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 back patio and bangs on the glass door. “bang, bang!”. This is her telling me “Ryan feed me” in her own special language. I know everything about Susie, at least I think I do. I have no idea where she goes at noon each day. One Saturday morning at 1130 I see Susie start walking down the street so I follow her. After a little while Susie meets up with some other cats from the neighborhood. As we go down the road I get the feeling I know where she is going. Mr. Smith’s fish market is a white building around the corner in town. As we come up to the building Mr. Smith comes out with a large black trash bag. He puts the bag in the garbage and pulls out a bag of fish heads. He then scatters the fish heads on the ground and the cats begin to eat them. He sees me peering from around the corner and says “Hello Ryan”. I said, “so this is where Susie goes everyday at noon.” He said.