



ELA/Literacy  
Released Item 2017

Grade 09  
Narrative Task  
Retell Video as Diary  
6920

**Today you will view the video from *The Animal Kingdom*. As you view the video, pay close attention to the characters and details as you answer the questions to prepare to write a narrative story.**

View the video. Then answer the questions.

from *The Animal Kingdom*

directed by Edward H. Griffith

Scene: The home of Tom Collier

Cast of Characters:

**Mr. Collier**—Tom’s father

**Cecelia**—Tom’s new fiancée

**Owen**—a lawyer and friend of the Colliers

**“Red” Regan**—Tom’s friend and butler



“The Animal Kingdom” Directed by Edward H. Griffith, 1932—Public Domain

5. Imagine that you are either Cecelia or Mr. Collier. Retell the story shown in the video as if you were writing about it in your diary, presenting events and details from your particular point of view. You may invent other details such as feelings or memories as long as these are consistent with and connected to the video content.

# Anchor Set

## A1 – A10

No Annotations Included

## Mr. Collier's Life Journal

I can not believe the surprise that was revealed to me that day. It was very unexpected and it started like any other day.

I was just pacing around the room. My always useless, idiotic son Tom was late as always. Apparently he had called me to his house to tell me of some news. However, how was he going to tell me if he wasn't here?! I kept looking at my watch and pacing around the room, waiting for my forever late son to arrive. Cecelia and Owen were invited as well and also subjected to Tom's tardiness.

I went onto a rant on how Tom was always late. The boy could be late for his own birth and funeral, I bet! Cecelia then pointed out how I wasn't so fond of my son. Of course I wasn't! He never committed or even tried at anything I placed him into! He never took any opportunities or risks! How did this boy expect to make it in the world acting like this?! I swear! You give the boy the world, and he just throws it aside like it's an old toy!

After explaining this to the woman with auburn curly hair, I turned to Owen to help me elucidate on how Tom really was. He and I both had a lot of experience with my idiot son to know who he truly acted. I silently agreed with the lawyer. It was true. The boy hadn't gotten very far and had wasted his life from since he was little.

Cecilia made a sarcastic remark, to which I just gave more examples on how useless Tom was. Owen however tried to stand up for my son, saying how he had his own ideas on how he wanted to spend his life. Pssssh. If this is how he plans to spend his life, then he will have a pathetic life indeed.

Regan had walked into the room, saying how a radio message came in for my pathetic son who had still yet to arrive. The butler placed the message, but not before stepping on my new pairs of shoes. Regan then lingered in the room. Couldn't he just leave the room already?! He asked us annoying questions with his annoying chalkboard scratching voice. What a horrible excuse of a butler! Smacking his lips as he ate an apple! Does he have no manners?! I silenced him with a string of harsh "No"s, and explained how we were keeping a conversation. Hopefully he wasn't dumb enough not to get the message and leave. After telling us to make ourselves at home, the sad excuse of a butler **finally** left the room.

Owen tried to reassure me about Tom's arrival. However, I don't think I want him to arrive if what I heard is true. I was about to question who was that girl whom my insolent son was living with when Owen cut me off. It looked like he didn't want to discuss this topic around Cecilia. Cecilia then reassured us that it was okay, to which I then asked my question.

Owen answered it, completely showering the unknown girl in nothing but compliments. Impressive! This girl sounded way out of my worthless son's league. I wondered if she was

coming back. I would love to meet this successful woman! "What of it?" Cecelia asked me. I replied saying how it was likely for him to marry the girl. I then went back into a rant on how idiotic and late my son was; Saying things like how I'm surprised he missed it with all the time he had and about how insolent and idle he was.

Suddenly, Cecelia stood up, angry and offensive. She looked like as if she couldn't take hearing this anymore. I questioned her as to why.

"It's me Tom is going to marry." she had stated bravely.

Shock was written across my face. HER?! Oh my god! This is amazing! My idiot son was finally going to get married, and to a beautiful and strong successful woman at that. Owen questioned as to what she was talking about. He was clearly as shocked as I was. Future Mrs. Collier then explained as to why we were invited here. She said how Tom asked us out here to tell us of their marriage and to receive my blessings.

