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 pools dang, outside the glass door to the kitchen. Bang bang. Her paw hits the door. It means “feed my Ryan” in her special Susie language. I feed her. I know this, because I know everything about her, or at least I think I do. For the life of me, I don’t know where Susie goes at noon.

On Saturday morning around 1130 I notice that Susie is not at home. I quickly take off after her, and see her trotting towards town. She turns by the traffic light and goes past the corner store of the strip mall. I get a feeling I know where she is going.

Mr Johnston’s Fish Market is in a small, white building. Susie goes around the back and I see she is joined by several of her cat colleagues. Mr Johnston emerges with several black trash bags. He also has a clear, plastic bag filled with fish heads. He scatters the fish heads on the ground and the cats pounce on them. Mr Johnston sees me lurking.

“Hey Ryan,” he says in his thick Brooklyn accent. “So this is where Susie goes at noon,” I say. “Is the one yours?” “That’s my Susie.” She doesn’t look at me. Right now the fish head is more interesting. “She’s here every day. They used to tear apart my trash bags, so now I just leave the fish heads out for them.” I wait until Susie finishes her fish head and we walk home together.