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 is lounging on the pool deck. She hits the sliding glass door with her paws twice and this means “Feed me Ryan” in her special cat language. I know this because I know everything about Susie, or at least I think I do. For the life of me I cannot figure out where Susie goes everything afternoon. One Saturday afternoon I notice Susie is gone. I open the door and see her walking down the street towards town. I follow her and see her walk past the corner store. I have an idea of where she might be going.

Johnston’s fish market is in a black and white building. Susie walks behind the building where there are a dozen other cats. Mr. Johnston comes out with trash bags and throws them in the dumpster. He then pulls out a clear plastic bag with fish heads. He gives each cat a fish head. He notices me watching and calls out “Hi Ryan, is this your cat?” in a thick Brooklyn accent. “Yes it is” I reply. She comes here everyday. I wait for Susie to finish her fish head and we both walk home together.