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?

Adapted from the short story “Where does Cat go at noon?” By S.E. Schlosser

At breakfast time, Susie sits on the pool deck outside of the glass doors to the kitchen. Bang bang! She hits the glass with her paw. This means, “Ryan, feed me” in her special language. I know everything about Susie, or at least I think I do. For the life of me, I don’t know where Susie goes at noon.

At 11:30 on Saturday, I don’t know where Susie is. I see her trotting around the corner towards town. I quickly follow her. She walks towards the traffic light and past the corner store. She begins to walk behind the strip mall I think I know where she is going.

Mr. Johnston’s Fish Market is a small white bulding in the corner of the strip mall. I see Susie walk up with her cat collegues to the back door of the store. Mr. Johnson comes out with several black trash bags and puts them in the dumpster. After putting them in the dumpster, he takes out a clear plastic bag full of fish heads. He scatters them on the floor for the cats and watches them pounce on them.

He spots me lurking behind the corner and says “Hi Ryan” in his thick Brooklyn accent. I walk up to him. He says that the cats come here every day because he gives them fish heads because they used to tear up the garbage. He asks if one of the cats is mine. I say “Yep, that’s my Susie.”