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 lunges on the deck by the pool outside the glass doors to the kitchen. Thump, thump. That is Susie saying “Ryan, please feed me” in her own special language. So I get up from my chair and feed her. I do that because I know everything about Susie, or at least I think I do. For the life of me, though, I do not know where Susie goes at noon.

Eleven-thirty on Saturday, I notice Susie is not at home. I wonder where she could be, and I spot her walking down the street towards town. I quickly follow her. She turns a corner by the traffic light, walking back down towards the small strip mall. I get an idea of where she might be heading.

Mr. Johnston’s Fresh Fish Market is in a small white building at the back of the small strip mall. I see Susie behind the store with several of her cat colleagues. Mr. Johnston emerges from the back of the store and hauls several large black trash bags into the dumpster. He then takes out a smaller clear plastic bag full of fish heads. E throws the fishheads to the ground as the cats pounce on them. He spies me lurking around the corner and calls out “Hey, Ryan” in his thick Brooklyn accent. I say, “So this is where Susie goes at noon.” He laughs, and says “Yep, all the cats come here at noon. They used to tear up my garbage so now I through the fishheads on the ground. Is that one yours?” I say, “Yes, that’s my Susie.” He says “She’s here every week.” He then goes back into the store.