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.

One fine day an old Maine man had gone fishing on his favorite lake and caught very little. Finally, he just gave and up and starting walking home along the lake shore. We he got close to his fishing shack, he saw that the front door was open. Being of a suspicious nature, he looked inside. He saw a big black bear. It was just pulling the cork off the molasses jugs with its teeth. He smeared the molasses on the floor with his paw.

The old man screamed out loud, causing the bear to startle. It ran off towards the water, and waded in. All the bugs and flies and mosquitoes flew to the sticky sweet paw. The bear stood on its hind legs and held its paw over the water. Soon enough a trout jumped up to get the flies on the sticky sweet paw. As soon as it did the bear swatted it towards the shore. Then another trout did the same, and another. Each time the bear cuffed the trout towards the shore.

The old man had caught nothing, and had eating bread and the left over molasses for dinner. His stomach rumbled as he watched the bear. Eventually the bear looked over towards the bushes where the old man was hidden. He laid out the remaining trout in a row and walked down the shore.

The old man walked over, and sure enough the bear had left him six trout. “Thanks a lot,” he called out. The bear waved a paw and disappeared into the woods. “Well, that’s the first time a bear has ever paid me for me molasses,” said the old man. He never hunted bear again.