

Personal Narrative

By Julia Miscovich

One tired afternoon my mom came home from work at Kaiser Hospital and said, 'There are two cats at the hospital that are fighting would you like one?' Immediately I said, 'YES!'

The next day, I couldn't wait until she came home. I was outside for two whole hours. Finally she came home with the cat.

I was extremely happy. I couldn't let go of the cat. But I did so my annoying brothers could see it. I loved the cat SO much.

My mom said she was already named Hoku, but we could have named her differently. But we didn't, we kept her name as Hoku. I didn't know how to say Hoku so I called her Hogoo. My eager brothers tried to teach me how to say it properly.

She was an adorable Siamese cat. The worst thing that happened was that my cat scratched my dog's eye, and it started to bleed. So I got pretty mad at her.

Hoku is still a loving adorable cat. Now she doesn't scratched or bite, but she fights with my other cat. They are not friends at all. She hates car rides unless someone comforts her. Both of my wonderful cats are making me laugh everyday.