove, and all at once I dropped the spool. It was then that I made a discovery—quite an obvious one, really, but to me it was startling and wondrous. As the spool of string rolled over the sand, the kite faltered and plummeted.	• Another shift in that she realizes that this kite flying thing is relational; each participant has a role; each is reliant on the other

Without me, she couldn't soar. She needed the tension of my hand on the string.	
I am not built for speed. But I clumped over the sand as fast as I could, trying to catch the uncoiling reel. A tuft of dune-grass snagged it, buying me time. I snatched the spool and yanked the string. The kite began to recover. She went on rising until there was no more thread. I flew her for an hour before I brought her in. By now I was feeling superstitious about her, and I thought it would be good luck if I could lure her to my glove like a falcon. It was a bit like Tessa,1 come to think of it—I wanted to catch her before she hit the ground. And I did. I pulled her within three feet of me, leaped skyward, and plucked her out of the air.	• It's as if this activity has awakened some new part of her/Schlitz
Why am I telling you this? Oh, because this story makes sense. First of all, the thrill of getting the kite in the air—of doing what could not be done—was like winning the Newbery. Unclouded joy, soaring disbelief. I was holding the wind in my hands. And also, because flying a kite is a bit like being a writer. Most of the time, the words aren't right, and the prose drags on the ground. We don't know how to get the kite into the air. Flying defies gravity. If there are rules and laws that govern this flight, we don't know what they are. We only know that we have to go to the shore with the kite in our hands, in case the wind is there. When the wind comes—those are the extraordinary, the surreal times. They are worth all the other times.	• The comparison between writer/falconer/and kite enthusiast share similar rewards and pitfalls. • Failing is part of the relationship/experience. • Opportunities must be taken advantage of when they present themselves in order to achieve success when all the pieces fall into place
Any notable rhetorical choice or choices diffused across the text as a whole	
• Extended metaphor/personification	

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My hand was cold. I fumbled in my pocket for a glove, and all at once I dropped the spool. It was then that I made a discovery—quite an obvious one, really, but to me it was startling and wondrous. As the spool of string rolled over the sand, the kite faltered and plummeted. Without me, she couldn’t soar. She needed the tension of my hand on the string.	●

I am not built for speed. But I clumped over the sand as fast as I could, trying to catch the uncoiling reel. A tuft of dune-grass snagged it, buying me time. I snatched the spool and yanked the string. The kite began to recover. She went on rising until there was no more thread. I flew her for an hour before I brought her in. By now I was feeling superstitious about her, and I thought it would be good luck if I could lure her to my glove like a falcon. It was a bit like Tessa,1 come to think of it—I wanted to catch her before she hit the ground. And I did. I pulled her within three feet of me, leaped skyward, and plucked her out of the air.	•
Why am I telling you this? Oh, because this story makes sense. First of all, the thrill of getting the kite in the air—of doing what could not be done—was like winning the Newbery. Unclouded joy, soaring disbelief. I was holding the wind in my hands. And also, because flying a kite is a bit like being a writer. Most of the time, the words aren't right, and the prose drags on the ground. We don't know how to get the kite into the air. Flying defies gravity. If there are rules and laws that govern this flight, we don't know what they are. We only know that we have to go to the shore with the kite in our hands, in case the wind is there. When the wind comes—those are the extraordinary, the surreal times. They are worth all the other times.	
Any notable rhetorical choice or choices diffused across the text as a whole	
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Background	Description of the rhetorical situation, including things revealed in the passage.
Laura Amy Schlitz is a librarian and author. In 2008 she was the recipient of the Newbery Medal, which is awarded annually by the American Library Association (ALA) for distinguished children's literature. Upon receiving the award for her book *Good Masters! Sweet Ladies!: Voices from a Medieval Village*, she delivered an acceptance speech at the ALA Annual Conference. The following is an excerpt from that speech. Read the passage carefully. Write an essay that analyzes the rhetorical choices Schlitz makes to achieve her purpose of communicating what it is to be a writer.	Speaker: Laura Amy Schlitz Audience: Newbery Medal Award hosts - audience - committee Context:The speech she delivered at her acceptance event.

Concerns	Description of the rhetorical situation, including things revealed in the passage.
Using the information given, discuss potential concerns, leverages, and purposes before reading the passage. Fill this out after you have read the full passage. You will need to infer these things.	Tensions: How will I connect the kite failure to my audience Leverages:Never giving up - comeback stories are engaging with audiences due to the relatable elements. Schlitz's purpose:To communicate the value of perseverance

Text	Within each section, identify at least one text choice. Explain the effect it creates and how that addresses a tension or leverage created by the rhetorical situation.
I have never been able to get a kite in the air. Lithe, active people get kites in the air, and if I am present, and if they are kind, they let me hold the string. I love the feeling of a kite, but I've never been able to fly one. They won't go up. I run as fast as I can, but the kite drags behind me like the broken muffler of a car.	• The element of persistence or perseverance creates an effect of never giving up attitude that the author was experiencing with the kite. The tension is that people suffer failures often

