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?**

She taps on the door and I let her in and feed her. It’s her special Susie way of saying its time for me to feed her. I know this, because I know everything about her, or at least I think I do. I don’t, for the life of me, know where Susie goes at noon.

One Saturday morning I noticed Susie was home, and I saw that she had gone down the block. I quickly followed her as she crossed the traffic light and turned by the corner mall. I started to think I knew where she might be going. The Seafood Place is in a white brick building, behind the corner store. I saw that Susie along with thirty or so other cats was standing by the back door. Mr Johnson himself came out with a bunch of black trash bags and one small, clear one. He threw the trash in the dumpster then took out fish heads from the clear bag and scattered them on the ground. “Hey, Ryan,” he said, seeing me hiding behind the dumpster. “so this is where Susie goes at noon,” I laughed. “They used to tear apart my trash bags, so now I just give the fish to them. One of them yours?” he asked. “Yup that’s my Susie,” I said. Susie doesn’t reply- the fish head is more interesting than I am right now. “She’s here every Saturday!” Susie and I walk back together.