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When I was little, we had a family pet. His name was Jupiter and he was a **kitten**. I wanted a cat more than anything else and finally, my parents **gave in** and said that we could have one. We went to the **pound** and saw dozens of cats of different **breeds**. We went from **cage** to cage until we saw a little kitten at the back of one of cages. He looked scared, but when I picked him up, he wouldn't stop **licking** my hand and I knew he was the one we would bring home.

When we got Jupiter home, I played with him all day. What I noticed when I played with him was that I would **sneeze** a lot and I started getting **hives** on my arm. My nose would also be **runny** and my eyes would **water** . I tried to hide these **symptoms** from my mother, but she noticed them eventually and told me that I was **allergic** to cats! Even worse, we couldn't keep Jupiter! That was a **tragic** day in my young life. I thought I would never recover.

Then, a lucky thing happened. Our neighbor **down the street** was willing to **adopt** Jupiter and I was able to visit him all the time, as long as I didn't get too close. In the end, it wasn't such a terrible **tragedy** after all.