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 sits on the deck by the edge of the pool just outside the glass doors. She paws at the glass doors. Bang, bang. This means, “Ryan, feed me” in her special language. I get up out of my chair to get food for her. I know this because I know everything about her. Or so I think. For the life of me, I don’t know where she goes at noon every day.

It is 11:30 on Saturday morning, and I see Susie trotting down the street. Where is she going? And so I decide to follow her. She turns the corner and heads toward town. She keeps going to the end of the street towards the traffic light. She joins some of her other cat friends as she continues closer towards town. I start to think I know where she is going.

Mr. Johnston’s Fish Market is part of a strip mall in the middle of town. I see Mr. Johnston come out with black garbage bags which he throws into the dumpster. I then see a clear plastic bag filled with fish heads, which he dumps onto the ground. The cats pounce towards the fish heads. Mr. Johnston notices me lurking around the corner of the strip mall.

“Hi Ryan,” he says. I say, “so this is where Susie goes”