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.

The fisherman and the bear: A Maine Tall Tale

One fine day an old Maine man was fishing at his favorite lake and catching very little. So, he went back to his fishing shack. Once he got there, he noticed the front door was open. Because he had a suspicious nature, he quietly went to the door and looked inside. There was a big black bear. It was pulling the cork out of his molasses. The molasses spilled all over the ground and the bear placed its paw in it, covering his paw with it.

The old man screamed and the bear ran to the shore, frightened. On the shore, the bear’s sticky sweet paw was being attacked by flies and bugs that wanted to eat the molasses on his paw. The bear got in the water, with his paw raised over the water. Suddenly, a trout leapt out of the water, trying to get at the bear’s paw. The bear slapped the trout onto the shore, killing it. Soon, more trout were doing the same thing, and all were slapped onto the shore. Before long there was a large pile of dead fish.

The bear began to eat the fish, as the old fisherman looked on, hungrily. He had been unable to catch a fish all day. The bear paused in its eating to look at the fisherman. It got up, laid the remaining fish in a line, and walked away.

The fisherman came to the pile and saw that the bear had left him 6 large trout. The old man was very surprised, as this was the first time a bear had paid him for his molasses. The black bear looked on from the edge of the woods. The fisherman smiled at it and the black bear waved and disappeared. From that day on, the fisherman never hntec