I instantly smiled and congratulated her, Tom, and myself. I wished her the best of luck with having my idiotic, pathetic son as her husband. Hoping that maybe he could be of use this time. She disagreed saying how Tom was a respectable citizen and how she believed in him and their future. She would make a fine wife indeed. Cecelia then went into how Tom would be what I called a respectable citizen if you fully understood him and cared for him and etc.

She thinks so? Ha! Cecelia immediately countered my comment saying how she knew so. As she was about to go into her faith in Tom, I simply verbally waved it off with "And love will conquer all." I asked for forgiveness and then read out loud the radio message Regan had brought in a while ago. It was a note from a lady named Daisy, who was talking about her arrival to Paris. Ending with the words "Much Love", I looked at Cecelia, wanting a response to the note I had just read.

She claimed to know all about her. I questioned if she had known that Daisy was arriving tonight. She said no and stated how Tom didn't either. I got up, telling Owen that I would like to have a word with him. After asking Cecelia if she would pardon us, I left the room, still minorly in shock from the news I had just received only today.

**Score**

**Anchor Paper 1**

**Written Expression**

**Score Point 4**

Cecelia's point of view:

June 5

Mr. Collier was pacing around the room, making me more nervous each second. I stole a look with Owen, one whom I had once loved, but lost. I did not notice the time until Mr. Collier had sat down, for I was too involved in my book, "Lonely River". The second Tom's father sat down, his mouth took over. "Tom's never been on time for an appointment in his life. He has absolutely no consideration for other people." This made me upset, but I knew I couldn't show my emotions too much or they would expect something. So instead I remarked back about how Mr. Collier was not fond of his son. Owen and him then started talking ridiculously about how Tom has been wasting his life since the cradle. This was absurd to me, he is the most amazing man I've met. I remember this time when we were riding in our horse carriage and he saw a poor man lifting flour into a bakery shop. Tom knew he needed help so he got off and helped the old man. His empathy was pure commitment, something Mr. Collier just didn't see.

I know Tom has been to Harvard and Oxford and didn't carry through, but I know my Tom has changed. Owen was briefly supporting Tom when a very handsome man walked in. He was in a white jacket, red tie, and dark black pants. His hair was neatly combed to the back and his eyes were as blue as the sky. "A radio message came by phone for him..." he said. He asked me how I was doing and the others, so hospice was he. I soon found out he was the butler, strange indeed.

Mr. Collier wouldn't stop ranting about Tom's faults and a girl he used to live with. Owen thankfully stepped into the conversation, he's always been thoughtful like that. The went on about some girl Tom used to live with. It didn't make sense to be talking about her so I interrupted. "What of it Mr. Collier?" The response was longing. I couldn't take any more of their foolish talks. I was going to wait until Tom came, but who knows when that will be. Before I knew it I was sharing the news, Tom and I's engagement.

Luckily, Mr. Collier congratulated me and went on about how he hopes Tom will be a good husband. I tried to block him out but couldn't. He was ranting on the one I loved. "Tom is the most interesting, most attractive man I've ever known... I believe in him." I said. I debated telling how it happened but restrained myself. Oh how I wish I did tell it. It was most romantic indeed. I was home after a long day of work, sitting at the table. I thought Tom was asleep, but he came into the kitchen holding my favortie dish, creme brulee. I refused to eat it immediantly, but Tom would hear nothing of it. "Eat it my lovely Cecelia." The minute I put my spoon in it picked up a ring. "When did you decide this?" I said. "Well I was walking home today and saw two birds. The were in a nest sleeping together. I thought of their harmony and realized that

should be us. So I went down to the jewelry shop and bought a ring." Tom said. I knew Tom didn't think this out too much, but I was happy with it anyway.

Mr. Collier suddenly pulled out a letter from a girl named Daisy addressed to Tom talking about how she will be there tonight. I did not know about her, but I could not show that now. I lied and said I knew her, but not that she was coming home tonight. Mr. Collier led Owen out of the room to talk, but I had to stop him. I felt so sorry for him. I knew he loved me. I told him my apologies and when it happened. I know somewhere in the back of my heart I still love him, but right now I love Tom. And we both have to move on from each other, it's only for the best.

