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.

**The Fisherman and the Bear: A Maine Tall Tale**

An old Maine man was fishing at his favourite lake and was not having any luck. He decided to go in for the day and went back up to his fishing shack. Once he got there he noticed that the door was wide open. Being of a suspicious nature, he crept quietly inside and saw a black bear tearing off the cork to a jar of molasses with his teeth. The molasses spilled on the floor, and the bear swiped his paw in it. When the old man saw the bear, he screamed, which startled the bear. The bear ran down to the lake and held his paw in the air, which soon attracted a swarm of bugs and insects, which became stuck to the sticky paw. The bear held the paw out over the water, and suddenly a fish jumped out of the water, and the bear swatted it to shore. The old man watched as the bear did this, his stomach growling—he only had some bread and what was left of the molasses for dinner. The bear continued until he had a nice pile, and then ate about half a dozen fish. He then looked up, lined up the remaining six fish, and left. The old man walked down to the shore, and sure enough, the bear had left him half a dozen fish. The old man looked up and saw the bear standing behind a tree in the distance. “Thanks,” he called. The bear waved his now clean paw and went off. “Well,” said the old man, “that’s the first time a bear has ever paid me for my molasses.” He never hunted bears again.