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 pool deck and knocks on the glass door with her paw, which means “Ryan, feed me!” in her own special language. Although I believe to know everything about her, for the life of me I cannot figure out where she goes at noon each day.

On Saturday at eleven-thirty I notice that Susie is not home, and then spot her trotting down the street toward the strip mall. I decide to follow her and head down to a white building behind the strip mall, called Johnston’s Fresh Fish Market. There Mr. Johnston exits the back door toward the dumpsters, carrying several large black garbage bags. He pulls out a small clear plastic bag containing cut fish heads to feed Susie and her cluster of fellow cat colleagues.

Mr. Johnston observes me lurking in the shadows and calls out “Hello Ryan” in his thick Brooklyn accent. He explains that instead of watching the cats continue to destroy his garbage piles each day, he now feeds them a separate serving of fish heads from the clear bag.

Busily devouring her fish head, Susies does not acknolege me. After Susie finishes her fish head, we walk back home down the street together.