**Score**

**Anchor Paper 2**

**Written Expression**

**Score Point 4**

There are a few things I need to teach Tom. This man, my son, doesn't know when or how to commit to something. It's not like he didn't know we were supposed to meet. I've informed him a week ahead! Still, he manages to arrive hours late. I'm sitting in my living room with Owen, our lawyer, and Cecelia. Cecelia told us that Tom wanted to come by to tell us something but he wasn't present.

I'm talking to both Owen and Cecelia. "I send him to Harvard, and he lasts two years there. I send him to Oxford and he commutes from Paris. I put him into the bank and he-." Whilst talking to Owen about Tom's irresponsible behavior, Regan decides to barge into the room. How dare he? I knew from the very start when hiring that man that he would not make a good butler. Regan came to inform everyone a radio message came by. He was so unprofessional. Regan had the nerve to eat an apple while conversing with us!

When Regan left, I started talking about the girl from Tom's past. She'd been living with him for three years. Owen tells me, "An extremely nice girl, hard-working, talented. She draws for one of the fashion magazines, and very successfully." Then he informs me that she left three months ago from her magazines office. I suggested maybe she was coming back, and Tom could possibly get married to her.

Out of nowhere, Cecelia informs both of us that she will be marrying Tom, on June 1st to be exact. This takes us both by surprise, especially Owen. Facing me she says, "He asked you out here to tell you, and I'd imagine to receive your good wishes." I was astounded! Of course, I wished her and Tom the best of luck. However, I did not forget to mention my own doubts because I know how Tom can be when it came to being committed to things.

"Love will conquer all, yes of course, but forgive me a few doubts." I said aloud. Then I read the message Regan came to drop off and it was from Daisy! It said, "Darling, I'm coming back. Arrive on Paris at eight tonight. Much love. Daisy." Apparently, she knew all about Daisy but both her and Tom were unaware of Daisy's coming up. I wanted to have a talk with Owen and excused us out of the room. As I was walking out of the living room, and into my office, Cecelia called out to him. Curious, I turned back and overheard their short exchange of words. "I meant to tell you on the way over, that I couldn't....I'm sorry....you asked." I couldn't make out what they were saying but was aware that I didn't have a right to be listening to their conversation. So, with that, I retreated into my office waiting for Owen to come in.

**Score**

**Anchor Paper 3**

**Written Expression**

**Score Point 3**

I remember the first day Tom Collier and I met. It was a sunny Sunday afternoon, and I was taking my daily stroll through the park. I sat down on one of the lilac colored benches and was taking a break. Suddenly, a young and handsome man was approaching me. He sat down next to me and introduced himself. At that moment I knew he was the one. We sat there talking for hours upon hours. I soon realized it was getting late and that I must return home. We said our goodbyes, and now we have been living together for three years. Last night, Tom took me out to dinner and proposed to me. We are now engaged, and we now have to tell his father and our friend about our plans for the future.

Today I have decided to tell my fiancée's father about Tom and I's engagement. I was very nervous since he did not even know we were seeing each other. Mr. Collier did not know that I was the woman his son had been living with for the past three years. Tom hadn't shown up yet, and I did not want to tell his father myself. His reaction was a surprise to me. Mr. Collier began to talk about how terrible his son was and how much of a disappointment Tom turned out to be. He spoke about how he is not willingly committed to anything. For example, Mr. Collier had sent Tom off to Harvard. He only lasted two years there, and he did not last long at Oxford either. I believe that Tom is fully committed to me, I mean, that is why we are getting married, right? Anyways, I had to be the one to tell his father about our engagement. His reaction was definitely not one you would expect. Mr. Collier was in complete shock when he found out I was the reason we had this gathering. When he realized that this was real, he became very joyful. Mr. Collier congratulated the both of us and said he hopes that it will work out for us. He also has hopes that I can turn him into a respectable citizen.

Owen was not told about our relationship either. He knew that we were both engaged, but not to each other. When I decided to tell them, his reaction was unexpected also. He asked me what I was talking about and how it happened. I told him it was very sudden. Owen kept giving me quick responses, and I could tell he was disappointed. I did not want it to go over that way at all. I should have told him sooner, but I quit. I could not tell him, for I was too scared and nervous to do it.

