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.

Where does Susie go at noon?

I have a cat named Susie who is very communicative. She paws at my door everyday, her way of saying, “Ryan, feed me.”

One day at 11:30 I didn’t see Susie as usual. I followed her across town and knew the direction she was headed. Mr. Johnston’s Big Fish Market was a small, white building. I watched her go to the alleyway behind it, as Mr. Johnston came out with bags of trash. He had a small bag full of fish heads, which he had scattered on the ground for a host of cats, Susie included.

He saw me watching, and said, “All the cats in town come to me. They used to tear up my trash until I started bringing them fish heads. He said this while Susie was more interested in the fish head instead of me. When she finished, we walked home together.