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?**

Susie lounges on the deck of our pool. Bang, bang. She hits the screen door with her paw. This means “Feed me, Mark.” I get up and get Susie her food. I know this because I know everything about Susie. Well, almost. For the life of me I cannot figure out where Susie goes at noon.

It is 11:30 and I notice that Susie is not at home. Then I spot her wandering down the street. I quickly follow her as she heads downtown. She rounds the corner at the stoplight and goes past the corner store as she heads to the strip mall. I begin to think that I know where Susie is going.

Mr. Johnston’s Fresh Fish Market is a white building behind the strip mall. Many cats have gathered near the back door, and I can see Susie has joined her colleagues. Mr. Johnston comes out the back door with several bags of trash. He throws these in the garbage, then pulls out a clear bag with fish heads in it and throws them on the ground, watching the cats pounce on them. He sees me lurking. “Hello, Mark,” he calls. I walk toward him. “So this is where Susie goes at noon,” I say. He laughs. “Yes, the cats used to tear up my garbage, so now I give them the fish heads separately. Is that your Susie?” He points. She is more interested in the fish head than me. “Yes, that’s her,” I say. He nods. “She’s here everyday.” I wait for Susie to finish her fish head and we walk home together.