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.

Where does Susie go at noon?

Adapted from “Where does my cat go at noon?”

Every morning before breakfast, my cat sits outside the glass door next to the pool. “Bang bang.” She knocks on the door as her way to say “feed me” in her special language. I go over and feed her. I know this because I know everything about Susie. But for the life of me, I do not know where Susie goes at noon.

On Saturday morning at 11:30, I noticed that Susie was not at home. I looked outside to see her trotting down the street. I followed her and saw that she had turned the block and was headed toward a traffic light. By the traffic light is a strip mall, and Mr. Johnston’s Fish Market is behind it. Suddenly, I have an idea where she is going.

Susie joins many of her cat colleagues. I watch as Mr. Johnston takes out 4 large black garbage bags and one clear bag full of fish heads. He scatters the fish heads on the floor and the cats pounce.

He sees me and he says “Hi Ryan!” in his thick Brooklyn accent. I respond saying, “So this is where Susie goes at noon.” Mr. Johnston says, “Yes, I used to take out the trash at noon and these cats would tear up my trash. Now, I separate the fish heads and give it to them instead. Is this your Susie?” I nod yes, and Susie does not notice. The fish head is more important right now. “She’s here every day,” he responds. I wait for Susie to finish her fish head and we walk back home together.