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 sits on the pool cover and hits the glass window twice. This mean “Feed me Ryan” in Susie’s special 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 in the afternoons.

One Saturday afternoon I noticed Susie is missing. I look for her and notice she walking down the street towards town. I follow her and see her heading towards the street light past the corner store. I think I have an idea of where she is heading.

Mr. Johnston’s Fish Market is in a black and white building. Susie goes around the corner where there are other cats waiting. Mr. Johnston comes out with black garbage bags and places them in the dumpster. He pulls out a clear plastic bag with fish heads and gives one to each cat. He notices me spying on him and calls out in his Brooklyn accent “Hey Ryan, is one of these cats yours?” To which I reply “yes” and point out Susie who is ignoring me. The fish head is more interesting right now. Mr. Johnston says “she’s here everyday” and goes back inside.