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 pounds on the glass door. Bang, bang. That’s her way of saying, “Feed me, Ryan,” in her special language. I know this because I know everything about her, at least I think I do. I don’t know where she goes every noon.

One day at 11:30, I didn’t see her as usual. I saw her turning the corner to the street so I followed. She went to the small strip mall and I started to guess where she was going.

Mr. Johnston’s Big Fish Market was a small, white building at the end of the strip mall. Susie had joined a few of her cat colleagues. Mr. Johnston exited the building with several black trash bags. He had a small clear plastic bag with fish heads he emptied out for the cats.

Spying me at the corner, in his Brooklyn accent he said, “All the cats in town come to me.” I said, so this is where Susie comes.” “They were tearing my garbage so I had to give them something.” Susie was more interested in the fish head than me. When she finished, we walked home together.