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 lounges on the deck by the pool outside of our kitchen. Bang bang. She uses her paw to knock on the glass door. This means “Ryan, feed me,” in Susie’s Special Language. I get up and feed her. I know this is what she wants because I know everything about her, or at least I think I do. I cannot for the life of me figure out where Susie goes at noon.

At 11:30, I notice that Susie is not around the house. Where does she go? I then see her trotting toward town, so I quickly follow. She turns the corner and goes past the stoplight and store. As she turns left to go behind the strip mall, I begin to have an idea of where she could be going.

Mr. Johnson’s Fresh Fish Market is in a white building at the back of the strip mall. I see Susie has joined several of her colleagues there. Mr. Johnson walks out with several black garbage bags in hand. He then pulls out a clear bag full of fish heads and, looking at the cats lined up outside, spreads them out on the ground in front of them. He see’s me lurking around the corner.

“Hi Ryan,” he said in his thick Brooklyn accent. “So this is where Susie goes everyday at noon,” I say.