If only Tom was there to do this with me...

**Score**

**Anchor Paper 4**

**Written Expression**

**Score Point 3**

Oh, how I can't wait for Tom to come! Although I only saw him just yesterday, I already miss him. It's like we now have an unbreakable bond between us that, if broken, can ruin us both. I know Owen and Mr. Collier want to see him too, but I hope he wants to see me as well!

There's one flaw in all of this, though- they still don't know that we're getting married. I resent telling Owen because I know he has feelings for me. I can see it in his eyes. I fear telling Mr. Collier as well because his son seems to dissappoint him. According to him, he can't even keep a relationship with a girl! How rude of him! And now, he proceeds to call me a fool right in front of me for marrying Tom!

I must tell them. I can't take this treatment any more. Maybe if I tell him, he'll leave his son alone.

"It so happens that I'm why we're here." I started.

"How is that?" Mr. Collier responded.

"It's me Tom's going to marry."

Now that I said it, he seemed to switch his mentality off of his "disgraceful" son and on to how happy him and I will be together. I just want this conversation to end so I can have a word with Owen! I feel so bad for him, all sad and the sorts due to my wedding to Tom.

As they both left, I pulled Owen to the side and apologized for not telling him. I felt so bad, I just wanted to hit myself! I told him how it happened, but it only made things more awkward. After my explanation, he proceeded out of the room. On the bright side, I at least am able to see my fiancée.

**Score**

**Anchor Paper 5**

**Written Expression**

**Score Point 2**

Dear Diary,

We waited for Tom for quite some time, but he did not arrive. Owen and I were reading while Mr. Collier was pacing and angrily complaining about Tom's lack of commitment. I flinched at the thought. He had absolutely no idea about Tom and I or our engagement. I thought that he would have guessed by now. I turned to Owen and saw his expression, full of hope. I just don't feel that way about him. I love Tom and he loves me. Just then, Regan arrived with a radio message and Mr. Collier went on to complain and inquire about the woman Tom is living with. I don't know much about her, but I trust Tom and I believe that he is a good man. After that, Mr. Collier explained about how he wanted Tom to marry the girl that he is living with. That made me very uncomfortable. I couldn't let him speak so cruelly about Tom any longer, so I jumped up and told him and Owen that we were engaged. Afterwards, Mr. Collier congratulated me and asked to speak to Owen privately in the next room. Owen paused and I apologized for not telling him earlier, but he seemed upset still. I know that he loves me, but I love Tom. Owen left the room and I waited in the living room for them to return.

Sincerely,

Cecelia

**Score**

**Anchor Paper 6**

**Written Expression**

**Score Point 2**

Dear Diary,           The event I just experienced tonight was very disappointing. I went to Tom's house to tell Mr. Collier(Tom's father) that Tom and I were engaged and I was hoping to receive his wishes. But all Mr. Collier talked about was how much of a failure Tom is. Tom is a good man, and I love him with all my heart. Owen seemed shockingly disappointed that Tom and I were engaged. It worried me how Mr. Collier told me that he wishes me luck with Tom as if we weren't going to last, but yet he seemed like he was excited about it. So what if Tom hasn't fully succeeded in his life or didn't do what his father thought was best for him, that doesn't make him any less of a good man that he is today. But sadly, Tom never showed up tonight... Should I be worried?

Sincerely,

Cecelia

**Score**

**Anchor Paper 7**

**Written Expression**

**Score Point 1**

Dear diary.

My son, Tom Collier missed another appointment for the tenth time. He's always missed an appointment throughout his life. I talked with Owen and Cecelia about Tom's misbehavior. I also talked with Owen and Cecelia that I sent him to Harvard but he lasted only two years there. then I sent him to Oxford and he commutes from Paris. I spent so much money on him. A while later Tom's butler came by and acidently stub my foot I was glad he was gone. And then Cecelia told me that she was marrying Tom. I congraulated her then I left to do some other stuff.

**Score**

**Anchor Paper 8**

**Written Expression**

**Score Point 1**

dear diary,  
today, i told owen about our engagment, he aske ddme a couple of questions then i had told regan than i am sorry and he aasked me when did it happen so i had told him, he seemed pretty upset.