When I turned fifty, I made up my mind that I was going to fly a kite. I went to the kite store and bought a purple and scarlet parafoil. The clerk in the kite store assured me that all I needed was a wind; small children, he promised me, could fly this kite. I cross-examined him, flattening him against the cash register. “You really think,” I said sternly, “that I can get this kite in the air?” “Lady,” he said to me, “you’re gonna come back here; you’re gonna be screaming at me because I didn’t let you buy two of ’em.” I liked his panache. I believed him. But he was wrong, because I couldn’t get the kite up. I tried—twice. Bystanders averted their eyes in pity.	in life, though the act of flying a kite may not seem to be all that big of a deal, it is still a reference that presents an opportunity to never give up. The lever here is that no one likes failure, so by coming back to the kite at the age of fifty, there is a demonstration of lifelong commitment to getting it right, of overcoming the adversity in life. -When I turned fifty, I made up my mind that I was going to fly a kite.
Two years later, I won the Newbery Medal. I decided to go to the ocean to write my speech. The ocean, I believed, would help. So I packed my suitcase: fountain pens, ink, thesaurus, wrist splints.... At the last moment, I tossed in the kite. After all, my life had changed. I was living in a world where anything was possible	● Tension: what to write, where will she be inspired, and the kite still has not been flown ● Lever: People like a comeback story. This recurring theme of the failed kite experience isn't going away, perhaps, as the author believes, this may be the opportunity. Why not? It does keep the reader engaged. I want to know if she finally gets the kite up and flying.
I worked on Monday. On Tuesday, I awoke to the keening of the wind. I hurried through breakfast and headed for the shore with the kite. It was chilly, a gray morning. The ocean was greenish and savage, with the waves breathing hoarsely against the shore. Even the seagulls looked cold. I took the kite out of my pocket. As I unfolded it, the ribbons of the tail began to flutter. I could feel the kite straining to be free. I let go of her, and she soared into the air. Once she was aloft, she ceased to be a kite and became a creature: a nylon falcon, willful and capricious. It was a miracle. She rose above my head. I gave her a little more string, and she lashed her tail like a tiger. She pirouetted, and I unwound the string. I was flying a kite. I stumbled along the shore, bemused, enchanted, disbelieving. She was smaller than a postage stamp—a motley speck in a furrowed sky.	● Tension: All of the concern about the kite is coming to a climax. She's got the time, she’s got the kite, let’s see what happens. Will it fly, why would my audience care if I take it to the beach now? Lever: People enjoy a success story again. The buildup step-by-step- the word craft. Each detail builds the rising action to what will be a tremendous climax and I will have satisfied the readers’ desire to see this kite fly. Naming the moment a miracle is great as it calls to a divine intervention, something huge, and religious, and God-intended. Biblical allusion to remind us that this is meaningful to the author.
My hand was cold. I fumbled in my pocket for a glove, and all at once I dropped the spool. It was then that I	● Tension: It wasn’t an easy moment, even within the life long struggle to get

made a discovery—quite an obvious one, really, but to me it was startling and wondrous. As the spool of string rolled over the sand, the kite faltered and plummeted. Without me, she couldn't soar. She needed the tension of my hand on the string.	the kite to fly, there were some very real- immediate struggles or physical ability to pull this off. Lever: The author explains how the kite works, the mechanism and physics of the prospect of flying a kite. It's relatable and engaging
I am not built for speed. But I clumped over the sand as fast as I could, trying to catch the uncoiling reel. A tuft of dune-grass snagged it, buying me time. I snatched the spool and yanked the string. The kite began to recover. She went on rising until there was no more thread. I flew her for an hour before I brought her in. By now I was feeling superstitious about her, and I thought it would be good luck if I could lure her to my glove like a falcon. It was a bit like Tessa,1 come to think of it—I wanted to catch her before she hit the ground. And I did. I pulled her within three feet of me, leaped skyward, and plucked her out of the air.	● Tension: more physical limitations, the audience can feel her struggle, the impending doom of her situation. Lever: An unexpected act of the sand dune catching the spool and pausing it's forward momentum, just enough for the author to take hold again. A universal sigh of relief for the audience.
Why am I telling you this? Oh, because this story makes sense. First of all, the thrill of getting the kite in the air—of doing what could not be done—was like winning the Newbery. Unclouded joy, soaring disbelief. I was holding the wind in my hands. And also, because flying a kite is a bit like being a writer. Most of the time, the words aren't right, and the prose drags on the ground. We don't know how to get the kite into the air. Flying defies gravity. If there are rules and laws that govern this flight, we don't know what they are. We only know that we have to go to the shore with the kite in our hands, in case the wind is there. When the wind comes—those are the extraordinary, the surreal times. They are worth all the other times.	Tension: Why am I telling you this? Lever: because this story makes sense.
Any notable rhetorical choice or choices diffused across the text as a whole	
● Passage of time: I have never been able to get a kite in the air. When I turned fifty, two years later, I worked on Monday. On Tuesday, I awoke, I flew her for an hour I like this organizational structure, chronological in an indirect manner, without giving specific dates or times, because it continually reinforces the idea that an aspiration that goes unfulfilled, doesn't die. It continues to reside, maybe deep down, or maybe ever present- as it appears with this author. I would also use Langston Hugh's poem "Harlem" to synthesize this.	

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Concerns	Description of the rhetorical situation, including things revealed in the passage.
Using the information given, discuss potential concerns, leverages, and purposes before reading the passage. Fill this out after you have read the full passage. You will need to infer these things.	Tensions: Leverages: Schlitz's purpose:

Text	Within each section, identify at least one text choice. Explain the effect it creates and how that addresses a tension or leverage created by the rhetorical situation.
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