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, Susie sits on the deck of the pool by the doors next to the kitchen. Bang, bang. This means “Ryan, feed me” in Susie’s special language. I get out of my chair and feed her. I know everything about my cat, or at least I think I do. For the life of me, I do not know where Susie goes at noon everyday.

It’s eleven thirty on a Saturday and Susie is not there. Where did she go? I go outside and see her trotted down the street towards town. She turns the corner and heads towards a traffic light. By this point, I think I know where she is going.

Mr. Johnson’s Fresh Fish Market is a white building at the end of a small strip mall. Susie walks there and meets up with a bunch of her cat colleagues. Mr. Johnson comes out with black trash bags. He places the bags in the dumpster, except for a clear bag of fish heads that he puts in front of the cats on the ground. The cat start eating the fish heads. He turns and sees me lurking in the back.

When he sees me, he says in his Brooklyn accent, “hi Ryan!” I respond, “so this is where Susie goes every day?” He laughs. “All the cats come here at noon. They use to shred the trash bags, but now I just leave the fish heads on the ground. Is that yours?” Susie is more interested in the fish heads. “Yes that’s my Susie.” I wait for Susie to finish eating her fish head and then we walk home together.