**Score**

**Anchor Paper 9**

**Written Expression**

**Score Point 0**

just a few momentss ago i was going on about how tom was never on time to a meeting or how he never finishes what he is doing. then i got the news that he was getting married. but how can someone find him attractive at all

**Score**

**Anchor Paper 10**

**Written Expression**

**Score Point 0**

Practice Set  
P101 - P105

No Annotations Included

This afternoon I went to meet Tom's father. I was afraid of telling the news, but I knew that I could accomplish it with the help of Tom. Whilst arriving, I was surprised to hear the news that Tom hadn't made it, yet, but his father had. I was taken to the living room and sat by Owen and what looked to be Tom's father. After waiting what seemed like hours, Mr. Collier was pacing the room, stopping only to check his watch.

Soon Mr. Collier stopped pacing, sighed, and sat down. I looked over at Owen and smiled. "Tom's never been on time for an appointment in his life," Mr. Collier broke the silence, "he has absolutely no consideration for other people." I replied, and realized that he wasn't the type of father I thought he'd be. I had never thought of Tom as inconsiderate, I felt as if he had more consideration for me than anyone I'd ever met. Mr. Collier went on about how he'd known Tom much longer than me, and he had spent much more money on him than he should have just for it to be wasted. I couldn't agree with Mr. Collier in the least bit, but I refrained from saying anything until Tom had arrived.

Owen soon joined in on Mr. Collier's request, and they analyzed him more than even I had. Owen seemed to be fickle, on both Mr. Collier's side, and Tom's. As Owen was talking, a nice looking fellow entered the room and let Owen know that a message had been left for Tom. I wanted to see the note, to see who could possibly need to speak with Tom, but I dared not. The man, presumably Tom's butler, seemed to get on Mr. Collier's nerves, but left quickly after.

As soon as the butler left, Mr. Collier changed the subject to Tom's new Fiancee-me. Owen tried to stop Mr. Collier, but I let him know it was fine. Mr. Collier wanted to know who I was, and what I did. Owen explained that I was seemingly nice, and I was relieved. Maybe we could've stopped with the subject there. But Mr. Collier then started to talk about Tom worse than ever, and I couldn't help but stop him. I told him I was the reason he was there, and that Tom and me were engaged.

At this point Owen stood up, confused beyond belief. Mr. Collier suddenly got an excited look on his face. He congratulated me, however, he did try to warn me that it may not work out. I talked sense into him while Owen paced around the room. Mr. Collier then took up the note, and read that Daisy was coming back. The joy left my face. I knew about Daisy, but why was she coming back now of all times? I sighed and tried to forget it, I collected myself and tried to convince them, and myself, that I was aware and fine. Mr. Collier called Owen out of the room, and he left. Owen questioned me, but I brushed him off, confirming that I was in love. As he left I hoped Tom would soon be there, so I could feel more at ease.

(Cecelia's POV)

Dear Diary,

Something occurred to me yesterday. It hit me like a whirlwind: Tom likes me. We were walking together, hand in hand. Nothing was out of the ordinary; the air was brisk and cool. Suddenly, by a lamp post, he swung around me, took my hand, got on one knee, and asked those four words that any woman would love to hear. His eyes looked all hopeful. This endearing man was asking me to marry him!

After I said "yes," Tom's hopeful eyes glistened in the moonlight and I could feel his happiness radiating toward me. His hands clenched my left hand and inadvertently swiped off the glove from that hand as he rose to kiss me.

We knew that it would be difficult to get this message through to Tom's father. We decided to write a letter from another girl named Daisy. The contents would indicate that a girl is coming to see Tom. Hopefully the message would get across to him that Tom would marry this girl. Hopefully this plan would soften Mr. Collier's acceptance of his son and approve of our marriage.

The cantankerous man was often criticizing his son for his lack of accomplishments and commitment. In fact, that was just what he was doing the evening that I decided to tell him of our wedding plans.

"Come in, Cecelia, dear," Mr. Collier greeted kindly when I arrived at the house. I smiled brightly and entered. Earlier, before ringing the doorbell, I had slipped the note into the mailbox. I stepped into the grand house and admired its impeccable lighting and beautiful furniture. Mr. Collier had told me that Tom was to join us at 7:00 tonight. Owen was also a guest that evening. The kind lawyer was sitting in an armchair reading. He offered me a magazine.

