

Choose one of the following quotes (or choose one of your own) that describe a scene in *The Kite Runner*. After you've read the quote, think about how this image would be portrayed in a movie or on stage. Draw out that scene how you would picture it being acted out.

I became what I am today at the age of twelve, on a frigid overcast day in the winter of 1975. I remember the precise moment, crouching behind a crumbling mud wall, peeking into the alley near the frozen creek. That was a long time ago, but it's wrong what they say about the past, I've learned, about how you can bury it. Because the past claws its way out. Looking back now, I realize I have been peeking into that deserted alley for the last twenty-six years.

Hassan and I used to climb the poplar trees in the driveway of my father's house and annoy our neighbors. I talked Hassan into firing walnuts with his slingshot at the neighbor's one-eyed German shepherd. Hassan never wanted to, but if I asked, really asked, he wouldn't deny me. Hassan never denied me anything. And he was deadly with his slingshot.

During the school year, we have a daily routine. By the time I drag myself out of bed and lumber to the bathroom, Hassan has already washed up, prayed the morning namaz with Ali, and prepared my breakfast. While I eat and complain about my homework, Hassan makes my bed, polishes my shoes, irons my outfit for the day, packs my books and pencils. I hear him singing to himself in the foyer as he irons, singing old Hazara songs in his nasal voice. Then Baba and I drive off in his black Ford Mustang.

At home I open the door to the smoky study and step in. Baba and Rahim Khan are drinking tea and listening to the news crackling on the radio. Their heads turn. Then a smile plays on my father's lips. He opens his arms. I put the kite down and walk into his thick hairy arms. I bury my face in the warmth of his chest and weep. Baba holds me close to him, rocking me back and forth. In his arms, I forget what I've done. And that is good.