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 Maine day, a fisherman was out on the lakeshore fishing for trout. Unfortunlately , he was not having any luck catching fish. He walked along the lakeshore towards his fishing shack where he noticed the door was open. Being of a cautious nature the old man approached the shack and peered in. Inside was a black bear pulling the cork out of his molasses jug. The molasses was pouring all over the floor and the bear was rubbing his paws into it.

When the man saw the bear he yelled “Get out of here!” The bear was so startled it ran towards the lakeshore. The old man followed the bear and hid in a bush to spy on the bear. The bear stood up on two legs and walked into the lake holding out its paws over the water. The molasses on his paws attracted flies. Suddenly a trout jumped out of the water and the bear swatted it with his paws onto the shore. The bear caught half a dozen trout in this manner and began eating. The old man’s stomach rumbled and would have only bread and the leftover molasses to eat for supper. Suddenly the bear started to lay out some of the fish in row and then walked away. The old man walked over to the fish on a hunch and realized that the bear had left him six trout. He yelled “Thank you!” to the bear. “Well” said the old man “this is the first time I ever had a bear pay for my molasses.” And he never hunted bear again.