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, Susie sits on the deck of the pool, outside the glass door to the kitchen. Bang, bang. She hits the door with her paw. This means “Ryan, feed me” in Susie’s special language. I get up out of my chair and feed her. I know this, because I know everything about Susie, at least I think I do. I don’t know for the life of me where Susie goes at noon.

At eleven thirty Saturday morning, I notice that Susie isn’t home. Where is she? The n I spot her trotting down the street towards town. I quickly follow. I see her turn the corner and walk down the block towards the traffic light. She passes the corner store and heads behind a small strip mall. I think I know where she’s going.

Mr. Johnston’s Fresh Fish Market is in a small white building behind the strip mall. I see several of Susie’s cat colleagues have joined. Mr. Johnston comes out the back door, carrying several black trash bags. He throws them into the dumpster and pulls out a clear plastic bag of fish heads. He scatters the fish heads across the ground and watches the cats pounce on them. He spies me lurking around the corner.

“Hey Ryan” he calls out in his thick Brooklyn accent. “So this is where Susie goes at noon” I reply. “Yes, all the cats come here at noon to eat. They used to