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?**

Everyday after breakfast, my cat Susie scratches at the door. This means “let me outside,” in Susie’s special language. I know this because I know everything about Susie. Well, almost everything. I can’t for the life of me figure out where Susie goes everyday at noon.

Just before lunchtime, Susie is nowhere to be found. Then I see her, trotting out of the house and towards town. “I’m going to find out where she goes everyday,” I think, and set out to follow her. She goes up the sidewalk, past the traffic light, and turns once we reach the old strip mall. Suddenly, I begin to get an idea of where Susie may be going.

The fish market is housed at the back of the strip mall, in an all white building. As Susie and I approach this building, I see a dozen other cats waiting outside. The owner walks out, putting several black trashbags in the nearby dumpster. He then takes out a smaller, clear bag full of fish heads and begins to spread them out among the cats.

He sees me peaking around the corner watching this interaction and says hello in his thick Brooklyn accent. “What brings you here?” he asks. “I’ve been wanting to see where my cat Susie goes everyday at noon,” I tell him, gesturing to Susie, who ignores me as she continues to eat. He laughs, “