

Rhetoric in Writing

Category	Key Points of Learning
Rhetoric	
Rhetorical Appeals and Devices	
Using Mentor Texts	
Rhetoric in Student Writing	



Rhetorical Appeals and Rhetorical Devices-Progression by Grade Level

Introduction Level		Symbol
Appeal/Device is introduced.		I
Students begin to apply, explain, analyze, and evaluate appeal/device.		R

Rhetorical Devices (R.3.4)	Rhetorical Appeals (R.3.4)							6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
	6	7	8	9	10	11	12								
figurative language (as a rhetorical device)	-	I	R	R	R	R	R	ethos	I	R	R	R	R	R	R
irony	-	I	R	R	R	R	R	logos	I	R	R	R	R	R	R
rhetorical questions	-	I	R	R	R	R	R	pathos	I	R	R	R	R	R	R
antithesis	-	-	I	R	R	R	R	kairos	-	-	-	-	-	I	R
zeugma	-	-	I	R	R	R	R								
metonymy	-	-	-	I	R	R	R								
synecdoche	-	-	-	I	R	R	R								
asyndeton	-	-	-	-	I	R	R								
chiasmus	-	-	-	-	-	I	R								

Expectation		Symbol
Explicitly noted in benchmark or clarification.		N
Continued application.		C

Application of Rhetoric	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
R.2.3	-	-	N	N	C	C	C
R.2.2	-	-	-	N	N	N	N
C.1.3	-	-	-	-	N	C	C
C.2.1	-	-	-	-	-	N	N
R.2.4	-	-	-	-	-	-	N



Figurative Language Progression by Grade Level

Introduction Level		Symbol
Type of Figurative Language is introduced.		I
Students begin to explain, analyze, and evaluate Figurative Language.		R

Figurative Language	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
simile	I	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R
idiom	I	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R
alliteration	I	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R
metaphor	-	I	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R
personification	-	I	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R
hyperbole	-	I	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R	R
imagery	-	-	-	I	R	R	R	R	R	R	R
onomatopoeia	-	-	-	-	I	R	R	R	R	R	R
allusion	-	-	-	-	-	I	R	R	R	R	R
meiosis (understatement)	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	I	R	R	R

"The Raven"

<https://poets.org>

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered,
weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of
forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there
came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my
chamber door—
"'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my
chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak
December;
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost
upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought
to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for
the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—
Nameless *here* for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each
purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never
felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I
stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my
chamber door;—
This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then
no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you
came rapping.

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my
chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened
wide the door;—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood
there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared
to dream before;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness
gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the
whispered word, "Lenore?"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the
word, "Lenore!"—
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within
me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder
than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my
window lattice;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery
explore—Let my heart be still a moment and this
mystery explore;—
'Tis the wind and nothing more!"

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a
flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days
of yore;
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute
stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my
chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my
chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the

countenance it wore,
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I
said, "art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from
the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's
Plutonian shore!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear
discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy
bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet was blest with seeing bird above his
chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his
chamber door,

With such name as "Nevermore."

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust,
spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he
did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered—not a feather
then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered "Other friends
have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes
have flown before."

Then the bird said "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly
spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock
and store

Caught from some unhappy master whom
unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one
burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden
bore

Of 'Never—nevermore.'"

But the Raven still beguiling my sad fancy into
smiling,

Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of
bird, and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird
of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and
ominous bird of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable
expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my
bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light
gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light
gloating o'er,

She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed
from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the
tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by
these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe, from thy
memories of Lenore;
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this
lost Lenore!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if
bird or devil!—
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest
tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land
enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell
me, I implore!"

Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if
bird or devil!
By that Heaven that bends above us—by that God
we both adore—

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the
distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels
name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels
name Lenore."
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign in parting, bird or fiend!" I
shrieked, upstarting—
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's
Plutonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy
soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust
above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy
form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, *still* is
sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber
door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's
that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies
floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

“Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech 1950” by William Faulkner

Ladies and gentlemen,

I feel that this award was not made to me as a man, but to my work – a life’s work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit, not for glory and least of all for profit, but to create out of the materials of the human spirit something which did not exist before. So this award is only mine in trust. It will not be difficult to find a dedication for the money part of it commensurate with the purpose and significance of its origin. But I would like to do the same with the acclaim too, by using this moment as a pinnacle from which I might be listened to by the young men and women already dedicated to the same anguish and travail, among whom is already that one who will some day stand here where I am standing.

Our tragedy today is a general and universal physical fear so long sustained by now that we can even bear it. There are no longer problems of the spirit. There is only the question: When will I be blown up? Because of this, the young man or woman writing today has forgotten the problems of the human heart in conflict with itself which alone can make good writing because only that is worth writing about, worth the agony and the sweat.

He must learn them again. He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid; and, teaching himself that, forget it forever, leaving no room in his workshop for anything but the old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed – love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice. Until he does so, he labors under a curse. He writes not of love but of lust, of defeats in which nobody loses anything of value, of victories without hope and, worst of all, without pity or compassion. His griefs grieve on no universal bones, leaving no scars. He writes not of the heart but of the glands.

Until he relearns these things, he will write as though he stood among and watched the end of man. I decline to accept the end of man. It is easy enough to say that man is immortal simply because he will endure: that when the last dingdong of doom has clanged and faded from the last worthless rock hanging tideless in the last red and dying evening, that even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking.

I refuse to accept this. I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet’s, the writer’s, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet’s voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

Directions: Read the following grade 9 student sample. As you read the sample, think of what feedback you would share with this student regarding the use of rhetoric. Think about what the student does well and how the student can improve their use of rhetoric. Jot down your thoughts on the lines at the bottom of the page.

Prompt: Using the “Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech 1950” by William Faulkner, write an essay to discuss the significance of being a writer.

Student Sample

Many people like to write. Some people like to read. No matter where you go in life, there will always be a need to read and write. If we did not have writers, we would be missing out on so much information. Writers are so important.

First of all, writers help people understand important things in life. In paragraph 1 of his speech, Faulkner states that his writing is “a life’s work in the agony and sweat of the human spirit.” William Faulkner is one of the many important writers in history, and he wrote about important life lessons. Writers show others what life as a human is like, so being a writer is significant.

I remember reading *The Diary of Anne Frank* in middle school, and I learned what life was like for a Jewish girl living in Nazi Germany. I think if we did not have the diary, it would be difficult to know what it was like back then. In paragraph 4 of the speech, Faulkner says that “even then there will still be one more sound: that of his puny inexhaustible voice, still talking.” This quote shows that writers make sure that mankind will last forever even when every human being has died off the earth, the words of writers will still be there.

“When will I be blown up?” Faulkner poses this question in paragraph 2 to show that writers are being affected by the fear that is taking place in the world. Faulkner also states that “He must teach himself that the basest of all things is to be afraid” in paragraph 3. Writers help people work through their fears so that is another reason why they are important. If we did not have writers, we might not know how to work through our fears.

In conclusion, writers are very important. Writers such as William Faulkner help us learn important information about life. We should thank writers for keeping a record of how humans live. I am glad that we have writers.

Feedback for Rhetoric Development

Planning for Rhetoric Instruction

Directions: In the left column, write a brief description of a writing activity that can be used in classrooms. In the right column, write a short explanation showing how the activity will enhance rhetoric in student writing. For the remaining entries, you will gather information from others during the collaborative sharing time.

Description of Activity	How the Activity Will Enhance Rhetoric in Student Writing