You have 5 minutes to type the story you just read for memory. There is no word limit. Please write as much as you can remember.

At breakfast, my cat Susie sits on the deck of the pool. Bang, bang. She hits her paw on the glass door. This means “Ryan, feed me”. I get up and feed her. I know this because I know everything about her, or at least I think I do. For the life of me, I do not know where Susie goes at noon.

On Saturday afternoon at 11:30 I notice Susie is not around. I see her walking down the street towards the direction of town and quickly go follow her. Susie walks down the block towards the traffic light, passes the corner store, and goes behind the strip mall. I think I know where she is going.

Suddenly I see a lot of other cats crowding behind the fish store. Then at noon the man who owns the store comes out and throws a large black garbage bag into the dumpster. Then he takes out a clear plastic bag full of fish heads and throws them on the ground. He watches the cats pounce on them.

He then sees me lurking out of the corner of his eye and says “Hey, Ryan” in his thick Brooklyn accent. I say, “so this is where my Susie goes at noon”. He says “is that your cat?” And I say, “Yes, that’s my Susie”. She ignores me. The fish head was more interesting than me at that point. He says “yep, she is here everyday at noon with the rest of my cats. They used to tear up my garbage so I know I cut off the fish heads and throw them to them”. I waited until Susie finished eating her fish head and then we walked home together.