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.

One fine day, an old Maine man went to the lake to go fishing and catching all day with no results. He finally gave up and walked up the shore towards his fishing shack to find the door propped open. Being of the suspicious nature, he walked in cautiously. There was a big black bear tugging at the cork of his molasses jar with his teeth.

The old man startled, screaming and running away, which also startled the bear who went running towards the shore with his paw sticky with molasses. At this point, swarms of bugs and mosquitoes and flies were following the bear’s sticky, sweet paw. The bear then held his paw, sticky and filled with flies now, just above the water. Fish started jumping out of the water to try to get to the flies. Every time a fish jumped out of the water, the bear swatted it towards the shore.

The old man had found a hiding place in the bushes nearby. Soon, the bear had a large pile of fish on the shore. The bear sat, eating half a dozen trout while the old man watched from his hiding place with a grumbling stomach. All the old man had for dinner was some bread and what was left of the molasses in the jar. Finally, the bear stopped eating and looked towards where the old man was hiding. He took six trout and lined them up in front of the old man.