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 was fishing on his favourite lake and catching very little. Finally he gave up and walked back along the shore to his fishing shack. As he approached, he noticed the door to the shack was wide open. Being of a suspicious nature, he crept quietly up to the door. A huge black bear was inside, tearing the cork out of his jug of molasses. The molasses spilled on the floor and the bear smeared his paw in it. When the old man saw the bear he screamed, and startled the bear. The bear ran to the lake, stood on its hind legs, and held the sticky paw high in the arm. Soon a swarm of insects was around the sweet, sticky paw. The bear waded into the water and held the pawful of bugs over it. Suddenly a trout jumped out of the water, and the bear swatted it to shore. Everytime a trout jumped out of the water, the bear cuffed it to shore. Soon he had a nice pile of fish. The old man watched the bear eat half a dozen trout, his stomach rumbling. All he had for dinner was some bread and what was left of the molasses. The bear looked up, lined up the rest of the fish, and left. The old man crept down to the shore. Sure enough, the bear had left him 6 large trout. He looked up and saw the bear watching from the woods. “Thanks a lot,” he called. The bear waved his now clean paw and went away. “well,” said the man, “that’s the first time any bear has paid me for my molasses.” He never hunted bears again.