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.

Every morning at breakfast, my cat Susie returns from lounging outside. Bang, bang! She knocks on the patio door. This means, “Ryan, feed me!” I return to her with water and food, just as she wishes. I know this, because I know everything about Susie and what she does. Well, almost everything. I cannot, for the life of me, figure out where Susie goes at noon every day.

One Saturday at 11:30, I notice that Susie is not around. Then I see her leaving the house heading toward town. I decide to follow her. She approaches town, then turns toward the nearby strip mall. Suddenly I think I know where Susie is going.

The local fish market is located in a white building at the back of the fish market. I watch as Susie approaches this building, followed by several of her cat colleagues. The owner of the fish market walks outside holding several trash bags in hand. He looks at the cats, and scatters a bags worth of fish-heads on the ground in front of them. “So this is where Susie goes every day at noon!”

The owner greets me in his thick Brooklyn accent, “which one of these is yours, Ryan?” I point Susie out, but the fishhead is more interesting than me, and she pays no attention