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 comes on the deck of the pool and puts her paws on the door. Bang, band. This means “Ryan, feed me.” I know everything about my cat, or at least I think I do. I have no idea where Susie goes at noon.

She leaves the deck about noon and walks down the street, so I decide to follow her. She turns the corner and walks down the street and towards the sea port. By this point I think I know where she is going.

Mr. Johnson’s fish market is a white building just in the back of the shopping mall. Sure enough Susie goes there and is with a bunch of other cats. Mr. Johnson comes out with a big black bag full of fish and scatters the fish heads on the ground. The cats all start to eat the fish heads.

Mr. Johnson sees me creeping and says “hi Ryan!” I respond, “so this is where Susie goes everyday?” He replies, “yes, all the cats come here at noon. They use to attack my trash, but no I just put the heads on the ground. Is this your cat?” Susie is ignoring me. “Yes that’s my Susie.” I wait until she’s done eating and then we walk back home together.