Two hours later, Mr. Collier grew to be worried. There was a murky silence. I didn't mind it. The surprise would be even more enlightening if there was a sense of tension and bleakness in the environment. Owen shifted uncomfortably in his chair. He went through several positions to get comfortable, and eventually consented to sitting on the arm of the chair.

I tried to maintain a calm and unsuspecting air as Mr. Collier paced the room. He fumbled with his watch.

Eventually, he sat down and started spouting criticism of his son about how he had "no consideration for other people." In my head, I took a defensive stance to these comments, but maintained composure and the impression that I was listening to him.

"You're not awfully fond of your son, are you, Mr. Collier?" I asked. It wasn't meant coldly, but I just wanted to open this man's eyes to what a sweet and interesting young man his son is.

Eventually, he accuses me of not knowing him. Owen also declared that Tom has wasted his opportunities and "wasted his life in the cradle."

"Aww," I cooed, trying to keep my relationship with the two gentlemen and pretending to be on their side. They continued to talk about Tom negatively.

Then the butler walks in. He had his hand in his pocket and ate an apple as he delivered the note that I wrote. He was quite unprofessional, but at least he broke the barrier of criticisms that was building up. After reading the note, Mr. Collier rose into a disappointed stance and told me that Tom marrying another woman that Mr. Collier didn't even personally know was an exact example of the behavior he spoke of earlier.

I thought it was time to let my news out. After quibbling with Mr. Collier for a short amount of time, I finally told him about the proposal. Mr. Collier's face was surprised. Owen leapt up in disbelief and demanded reasoning. *This poor man*, I thought. Every fantasy that his mind built up about us had crumbled.

Mr. Collins was estatic, and gave me his blessing almost immediately. Meanwhile, Owen was wringing his hands together wondering what to make of this development. I called to him. He inquired how and when the proposal had happened. I told him that it happened "very suddenly," and "very sweetly." He looked down at his suit, defeated.

"You asked," I pointed out. Owen continued to look down. He lifted his head distractedly. He stammered that he should see what Mr. Collier wants of him. Then he receded into the other room. I was satisfied.

I do not like how Mr. Collier and Owen are speaking about Tom. We've just been engaged and I'm all of a sudden hearing all this horrible gossip about Tom's past. But, that's all right. The past is in the past and I know now that Tom is a better man and is happily in love with me. That is why he proposed in the first place.

Oh, how I do wish Tom was here now. I don't like having to sit here and hide my feelings towards Tom and what they're saying. I know the true Tom. And that's all that matters. We're in love. And we're getting married. I feel as if I don't know everything about Tom, but I know that I will fight for our love, and that's all that matters.

I have to do it. I can't sit here and let Owen and Mr. Collier bash Tom while he's not here to defend himself. I must do it before this gets out of hand. If it hasn't already. Here goes nothing.....

I did it. Mr. Collier's attitude immediately changed from upset to happy in a matter of seconds. Owen on the other hand seemed surprised and somewhat upset. I was meaning to tell Owen earlier, but I couldn't. At least I know that everything will turn out all right between everyone. At least I hope it does.

In the video, Mr. Collier was upset that tom was late for the meeting to tell his dad that he was getting married to cecelia. If i wer Mr. Collier i would lightin things up with tom and allow him to do what he wants.he's to hard on him.

# P105

May 2nd , 1932

Cecilia's Diary

*Today was a actually a good day for me and Tom , I got to tell his father and Owen that we were getting married on June 1st. But, it really came as a shock to both of them , it seemed like Tom didnt tell his father that he was geting married any time soon. And Owen knew but was surprised that it was me he was marrying. But why did they go away for a while and talk , I hope tha it wasnt about me. But , really I love and nothing is going to stop us from geting married and i mean nothing.*

## Practice Set

(Order of Scores: Written Expression, Conventions)

<b>Paper</b>	<b>Score</b>
<b>P101</b>	<b>3,3</b>
<b>P102</b>	<b>4,3</b>
<b>P103</b>	<b>2,2</b>
<b>P104</b>	<b>0,0</b>
<b>P105</b>	<b>1,1</b>