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 in his favorite lake. Exhausted and having caught nothing all day, he decided to walk back up the shore to his old fishing shack. When approaching the shack, he saw the door was ajar. Being of a suspicious nature, he entered quietly and cautiously. Upon entering, he saw a large black bear with his molasses in hand, carefully uncorking it with its teeth.

Scared, the man let out a scream and fled to hide in a nearby bush. Startled by the man’s cry, the bear dropped the molasses and went out to the nearby shore. With his molasses-covered paw in the air, the bear stood on his hindlegs by the lake. Soon, flies, mosquitoes, and other bugs began to fly toward and get caught in the sticky-sweet molasses. Once his paw was covered, the bear waded into the water.

It held its paw just over the water of the lake, and, soon enough, a trout leapt out of the water, attracted to the flies on the bear’s paw. The bear used his other paw to swiftly sweep the fish to shore, where it flailed.