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, and had caught little. He walked over to his shack, and once he opened the front door he saw a bear. The bear had just bit into the cork opening the man’s molasses. The molasses poured out onto the floor. The bear stuck his paw in it and smeared it over the floor. When the man saw the be let out a shout, startling the bear and causing him to run to the shore. When he was in the water, the bear lifted his big sticky paw. Soon, the flies and mosquitoes and other bugs came looking for that sweet sticky molasses. The bear was now deep in the lake, putting his sticky, bug-filled paw in the air. Then a trout came looking for the bugs and the bear swatted it over to the shore. Then another trout came, and another, with each being cuffed by the bear to the shore. Soon the bear had a large pile of trout for him. As the hunter saw the bear feasting on his meal his stomach rumbled, as he had had no luck catching anything. All he had left for dinner was some bread and what was left of the molasses. The bear looked over to the bush where the hunter was hiding, and moved over some of his trout. Then the bear walked away. Sure enough, the bear had left six large trout for the hunter.