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.

You can say all you want about the thick fogs in England, but I’m telling you now, sure as I’m standing here, that England’s fogs don’t hold a candle to the fogs that roll in over the Bay of Fundy here in Maine. The fogs are so thick that you can drive a nail into it and hang your hat on it. That’s the honest truth.

My neighbor Dave works a fishing boat, but he can’t do anything when a fog rolls into the bay. He always saves up his chores for a foggy day. A fog rolled in one night and Dave knew that he would not be able to do fishing that day. He decided that his house needs shingling. He went out to start shingling right after breakfast and did not come back in until dinner.

“We sure do have a mighty long house,” he told his wife Sarah over supper. “It took me all day to shingle it”. Sarah knew right well that they had a small house so she went out to take a look. To her surprise, Dave had shingled the roof and kept working out onto the fog.