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.

The Fisherman and the Bear: A Maine Tall Tale

Author unknown

One fine day a fisherman was fishing on his favorite lake catching very little. He went back to his fishing shack on the shore and saw that the door was open. Being of a suspicious nature, he quietly looked inside. There was a black bear. The bear was tearing out of cork of the fisherman’s molasses jar with his teeth. The molasses spilled and the bear was spreading it around the floor. The fisherman screamed and the bear startled. He held up his sticky paws and bugs started buzzing around his paws. The bear went out to the shore and held his sticky paws above the water. A trout jumped out of the water to try to eat the bugs around the molasses. The bear cuffed it back to shore. This happened again with another trout. The fisherman was watching, very hungry. All he had for dinner the night before was some left over bread and molasses. The bear now had a large pile. He ate six trout before looking up at the fisherman who was hiding in a bush. He took the six large trout that were left and laid them out in a row and went up to the woodward. The fisherman called out to the bear “Thanks!” and looked at the trout. “That’s the first time a bear had ever paid me for molasses.” The fisherman never hunted bears again.