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, NEAR THE GLASS DOORS TO OUR KITCHEN. Bang, bang. This means “Ryan, feed me” in Susie’s special language. 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 cannot figure out where Susie goes at noon. At 11:30, I notice that Susie is not home. Where has she gone? I walk out the door and notice her walking down the street, and I follow. I follow her towards the traffic light, and again as she rounds a corner. I start to think that I know where she is going. At the back of the Fresh Fish Market, Mr. Johnson brings out the trash. He then sets a plate of fish heads on the ground. “Hello Ryan,” he calls. “So this is where Susie goes at noon,” I laugh. He laughs. “Yes, the cats used to tear my garbage up, so now I leave the fish heads out separately. Is this your Susie?” I nod. “She’s here everyday.” I wait for Susie to finish eating and we walk home together.