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, outside the doors to the kitchen. Bang, bang. She hits her paw against the door. This means “Ryan, feed me,” in Susei’s special language. I get up from my chair and feed her. I know this because I know everything about Susie, or at least I think I do. For the life of me, I do not know where Susie goes at Noon. At 11:30, I notice that Susie is not at home. Where did she go? Then I spot her trotting down the street towards town. I quickly follow her. Susie round the corner and walks down the block toward the light. She passes the corner store and goes toward the strip mall, and I start to think that I know where she is going. Mr Johnston’s Fresh Fish Market, an old white building at the back on the strip mall. I see that Susie has joined several of her cat colleagues. Mr. Johnston comes out of his stores carrying several blacks bags of trash. He puts these in the dumpster, then pulls out a clear bag of fish heads and scatters them on the ground, watchingas the cats pounce. He spies me lurking in the corner. “Hello, Ryan,” he says in his thick Brooklyn accent. “So this is where Suise comes at noon, “ I say, walking toward him. He laughs. “Yes, all the cats come to me at noon. They used to tear up my trash, so now I put the fish heads on the ground for them to eat. Is that your cat?” He points. “Yes, that’s my Susie.” She ignores