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 deck of the pool, behind the glass door near the kitchen. Bang, bang. She hits her paw against the glass door. This is her special language, meaning, “Ryan, feed me.” I know everything about Susie, or at least I think I do. I don’t know where Susie goes at noon.

At eleven thirty in the morning one day, I notice Susie is gone. I see her heading down the street into town. I quickly follow. I watch her walk down the block and turn a street corner. She heads towards a traffic light and goes behind a small strip mall.

Mr. Johnston’s Fresh Fish Market is a small white building in the strip mall. I see Susie is joined by some of her cat colleagues sitting behind the building. Mr. Johnston comes out with several full black plastic bags. He dumps them into the trash and pulls out a clear plastic bag of fish heads, throwing them across the floor. The cats pounce onto the food.

“Hey Ryan,” says, Mr. Johnston in his heavy Brooklyn accent. “So this is where Susie goes every day” I say. “Is that your