

"A Memory of Evacuation" by Henry Harada

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Per. VIII

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World Geo. and History

A Memory of Evacuation

One of my most sad memory was when I had to leave my dog back in Los Angeles. The dog was black with little white and brown in his hair. His name was Scrappy, and he was about one or two years old. I named him Scrappy because he always picked fights with bigger dogs, and always tore papers or scattered them around the back yard.

Once before evacuation he followed my mother to the grocery store and stole about three pounds worth of bacon which was on the table. Also before he went into a neighbor's yard and chased a baby chicken and killed it, which we had to get the neighbor another chicken.

Even though he did these things I did not want to leave him. The day before evacuation a neighbor wanted him so I had to give him to them. That night when our family went to a hotel to stay for the night I dreamt of Scrappy all night. After the way I plan to see him again, if possible.