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 lays by the pool outside the glass door. Thump, thump as she knocks on the door. That is saying “Ryan, feed me.” In her own special language. I know that 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 one morning I notice Susie s nowhere to be found. I wonder where might go and then see her walking down the street. I quickly follow her, as she turns a corner. Now she is walking back down the street. I have an idea where she may be heading.

Mr. Johnston’s fresh fish market was on the corner of the stripmall and sure enough that is where Susie was. Mr. Johnston took out a large black trashbag and threw it into the dumpster. Then he held out a smaller clear plastic bag full of fishheads. There were a number of cats around there. “Hey Ryan,” Mr. Johnston said in his thick Brooklyn accent, “Hey Mr. Johnston” I said. “So this is where Susie is at noon”, “Yep, all the cats come here at noon” he replied. They used to tear up my trashbags so I just started to keep the fisheads out for them to sav